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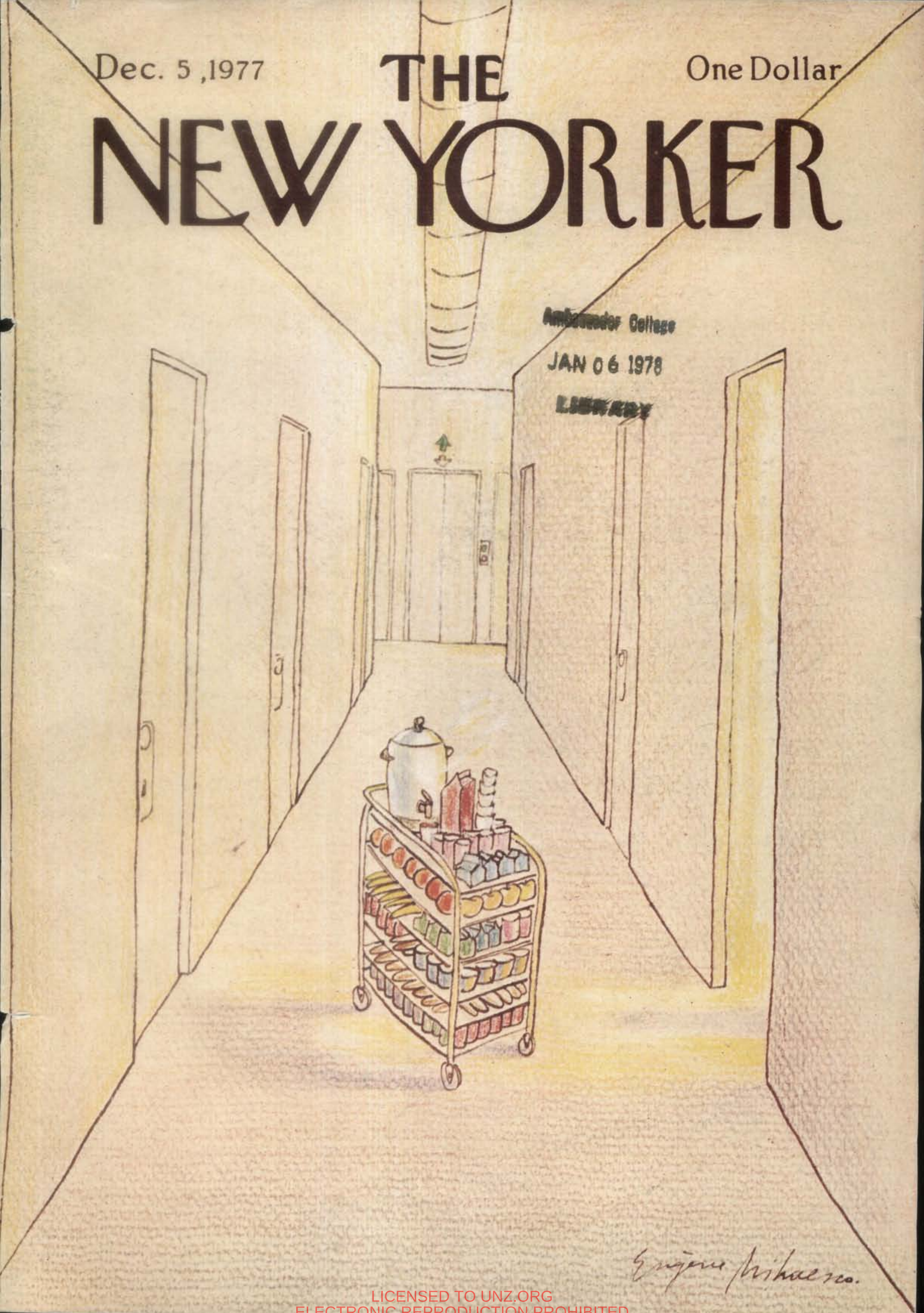
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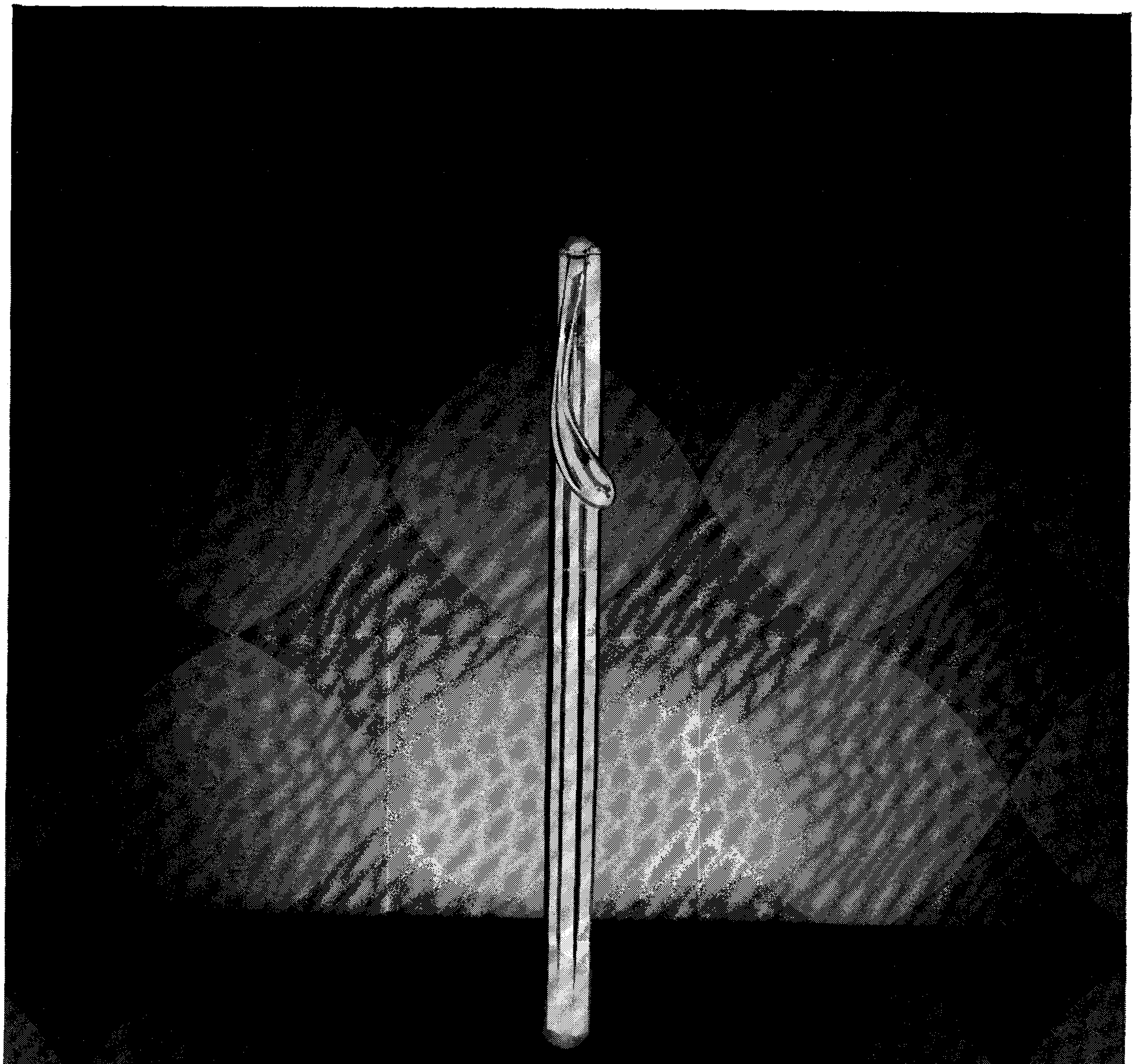

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli brings this old-fashioned musical to life. Her costumes, by Halston, provide the only wit in an evening of star turns à la Vegas. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

An Almost Perfect Person—Judith Ross has written a pleasant comedy about a woman lawyer seeking political office and winding up with a couple of lovers instead. With Colleen Dewhurst, George Hearn, and Rex Robbins, crisply directed by Zoe Caldwell. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Annie—Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike, in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chapter Two—A comedy by Neil Simon, with Judd Hirsch, Anita Gillette, Ann Wedgeworth, and Cliff Gorman. Directed by Herbert Ross. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 3. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 4. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dodge Boys—A play by George Sibbald, with Ben Slack, William LeMassena, and Jane Lowry heading the cast. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18.)

Dracula—The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads an able cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Esther—A play by Carol K. Mack. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gin Game—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and they suffice. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Golda—William Gibson's play about the life of Mrs. Meir demonstrates that hagiography is inappropriate to the living; nevertheless, Anne Bancroft in the title role gives a model performance. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Green Pond—A musical with a book by Robert Montgomery and music by Mel Marvin. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Moves on Wednesday, Dec. 7, to the Westside, 407 W. 43rd St., 541-8394. Nightly, except Mondays, and Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18.)

I Love My Wife—Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—A revival of the Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (score) musical. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's most recent wonder is a loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny, and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mandrake—A translation by Wallace Shawn of Machiavelli's "Mandragola." (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Another admirable revival. Richard Kiley (Chev Rodgers fills in for him

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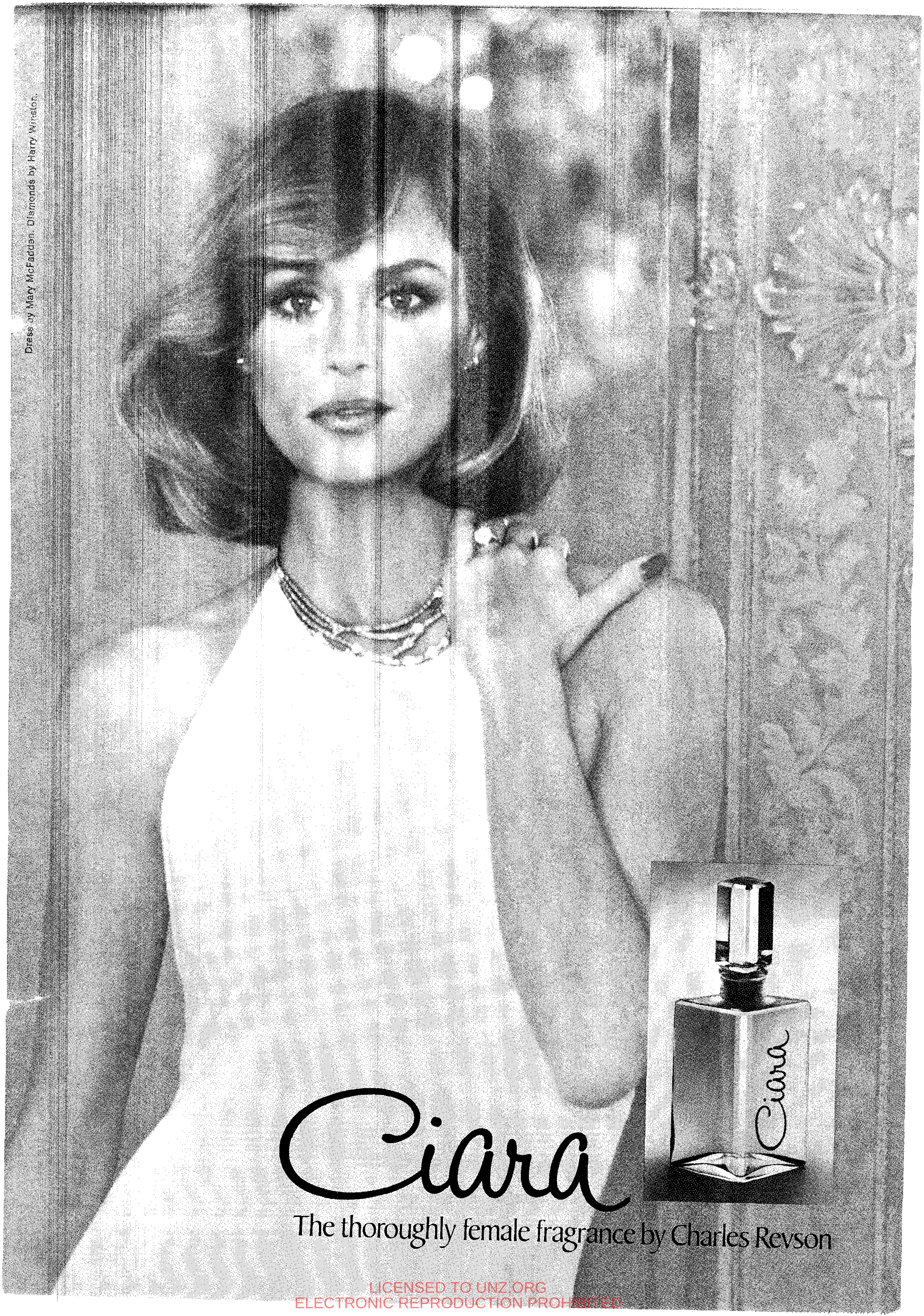
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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on Wednesday afternoons) is the perfect embodiment of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance in the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical. He is supported by a strong cast, and Howard Bay's sets and costumes are as marvellous as ever. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons is very funny as a mad, despotic schoolteacher in what is virtually a one-woman show, by the Brazilian dramatist Roberto Athayde. Miss Margarida, who employs every conceivable form of tyranny over her helpless pupils, is very entertaining, but the play, clever as it is, is far too long. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Naked—A play by Luigi Pirandello. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18.)

The Offering—A play by Gus Edwards, directed by Douglas Turner Ward. The first in this season's series of four productions by the Negro Ensemble Company. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 1, at 7:30. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Once Upon a Time—Ben Bonus and Mina Bern in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Norman Thomas Theatre, Park Ave. at 33rd St. 889-6800. Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Passing Game—William Atherton heads the cast in a play by Steve Tesich. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow Box—An impressive Broadway début by a young playwright named Michael Cristofer. The subject of his play is the difficulty in our society of facing the intolerable fact that we die; contrary to what one might expect, the play is not in the least a gloomy one. The superior cast has been ably directed by Gordon Davidson. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, with Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Uncommon Women and Others—Wendy Wasserstein's witty, ironic comedy about a group of Mount Holyoke undergraduates coping in a variety of ways with the new mores of the Liberated Woman is exceptionally well performed, under the direction of Steven Robman. Among the uncommon actresses of the company are Jill Eikenberry, Swoosie Kurtz, Josephine Nichols, Alma Cuervo, and Anna Levine. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Long Runs—**bubbling brown sugar:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the club:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 7,317 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **for colored girls who have considered suicide:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating results. Choreographed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **same time, next year:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Don Murray, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **sly fox:** A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the wiz:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **your arms too short to box with god:** A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

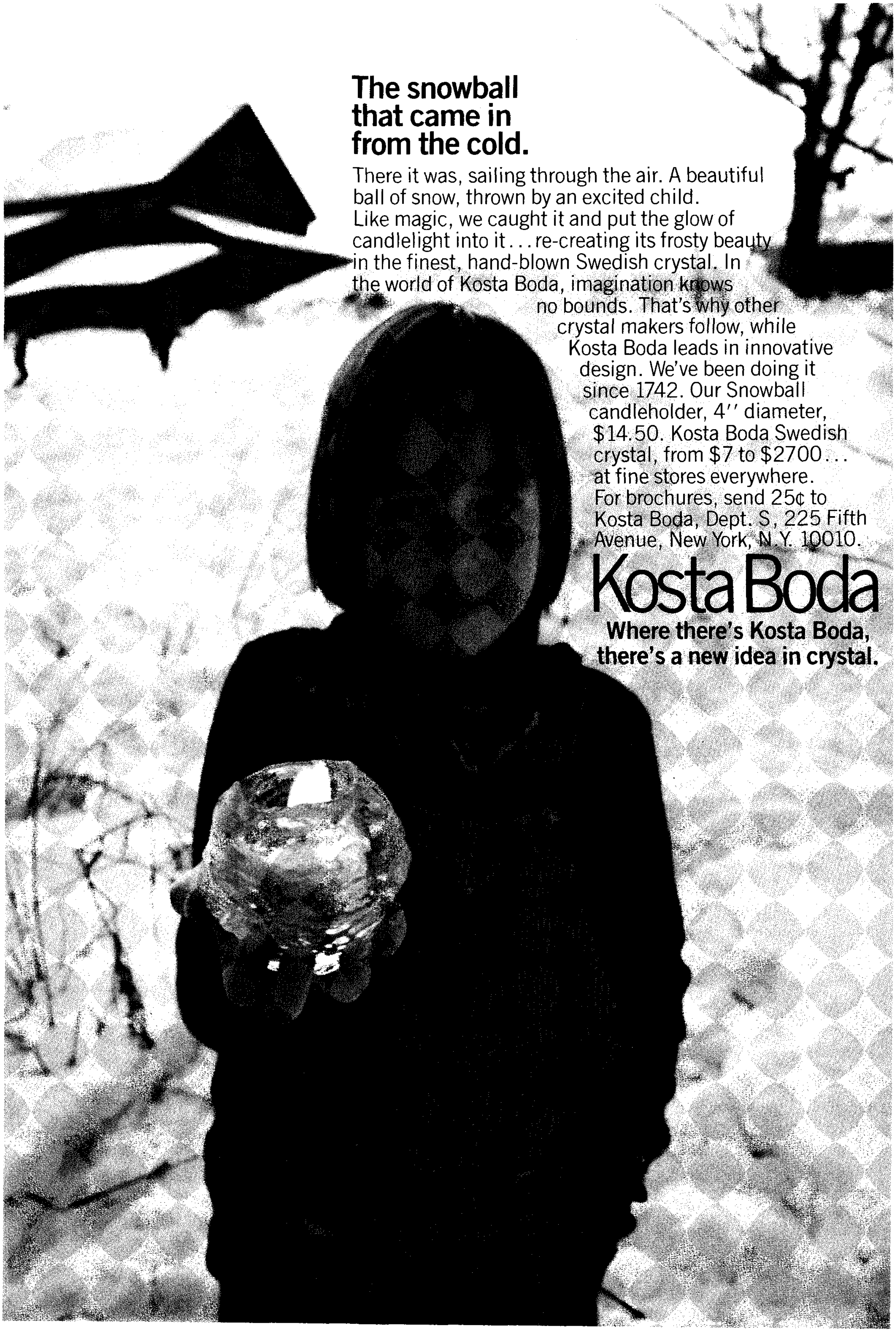
Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Saturday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 18—Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Night Creature," two premières—"The Time Before the Time After" and "Suite Otis"—and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Facets," "Choral Dances," "Journey," and "Night Creature." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Gazelle," "Cry," "Crossword," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2: "Blues Suite," "The Time Before the Time After," "Choral Dances," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Three Black Kings," "Hobo Sapiens," "Gazelle," and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Suite Otis," "Crossword," "Coverage II," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 4, at 7:30: "Choral Dances," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Facets," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," "Journey," and "Night Creature." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Streams," "Masekela Langage," "Countdown," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Choral Dances," "Portrait of Billie," "Cry," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Three Black Kings," "Hobo Sapiens," "Masekela Langage," and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2: "Streams," "The Time Before the Time After," "Choral Dances," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Dancers—Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2: "Baroque Concerto No. 8," "Lazarus," "Pavane for a Solo Dancer," "The Prussian Officer," and "The Arc of Angels." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1-2, at 8: "Nocturne," "Of Us Two," "Song of a Wayfarer," and "Romantic Realm." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2: "Nocturne," "Of Us Two," "Song of a Wayfarer," and "Baroque Concerto No. 8." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 8-9, at 8: "Baroque Concerto No. 8," "Etude aux Objets," "Ramifications," and "And the Dawn Surprises No One." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2: "The Still Point," "The Entertainers," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "And the Dawn Surprises No One." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 6-7, at 8: "Baroque Concerto No. 8," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Canto Indio," "The Murder of George Keuter," and "Romantic Realm." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Nocturne," "Of Us Two," "Song of a Wayfarer," and "And the Dawn



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Surprises No One." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Nov. 30; Friday evening, Dec. 2; Sunday matinée, Dec. 4; Wednesday evening, Dec. 7; Friday evening, Dec. 9; and Sunday matiée, Dec. 11: "Ciona," "Lost in Fauna," "Ocellus," "Wakefield" or "Grey Room," "Alraune," "Pseudopodia," and "Untitled." . . . ¶ Thursday morning, Dec. 1; Saturday evening, Dec. 3; Tuesday evening, Dec. 6; Thursday evening, Dec. 8; and Saturday evening, Dec. 10: "Monkshood's Farewell," "Pagliaccio" or "Vagabond," "Shizen," "Pseudopodia" or "Renelaugh," and "Untitled." (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Evenings at 8, and Thursday, Dec. 1, at 11 A.M. Matinées at 3.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1-2, at 8: "Cloven Kingdom," "Dust," and "Post Meridian.". . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2: "Cloven Kingdom," "Post Meridian," and "Esplanade.". . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Aphrodisiamania," "Images," and "Esplanade." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

SOVIET GEORGIAN DANCERS AND THE TBILISI POLYPHONIC CHOIR—A troupe of eighty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 6:45; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 1-3, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:30 and 8.)

BALLET NACIONAL FESTIVALES DE ESPAÑA—A company of fifty dancers and musicians in a program of classical and folk dances. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 8-9, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

●

ODETTA (Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. OR 4-4450. Weeknights from eight to one.)—The folksinger Odetta has a capacious and dramatic Bessie Smith contralto, which, with the help of falsetto notes, moves through several octaves. But unlike Bessie Smith, who kept her voice and her materials in balance, Odetta allows her instrument to dominate all—the lyrics, which become bevowelled; the melody, which flickers along inside her cavernous tones; and her singing manner, which is *o solo* Maillol. At the Cookery, Odetta is being held mostly to the blues, and it is not a wise decision. Paul Robeson bore down on the blues like a bear, and so does she. For all this, her voice, like the Washington Monument, should be visited. The blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** is her accompanist (she occasionally uses her own guitar), and his constant tremolos tend to fence her in rather than set her off.

●

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An unpretentious night club—although some might think of it as a music loft with a liquor license. Drummer **SUNNY MURRAY** and his quartet, the Untouchable Factor, perform through Saturday, Dec. 3; on Tuesday, Dec. 6, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will bring in his band. Mondays are given over to trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels and a fourteen-piece band called Energy, which is occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always robust and accessible. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Out-there jazz and organic apple juice. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** will work with a quartet; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, violinist **LEROY JENKINS**, pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, and percussionist **ANDREW CYRILLE** will join forces. Sets start after nine and eleven-thirty.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—Portia Nelson, who used to sing at the old Blue Angel, is singing here through Saturday, Dec. 3. On Tuesday, Dec. 6, Gamble Rogers, a folksinger and storyteller, will come in. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

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BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—The epitome of a New York bar: a pleasant, well-lit place, with old dark woodwork; a (somehow) simultaneously crusty and warm staff; and a cheerful, worldly-wise singer-pianist. Her name is **DARDANELLE**, and she doesn't emote, doesn't put songs over, doesn't sock it to you—she just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. She's here from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. The current performers are bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstreamish septet, the Rising Sun, through Saturday, Dec. 3. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 7-10, Janet Lawson, a young bebop revivalist, will sing with her quartet. Music from nine until two, Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Trumpeter **EDDIE HENDERSON'S** sextet trades sets with vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI'S** quintet on Wednesday, Nov. 30; drummer Buddy Miles will visit on Thursday, Dec. 1, with his band; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, the Boston-based Pousette-Dart rock band will be onstage; on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 4-5, The Joy, a reconstitution of the late-sixties Berkeley rock band The Joy of Cooking, will be present; on Monday, Dec. 5, opposite The Joy, and on Tuesday, Dec. 6, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will work with a combo; on Wednesday, Dec. 7, singer Don Williams will drop in; Thursday, Dec. 8, has been reserved for singer Narada Michael Walden; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, the Temptations, an R. & B. institution for almost fifteen years, will take over. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and die-hard patrons. The house favorite, **JIMMY ROWLES**, winds up a week here on Sunday, Dec. 4; starting Monday, Dec. 5, **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a fine bop composer and sideman, and Ella's accompanist for years, will perform with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a fine trio, with **RON NASPO** on bass and **JOHN SCULLY** on piano. On Tuesday, Dec. 6, **TONY MONTE** will replace Scully. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There are two **BOBBY SHORTS** at the piano in the Café Carlyle. One is the famous, exhilarating balladeer, the other is the secret jazz lover. His accompanists—**BEVERLY PEER** on bass and **GENE GAMMAGE** on drums—remain mirror-perfect. At ten and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Onstage, affectedly sinister—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—young musicians pound out punk rock, which is, for the most part, mid-sixties hard rock that has come around again on the guitar. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**SYLVIA SYMS** has settled into this warm room with its view of a cold terrace. Her singing is supported by pianist **MICHAEL RENZI** and bassist **JOHN BEAL**. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ODETTA** (see above) is here weeknights. Sundays: **ROSE MURPHY**. For whatever reasons, she performs within a ring of tricks, but behind them is a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist. Music from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Pianist Frankie Dash, drummer Fred Stoll, and clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider are here Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge.

DALY'S DAFFODIL, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—The current berth for **ELLIS LARKINS**, the fastidious pianist, and his bassist, **BILLY POPP**, and drummer, **JACK MC ALLISTER**, is this East Side bar and restaurant. Wink-of-an-eye-long sets Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. On Sundays, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, on jazz harp, leads a trio.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer-pianist, tosses off tunes by Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and Stevie Wonder in the Aquarium Lounge Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins after nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Dec. 6, tenor saxophonist George Kelly will sit in with the regulars. On Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, leads a quintet from eight-thirty; and on Dec. 4, **BUDDY TATE**, a swing-veteran tenor player, will be featured with Hamilton's group. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen, guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays and Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, pianist **AL HAIG**, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Guitarist Al Caiola has moved in with a trio; Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is at the wheel of a sextet that comprises drummer Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, and pianist Johnny Morris. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group

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of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—With its sleek mirrored walls, its leopard-skin-print carpeting, and its extravagantly stocked bar, this place resembles an airport V.I.P. lounge. Pianist **BROOKS KERR** is on hand with onetime Ellington bassist **AARON BELL** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and they're both here along with saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SHELTON GARY** Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOHNNY HARTMAN**, with his gentle, deliberate, and luxuriantly full baritone voice, is working from his own set list and is also doing a medley of tunes associated with Nat King Cole—e.g., "Lush Life," "Unforgettable," and "Sweet Lorraine." Pianist **TONY MONTE** and guitarist **CARMEN MASTREN** help him straighten up and fly right. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. On Tuesday, Dec. 6, **DICK WELLSTOOD**, **MILT HINTON**, and a sextet will begin performing the music of Fats Waller. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Guitarist **JOE BECK** and his quartet are here Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 1-3. On Sunday and Monday, Dec. 4-5, blues-harp-player and singer **JAMES COTTON**, probably the best second-generation Chicago-blues musician, will be present with his band, and his wild, infectious enthusiasm should be witnessed in this loose and smallish setting. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 7-10, **CISSY HOUSTON**, who wins devoted admirers with every set she performs, will take charge. Mrs. Houston, who used to be the lead singer for the highly regarded Sweet Inspirations vocal backup quartet, is now on her own, with a fine rhythm-and-blues band and two beaming backup singers behind her, and with an act that is a celebration of pure sixties soul music. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 1-3, pianist Hal Galper, trumpeter Randy Brecker, saxophonist Mike Brecker, and their quintet will perform; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 6-8, Sea Wind, a jazz-rock outfit from Hawaii, will be onstage; and on Friday, Dec. 9, the premises are turned over to the latest incarnation of the National Lampoon Show, entitled "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** is at the helm of a septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Barbara Cook is singing contemporary standards and her former Broadway hits through Sunday, Dec. 4; on Tuesday, Dec. 6, Tasha Thomas, who performed in "The Wiz," will begin singing here. Shows at nine and midnight. Fridays and Saturdays, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** guides a trio from five-thirty to seven. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. On Mondays, **DAVID CHESKY**—composer, arranger, pianist, bandleader, and personality—offers a fourteen-piece band made up of young musicians who play his compositions and arrangements with precision and shout. He has a matching vocalist named **LILLIAS**, who sounds something like Dinah Washington. Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his trio will handle the music chores on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3; Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 6-10, trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** and saxophonist **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** will share a quintet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty, and Mondays from nine to one. Closed Sundays and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS** plays electric piano and leads his vigorous twelve-piece organization; Wednesday, Nov. 30, **JIMMY KNEPPER** and **RONNIE CUBER** co-pilot a combo; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, pianist Richard Sussman will lead a sextet; Tuesday, Dec. 6, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** will be on hand with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON**; Wednesday, Dec. 7, Taksim, a quintet, will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, singer and guitarist Eddie Hazell will head up a trio. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter Tex Allen's sextet performs through Saturday, Dec. 3; on Tuesday, Dec. 6, saxophonist and composer **JIMMY GIUFFRE**, serene and guru-like, will bring in his trio. Sundays and Mondays belong to saxophonist George Coleman and pianist Nina Sheldon. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY**, a broadly talented, funny, spirited, and still unself-conscious young Boston quintet—Suzy sings and mugs, Norman plays piano, and their three deadpan sidemen back them up—will be performing here for three weeks. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Music upstairs: Fridays and Saturdays, cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER** directs a dance quintet from ten, and on Sundays, from seven to eleven, Bob January is in charge of a swing orchestra. Dinner. Music downstairs: Friday through Sunday, Dec. 2-4, guitarist **JOE PASS** will alternate with the **JUNIOR MANCE** trio; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, will see another offbeat, inspired double bill—Chicago bluesman **JAMES COTTON'S** band opposite alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** and his quintet. They all begin at ten. Music all over: In the ground-floor bar area, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, bassist **LISLE ATKINSON**, and guitarist **EDDIE BERG** collaborate on Thursdays from nine to midnight.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson heads a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 4; on Tuesday, Dec. 6, trumpeter **BLUE MITCHELL** and tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**, both of whom are Horace Silver alumni, will be reunited and co-lead a quintet. Monday, Dec. 5, will be claimed by tenor saxophonist and composer **FRANK FOSTER** and his fine, youthful big band, the **LOUD MINORITY**. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A popular, if out-of-the-way, slow-paced bar that has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a reputable soul-food kitchen. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Sakid Hakim claims the keyboard Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat presents fledgling and more experienced groups from nine-thirty to one-thirty every night but Monday.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Quite a pleasant place. The trendy veneer of thirties chic isn't offensive, and the two W.P.A.-style black-and-white murals—one depicting musicians and showgirls, the other workers of the world—in the music and bar area grow on one. The waitresses, who look like severe fashion models, turn out to be just folks. And the piano-bass teams who work here from nine every night are superlative. On Mondays, it's **JUDD WOLDIN** and **FRANK LUTHER**. Tuesdays through Thursdays, pianist **HAROLD DANKO**, who holds the Roland Hanna Chair of Distinguished Minor Arpeggios with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation, and bassist **CHUCK ISRAELS** dazzle their audiences with just about everything from "Blue Skies" to "Monk's Dream" to "Maiden Voyage." Fridays through Sundays, **JILL MCMANUS**, a lively, Winton Kelly-inspired player, works with a bassist. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 5:45: **RUTH GORDON**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 5:45: **DOROTHY COLLINS**.

LOU RAWLS—With the MFSB Orchestra. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7050. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7 and 10; and final performances Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3 and 7.)

JETHRO TULL—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.

QUEEN—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1-2, at 8.

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES—With Network. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

ROBERT GORDON AND LINK WRAY and **PROFESSOR LONGHAIR**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8.

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.—With Randy Crawford. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

TAHUANTINSUYO—American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3. No charge beyond the museum's ordinary entrance contribution.

ASHFORD & SIMPSON and **MICHAEL HENDERSON**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30, and at midnight.

DON CHERRY AND ED BLACKWELL—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.

PAUL KNOPF—With a quartet and a choir. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

BILL CROFUT—Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.

NEKTAR—With Lake. (Palladium. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS and **RALPH STANLEY AND THE CLINCH MOUNTAIN BOYS**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Freehand designs drawn with red and blue acrylics and black ink on ceiling-high sheets of rice paper by one of the founders of the Cobra movement. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

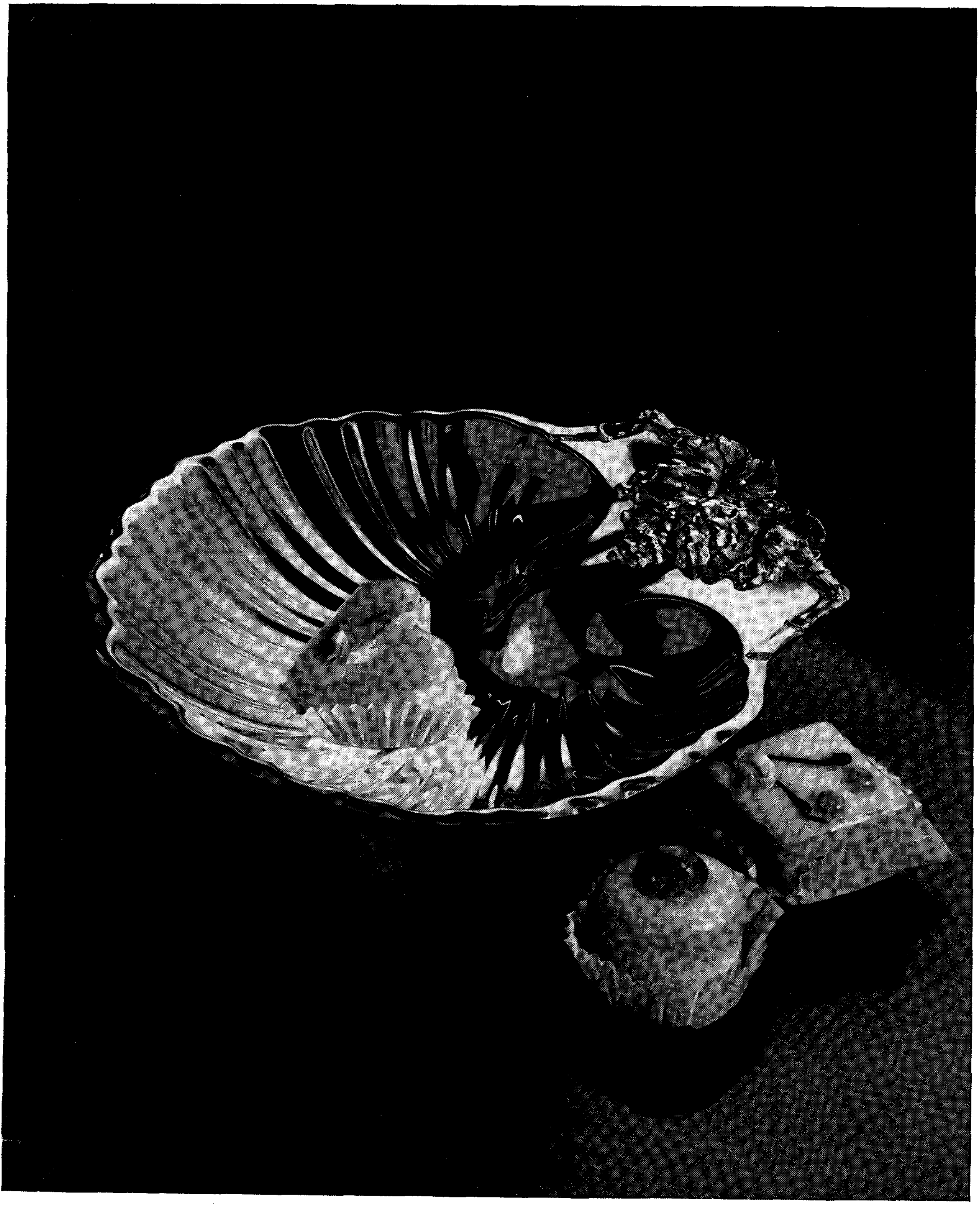
PETER BERG—A square-shaped Sheetrock tunnel through which one is welcome to crawl. Through Jan. 7. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

ROBERT BIDNER / STANLEY BLEIFELD—Stylized, elegantly finished oil portraits (usually full-face but a couple in profile) of classic automobiles—Rolls, Packard, Cord, a vintage Ford. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. / Table-size bas-relief sculptures in most of which Japanese landscape paintings seem to have been transformed into cast bronze. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Assemblages of mannequins, dolls' heads, children's blocks, quaint tools, odd pieces of machinery, and so on. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

AINSLIE BURKE—Semi-abstract paintings of the Maine coast done in high-pitched, almost clamorous colors. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

FRANCES COHEN GILLESPIE—There is a certain hard-bitten quality to these still-life and figure paintings, which is not to say that they



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are not well executed, because they are. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Lester Johnson—Life-size figures crowded together in a new series of paintings, called "The City." Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gary Kuehn—Wall pieces consisting of copper plates on which a broad, bold brushstroke (or what seems like one) has been routed out, revealing a heavy paper background. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Barbara Lekberg—Bronzes based on the dances of Martha Graham and Loie Fuller. Through Dec. 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Pierre Lesieur—New semi-abstract paintings, primarily still-lifes and interiors, mostly done in misty, muted colors. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Boris Margo—Abstract surreal paintings and works on paper, crowded with "organic," not to say visceral, forms reminiscent of the work being done around the same time (1934-47) by Gorky and Ernst. Through Jan. 7. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Dario Morales—Meticulously rendered female figures, most of them nude and in abandoned poses, and all but one of them asleep. Through Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Maria Luisa Pacheco—Large abstract paintings done in mixed mediums (one medium being thin strips of balsa wood). Through Dec. 17. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

George Price—A come-as-you-are party by the happy misfits who inhabit this comic artist's through-the-cracked-looking-glass world. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Cornelis Ruhtenberg—New paintings and drawings, many of them studies of women. Through Dec. 16. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—A dozen sculptures, most of them executed in the fifties and sixties. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

James Wyeth—Expertly detailed studies, in various mediums, of Nureyev's lithe body; numerous likenesses of President Carter; and a scary wolf dog loping toward us are highlights of this show of the artist's latest works. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **BODLEY**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: In one room, Richard de Menocal is showing his new still-lifes in oil and casein; in another are paintings by Mary Faulconer and Phyllis Mason, and sculptures by Dean Mars. Through Dec. 23. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Abstract paintings by six contemporary Ecuadorian artists. Through Jan. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Forty-eight examples of American and English art (eighteenth century to today) including a Demuth still-life, three Prendergast landscapes, and a portrait sketch by David Hockney. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings by self-taught American artists who worked from 1760 to the late eighteen hundreds, among them John Brewster, Ammi Phillips, and Jacob Maentel. Through Dec. 29. . . . **KRASNER**, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Feininger, Marsh, Moore, Motherwell, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Forty paintings and sculptures by some of the artists (eighteen Europeans, three Americans—Calder, Chagall, Léger, Modigliani, Picasso among them) who have dominated the twentieth century. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: The opening show in this gallery's new quarters includes many of the customary stars—Picasso, Klee, Léger, Masson, and so on. Through Dec. 30. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: A remarkable white-on-white painting of a tiled bathroom, plus a sort of bas-relief of work jackets hanging on the wall, by Antonio Lopez-Garcia, and impressive landscape drawings by Guillermo Lledo are among the Spanish realist works on display. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. . . .

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WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French works of art from American collections, and works by several American artists who studied in France during the same period. A benefit loan show marking the gallery's centenary. Through Dec. 17.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Balthus—Half a dozen recent large-scale works by this classical French artist, whose nudes can be as lubricious as any by Pascin, and whose landscapes are oases of calm. Through Dec. 15. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Allen Blagden—Ponds, flowering trees, and animals figure in these watercolors. Also portraits. Through Dec. 17. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Diverting trompe-l'oeil paintings—landscapes, portraits, and so on—that give every evidence of being composed of torn pieces of brown and white paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alice Forman—Oil paintings of fruits, plants, and flowers, seen against a background of rich fabrics and done in an individual realist style by an artist who started out as an abstractionist. Through Dec. 15. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—A new group of wall-size Abstract Expressionist paintings, whose colors seem to have been forged in some magic crucible rather than mixed of simple acrylic liquids. Through Thursday, Dec. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dorothy Gillespie—Wall pieces consisting of bright-colored geometric abstractions painted on coiled, permanently waved canvas strips. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Wall hangings made of knotted silk, wool, cotton, and so on. Also related paintings. Through Dec. 17. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Peter Homitzky—Paintings of farms, industrial complexes, and the seashore, all seen from an elevated perspective. Through Dec. 22. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

William King—Three nine-foot, slat-legged couples, cut from thick aluminum plate and bolted together, seem to be dancing their heads off in the main room of the gallery, while much smaller figures, made of painted ceramics, stand by in the back room. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

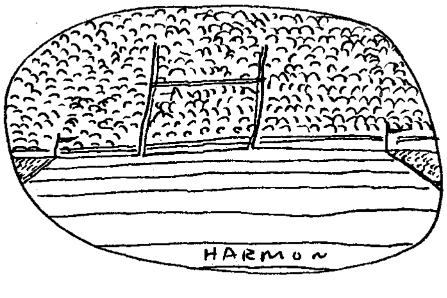
George Kuehn—Big concrete blocks that appear to have been sawed in half on the diagonal and bolted together again with heavy chains and steel rods. Through Dec. 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mon Levinson—Unstretched canvases folded and dip-dyed into checkerboard patterns of varying shades of black and brown. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Groups of small bronze flying figures. Through Dec. 30. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—An environment (advertised as "Mrs. N's Palace") of reliefs and hanging columns (painted black and attached to black walls) suspended over a floor of black mirrors. Also related pieces. Through Jan. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

William Palmer—Small landscapes in and around Utica. Through Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)



Elinor Roberts—Innumerable minuscule pen-and-ink strokes, one on top of another, make up these abstract drawings, some of which are as mysterious as the night sky. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Rose—Miniature environments, made of unglazed porcelain and usually furnished with a single chair or a bed. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jane Wooster Scott—Primitive oils by a Pennsylvania-born woman who lives in Los Angeles and paints letter-perfect Hollywood versions of Grandma Moses's turf. She has a sizable following among the movie stars. Through Thursday, Dec. 8. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Large clusters of enamelled-steel or aluminum foliage make up these sculptured bowers, some of which are big enough to walk into. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rufino Tamayo / Altoon Sultan—New paintings, mostly semi-abstract figures done in hot, earthy colors by this dean of Mexican painters, who is seventy-eight years old. Through Dec. 30. / Superrealist paintings of Victorian-era houses, mostly. Through Dec. 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Sidney Tillim—Paintings and charcoal drawings illustrating sanguinary episodes from the Old Testament (Judith and Holofernes) and the tabloids (a juicy double murder). Through Thursday, Dec. 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Willenbecher—An imperfectly erased blackboard, a small black pyramid, and a couple of black balls are components of one of this artist's typical constructions, which look as if they were to be used to illustrate some Euclidean principle. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Collage Survey—A benefit loan show of outstanding collages by twelve American artists, among them Romare Bearden, Arthur G. Dove, Anne Ryan, and Tom Wesselmann. Through Dec. 15. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

American Primitive Art—Naïve paintings, sculptures, and embroidery by Edward Hicks, Horace Pippin, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Jan. 27. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Ceramic sculptures by West Coast artists Robert Arneson (self-portraits, naked); David Gilhooly (a hero sandwich of crouching frogs, for one); and Richard Notkin (tiny environments, from low-rent areas), plus two enormous portraits by Alfred Leslie. Through Friday, Dec. 2. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: City life as seen in the works of nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. For instance, a three-masted schooner in downtown waters by the young John Marin; a glimpse into McSorley's saloon by John Sloan; a frieze of naked young divers, like a covey of birds, plunging into the Hudson, while in the background a great ocean liner slips out to sea, by Reginald Marsh. Through Saturday, Dec. 3.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Natalie Bieser—Large watercolors and a couple of oils in which two or three rounded forms, sometimes translucent, are overlapped. Through Wednesday, Dec. 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Blythe Bohnen—This artist makes abstract drawings on paper with charcoal or with a finger dabbed in graphite, and photographs the process as she does so. Through Wednesday, Dec. 7. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Robert Buxbaum / Robert Rohm—Wall sculptures made of rectangular panes of plate glass overlapping one another. / Massive constructions of corrugated aluminum culvert pipe, two and a half feet in diameter, supported on stout wooden frameworks. One of the works is twenty feet long. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

John Chamberlain—This sculptor is once more crunching automobiles, enamelling the works in primary colors as they progress. Half of the new pieces are wall hangings, and half are freestanding. Through Dec. 22. (Friedrich, in a new location at 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Howard Goldstein—Abstract geometric paint-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ings. Through Dec. 15. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Richard Hamilton and Dieter Roth—A collaborative work consisting of portraits (some photographic, others painted) that the artists have done of one another. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Tony Harrison—Arrangements of domino-shaped forms against a neutral ground. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Eugene Leake—Painterly works depicting the Maryland countryside, a couple of figures, and a taut moment in which a wild deer is discovered stealing hay in a dark barn. Through Thursday, Dec. 8. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Roy Lichtenstein—A relatively new departure for this artist: fourteen pieces of sculpture in which the comic-strip quality of his paintings is transferred to three-dimensional (more or less) renditions of everyday objects—lamps, cups of coffee, a shower, a pitcher, a goldfish bowl. Through Dec. 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Edwin Ruda—Big, dark canvases in which an area or two of slightly less sombre color stands out almost cheerfully. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Joel Shapiro—Relatively small abstract floor sculptures done in cast bronze; the pieces have a rich, dark patina. Through Wednesday, Dec. 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

David Loeffler Smith—Small narrative paintings in which the roly-poly, raunchy participants seem as vaporous as clouds. Through Wednesday, Dec. 7. (First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. Opens at 1.)

Merrill Wagner—Abstract drawings using crayon and cloth tape on Plexiglas. Through Dec. 17. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Group Shows—At CUNINGHAM WARD, 94 Prince St.: Small works in a variety of mediums by nine artists, among them Tina Freeman and Alan Cote. Through Dec. 23. . . . THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: Thirty-nine people in the arts (Donald Barthelme, Mary Frank, James Stevenson among them) were asked by Joan Davidson, former chairman of the New York State Council on the Arts, to design postcards, and here are the designs. Through Jan. 7. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Sculpture—A massive black iron ball, hung from an eighteen-foot-tall rig of bright-red I beams, by Mark di Suvero, and a snaky progression of three huge steel plates, five feet tall and a total of sixty-six feet long, by Charles Ginnever, are among the new works currently on view. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Vito Acconci—An audio installation that emits strange electronic sounds and occasional disjointed sentences, like "Now we are alone" and "Someone must pay." By far the most interesting thing about it is its locale, in the three-story clocktower of the old *Sun* building, reached by a narrow iron spiral stairway. If a persistent visitor climbs it, he can forget all about the audio squawks and admire the view from a broken window and the handsome old clockworks, long idle, that once moved the hands of four clocks about ten feet in diameter. Through Dec. 14. (Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Willem de Kooning—Drawings from the thirties through the sixties. Through Friday, Dec. 9. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Tony Rosenthal—Eight thousand pounds of steel tubing are used in a sculpture that viewers can walk in and around. Through Jan. 27. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Marguerite Stix (1907-75)—A retrospective exhibition of welded-steel and bronze sculptures, plus paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 30. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Federal Art Projects of the Thirties—At the GREY ART GALLERY, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: A survey of the works produced under government-sponsored grants in New York includes a photograph of A. Zito's Bakery (an establishment still located at 259 Bleecker Street) by Berenice Abbott; a study for Arshile Gorky's Newark Airport mural; and abstract studies by Ad Reinhardt described as "Six Studies for Painting for the Easel Division." Through Dec. 22. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . PARSONS SCHOOL OF DESIGN, 2 W. 13th St.: "New York W.P.A. Artists, Then and Now," works by a hundred and seventy-nine artists done under the aegis of the Blue Eagle (1934-43) and a hundred and seventy-four recent works by the same artists—a wonderful idea but probably an impossible one to do right by. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 8; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

Group Show—Early works by Ron Gorchov, Elizabeth Murray, Dennis Oppenheim, Dorothea Rockburne, and Joel Shapiro. Through Dec. 30. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesdays until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alice Austen and Chansonetta Stanley Emmons—Photographs taken in the eighteen-eighties by two women, one in Maine and one in Staten Island, who coincidentally (but not surprisingly) concentrated on family get-togethers, vacation trips, and friends. Through Jan. 14. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Herbert Bayer / Garry Winogrand—The Museum of Modern Art is showing photomontages and other works from the twenties and thirties by Herbert Bayer, once of the Bauhaus. Also a selection of photographs by Garry Winogrand taken between 1969 and 1973, mostly at peace rallies, press conferences, and big-city parties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Peter Beard—Photographs of roaming African wildlife juxtaposed with those of slaughtered animals. Through Jan. 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Also open Sundays, 11 to 5, and Tuesdays until 8.)

Julia Margaret Cameron (1815-79)—Portraits of, among others, Rossetti, Tennyson, Herschel, and Alice Liddell, plus soft-focus prints of young girls and women draped in gauzy fabrics. Through Dec. 24. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

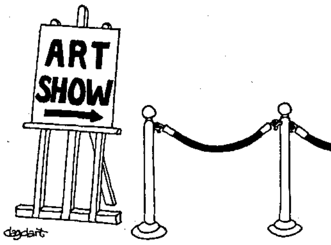
William Eggleston—Color photographs from the last ten years or so. Through Dec. 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Lee Friedlander / Nancy Rexroth—Photographs of foliage—a departure for this photographic precursor of the Photo-Realist school of painting, whose previous works concentrated on fried-chicken stands, motel exteriors, and crowded Main Streets. / Small fuzzy prints toned with gold chloride and made with a Diana camera (cost: $1.50). Through Dec. 24. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Philippe Halsman—More than seventy-five prints by a photographer who is credited for a hundred and one *Life* covers (about twenty-five of which are included in the exhibit). Through Jan. 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Kenneth McGowan—Color photographs of Los Angeles (freeways, movie sets, poolside scenes). Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Joel Meyerowitz / Lou Stoumen—Color contact prints and dye transfers of scenes in Cape Cod, Florida, and New York. / Black-and-white prints from the forties to the present by an Academy Award-winning documentary filmmaker. Through Dec. 17. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)



John Phillips—Photographs of the Arab-Israeli conflict in Jerusalem in 1948 (Phillips was on assignment for *Life*), and of fifty-one of the people who figure in those early pictures as they appear today. Through Jan. 29. (America-Israel Cultural Foundation, third floor, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) / **Eadweard Muybridge** (1830-1904)—A photographic retrospective. Also memorabilia. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. / Yosemite Valley prints plus animal-locomotion photographs. Through Jan. 7. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Doris Ulmann (1884-1934)—Soft-focus prints of Appalachian craftsmen and Southern blacks, plus early still-lifes and portraits. Through Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James Van DerZee—A documentation of black American life that covers the years from 1907 to 1945. Through Jan. 6. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Eleanor Roosevelt's Circle—Candid photographs of Mrs. Roosevelt, taken by her personal physician and friend, the late David Gurewitsch. Through Dec. 17. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

Group Show—Paul Outerbridge, Jr., Doisneau, and Lynda Benglis are among the seventeen or so photographers showing works in a surrealist vein. Through Dec. 17. (Kimmel-Cohn, 1 W. 64th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of Irish art dating from the Bronze Age to 1500 A.D. includes early-Christian metalwork (the Ardagh chalice, the Tara brooch, the Cross of Cong) and illuminated manuscripts (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow). Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ The impact of the advent of Christianity on art forms is the concern of a show called "The Age of Spirituality," which brings together more than four hundred objects—plaques, tapestries, jewelry, manuscripts—of disparate styles and subjects. Through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An awesomely rich exhibit of Cézanne oils and watercolors, all of them from his last decade. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A show of Isamu Noguchi's sculpted tables and paper lamps. Through Jan. 6. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Garry Winogrand. Through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Herbert Bayer. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Various aspects of the mythical monster Cronus by David Hare. Through Sunday, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Lucio Fontana (1899-1968). Through Thursday, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ A showing of nineteen additions to the museum's collections, all of them by Americans. Included are paintings by Joan Mitchell, Josef Albers, Richard Diebenkorn, and others, and works on paper by Arshile Gorky. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Jasper Johns retrospective, filling two floors of the museum, reviews his singular targets, alphabets, flags, numbers, assemblages, and deified everyday objects like toothbrushes and beer cans. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of small-scale works (paintings, sculptures, collages, boxes) by a number of contemporary artists,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

including Joe Brainard, Donald Evans, Betye Saar, and Joel Shapiro. Through Wednesday, Dec. 7. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of fashion photography covering the last century includes examples by Baron De Meyer, Irving Penn, and Deborah Turbeville. Through Jan. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ The new Hall of Reptiles and Amphibians has just opened, and the inmates are hard to ignore, though stuffed: Komodo dragons, which are the biggest lizards in the world; a twenty-five-foot python; a fourteen-foot crocodile. Also New Mexican whiptail lizards, who reproduce themselves without benefit of males—another sock in the chops for machismo. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An Alexander Calder memorial exhibition made up of stabiles, mobiles, paintings, drawings, tapestries, rugs, jewelry, and kitchen implements. . . . ¶ Paintings by contemporary American artists which are being considered for purchase by the academy as gifts to museums. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than sixty Japanese art objects, dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, decorated with scenes that reflect the Japanese absorption with nature. Through Sunday, Dec. 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of objects from China's I-Hsing potteries (*known chiefly for a widely imitated* rust-colored unglazed teapot) dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nearly four hundred objects from the museum's collection of decorative arts—textiles, wallpaper, furniture, ceramics—arranged in ways that point up their origins, function, techniques, and so forth. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through Sunday, Dec. 4.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. In one of the latter, of Brigham Young and his family, the two Young spaniels do every bit as well as the six Young children. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of handcrafted objects, by craftsmen under thirty, in four mediums: fibre, wood, leather, and plastic. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Color photographs by Jim Payne of Ethiopian stone churches. . . . ¶ Sixty-two works by thirty black artists (Jacob Lawrence, Gordon Parks, Norman Lewis), who did them for government-sponsored projects in New York and Chicago in the thirties. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 8.

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 30: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Neil Shicoff, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 1: "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, Gianfranco Pastine, Ryan Edwards, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday *matinée*, Dec. 3: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Neil Shicoff, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 3: "Peter Grimes," with Heather Harper, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 5: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Reri Grist, Yvonne Minton, Marius Rintzler, Neil Shicoff, and Derek Hammond-Stroud; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 6: "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, Gianfranco Pastine, Ryan Edwards, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 8: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Neil Shicoff, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 9: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Reri Grist, Yvonne Minton, Marius Rintzler, Neil Shicoff, and Derek Hammond-Stroud; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 10: "Peter Grimes," with Heather Harper, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 10: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, Giacomo Aragall, Ryan Edwards, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè. (Evenings at 8. *Matinées at 2.*)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Bernstein directing—Thursday, Dec. 1, and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30, and Friday, Dec. 2, at 2 (all with Edith Mathis, soprano; Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; Joseph Evans, tenor; Richard Gill, bass; and the Westminster Choir); Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7:30 (with the same soloists as above, the Westminster Choir, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet); and Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 9, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Drucker).

Symphony Orchestra of Brazil—Isaac Karabtchevsky conducting, with Cristina Ortiz, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 6. at 8.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet directing a program entitled "Rimski-Korsakov Rediscovered," with, among others, Ronald Roseman, oboe; John Solum, flute; the Barnard-Columbia Chorus; and members of the Columbia University Wind Ensemble. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—A chamber group that performs without a conductor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

American Composers Orchestra—The first in a series of three concerts of American symphonic music, this one conducted by James Dixon, with Judith Raskin, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

New Music Consort—George Manaham conducting, with Judith Bettina, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting and acting as piano soloist in the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one with Julius Eastman, baritone. Composer Richard Felciano and Mr. Eastman will participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing the first in a series of three concerts under the over-all title "The Age of Glory," this one with Eleanor Bergquist, soprano; Victoria Vergara, alto; Jerold Siena, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Toscanini-Stokowski Memorial Concert—John Grady directing the combined choirs of St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Philadelphia, with members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra; Nadja Witkowska, soprano; and other soloists. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 7:30. Tickets are available at the Parish House, 14 E. 51st St.)

Bach Aria Group—Lawrence Smith directing, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Mount Holyoke Choruses—James I. Armstrong, Jr., and Catharine R. Melhorn directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

RECITALS

Sergio Abreu—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8, an all-Copland program. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, a program entitled "A Crazy Quilt," with Martha Herr Hanneman, soprano. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8, with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, and Harold Wright, clarinet. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, the second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8, a varied program. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Rita Bouboulidi—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the third and fourth in a series of five concerts presenting Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 1, and Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian and Daniel Phillips, violin; Toby Appel and Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 5.)

Jenneke Barton—Mezzo-soprano, in a program of music of the early twentieth century. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 5:30.)

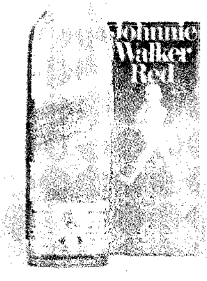
Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Walt Whitman Hall, *Brooklyn College. 859-1180.* Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Gerhard Oppitz—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music of the

THIS TIME OF YEAR IT'S ESPECIALLY NATURAL TO TURN TO RED.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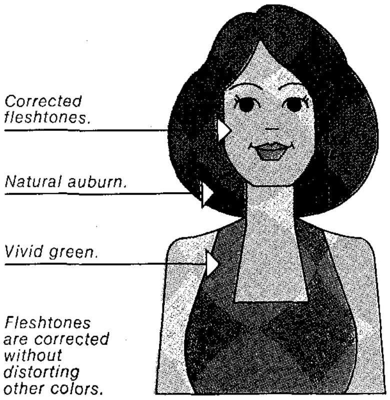
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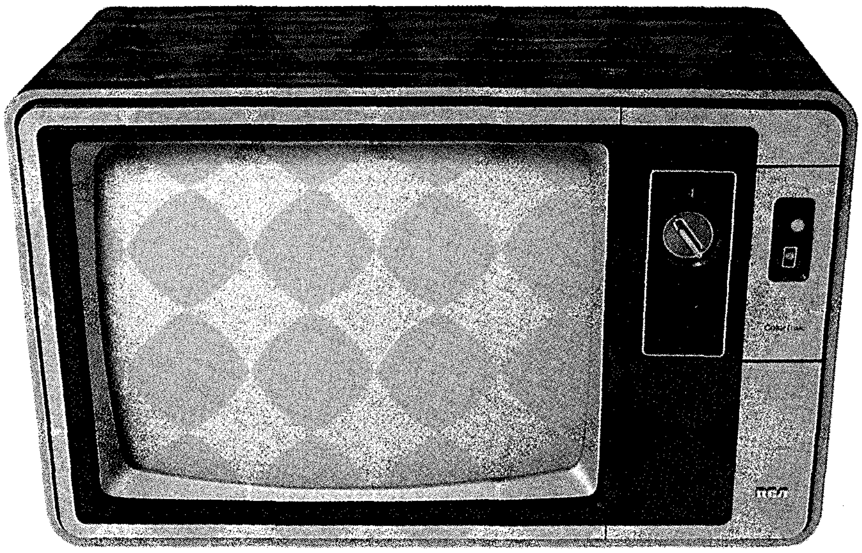

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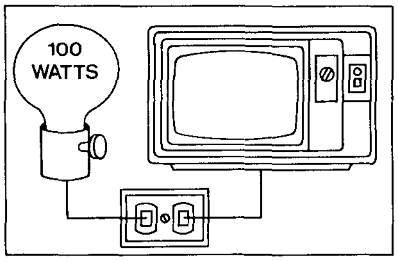

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Northern Renaissance. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.). . . ¶ A holiday concert, including works of Gabrieli and Byrd, plus anonymous Renaissance carols. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Charles Treger, Walter Trampler, and Leslie Parnas—Violin, viola, and cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2.)

Eastman School of Music Series—The second in a series of five concerts, this one performed by the Eastman Trio. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Magda Olivero and Ivan Davis—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Ronald Thomas—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Beverly Wolff—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Ileana Cotrubas—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Brahms program, with Maureen Forrester, contralto; Jaime Laredo, violin; Lilian Kallir, piano; and Barry Tuckwell, horn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Michael Tarawhiti McGifford—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Henryk Szeryng—A program of sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Kenneth Cooper—The first of two recitals played on his Houston-Broekman 1790 harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 3.)

Maurice André—Trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Michael Lorimer—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Tashi—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New York Baroque Ensemble—The third in a series of five programs, this one with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-7890.)

Stuttgart Trio—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the cycle of Beethoven trios. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Western Wind—A vocal ensemble in a program of Christmas songs and carols. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Music of Lazar Weiner—A concert celebrating Mr. Weiner's eightieth birthday, with the honoree playing the piano and directing the Wareham Chorale, of Arlington, Virginia. Also on hand: Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Yehudi Wyner, piano; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER,** Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:05. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Professional Football—Sunday, Dec. 4: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. New Orleans Saints, at New Orleans.

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Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Dec. 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 23. The Bold Ruler Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 30; the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 3; and the Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 10. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Jan. 2.

Soccer: Closed-Circuit TV—Italy vs. Luxembourg in an elimination match for the World Cup soccer championship. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30 A.M.)

Tennis—John McEnroe vs. Vitas Gerulaitis, in a benefit match. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 9, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Andrew Glaze reading from his own works. (Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3. Admission by contribution.). . . ¶ Robert Creeley and Donald Hall reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ John Ashbery reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Flower Show—The Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, noon to 7.

Auctions—At the **METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.** Sunday, Dec. 4, at 6: Works of art and operatic memorabilia, in a benefit auction. (Exhibition at Christie's, 502s Park Ave., at 59th St., Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 3, from 10 to 5.). . . **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER,** 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Dec. 5, at 6:30: A benefit auction of rare editions of children's books and original art by children's book illustrators. . . . **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 2: Contemporary art, including works by John Graham, Larry Rivers, and Hans Hofmann; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 10:15 and 2: European ceramics, from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, at 2: French and other Continental furniture, decorative objects, and tapestries; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 10:15: Books and autograph letters, from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 2: Americana manuscripts and printed material, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 7-8, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** 502s Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Dec. 2, at 10:30: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures, belonging to Jean Negulesco and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 10:30 and 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century European porcelains and pottery, belonging to Mrs. Barbara Rockefeller and others. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 5, at 6:30: Paintings, drawings, and prints by American illustrators, in a benefit auction. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 3.

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at 7:30 on Monday, Dec. 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Dec. 13 (Atlanta), Dec. 17 (Chicago), Dec. 20 (Phoenix), Dec. 25 (Philadelphia), Dec. 30 (New Orleans), Jan. 1 (Cleveland), and Jan. 3 (Los Angeles). . . . ¶ The Nets at **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER,** Piscataway, N.J.: Dec. 14 (Golden State), Dec. 16 (Cleveland), Dec. 21 (Houston), Dec. 23 (Buffalo), Dec. 29 (Knicks), Jan. 4 (Phoenix), Jan. 6 (San Antonio), and Jan. 8 (Washington).

Professional Football—**SUNDAY, DEC. 11:** Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . **SUNDAY, DEC. 18:** Giants vs. Chicago Bears, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers games on Dec. 11, 18, 21, 23, 28, and 31, and Jan. 9. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders games on Dec. 13, 17, 20, 22, and 31, and Jan. 3, 7, and 10.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 3-March 17.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championships. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 17-18.)

Tennis—Colgate Masters. (Madison Square Garden. Jan. 4-8.)

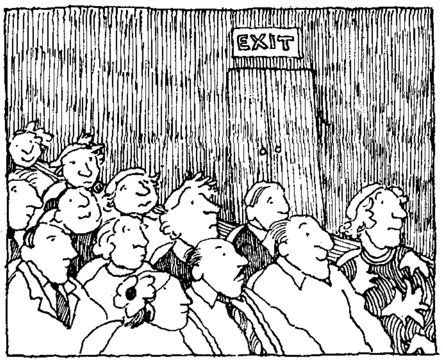
Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (580-9830): The season continues through April 15. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through April 29. . . . ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 11, 18, and 23. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 22. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Steven De Groote, piano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29. . . . ¶ Vladimir Horowitz, piano, and the New York Philharmonic, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Minnesota Orchestra, Jan. 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Emanuel Ax, piano, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Speculum Musicae, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ New York Renaissance Band, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 18 and 20. . . . ¶ Grant Johannesen, piano, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 21. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Orpheus, Dec. 11. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-6000): New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec. 15 and 17. . . . ¶ Zara Nelsova, cello, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ David Glazer, clarinet; Michael Rudiakov, cello; and Evelyne Crochet, piano, Dec. 22. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Dec. 15.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Shaw's "Saint Joan," starring Lynn Redgrave. . . . ¶ A revival of O'Neill's drama "A Touch of the Poet;" Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea head the cast. . . . ¶ A new production of Ronald Ribman's play "Cold Storage" (presented Off Broadway last season), with Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. . . . ¶ Mary Martin and Anthony Quayle in a two-character comedy by Aleksei Arbuzov, "Do You Turn Somersaults?"

Other Dates—Moscow Circus, at Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Dec. 20-Jan. 2. . . . ¶ The first day of winter is Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Sundays; Monday, Dec. 26, and Monday, Jan. 2, will be holidays. . . . ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 11-22. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Jan. 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 6: "Oh, God!" and "The Sugarland Express."
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 1: "Oh, God!"
From Dec. 2: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Another Man, Another Chance."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Short Eyes."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Equus."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Lacemaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Iphigenia."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Semi-Tough."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Turning Point."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 6: "The Wizard of Oz" and "Singin' in the Rain."
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Roseland."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Special Day."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Mr. Klein."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Goodbye Girl."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 6: "Oh, God!"
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Another Man, Another Chance."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Piece of the Action."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Which Way Is Up?"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Heroes."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Mack."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Dec. 6: "American Tickler" and "Tunnelvision."
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Handle with Care."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 30: "The Confessions of Amans."
Dec. 1-7: "The Cinema According to Bertolucci."
From Dec. 8: Theatre closed.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Another Man, Another Chance."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Pardon Mon Affaire" and "La Grande Bourgeoise."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 6: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." From Dec. 7: "3 Women" and "Nashville."
Theatre 3: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" and "The Story of Adèle H."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 6: "American Tickler" and "Tunnelvision." From Dec. 7: "Man on the Roof" and "We All Loved Each Other So Much."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Summerdog."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Pete's Dragon."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"1900."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 6: "Oh, God!"
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Julia."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Short Eyes."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Nov. 30: "Fox and His Friends."
Dec. 1: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."
Dec. 2-3: "Stroszek."
Dec. 4: "The American Friend."
Dec. 5: "The Merchant of Four Seasons."
Dec. 6: "Young Törless."
Dec. 7: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul."
Dec. 8: "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Another Man, Another Chance."
Theatre 2: "Bobby Deerfield."
Theatre 3: "A Piece of the Action."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 6: "American Tickler" and "Tunnelvision."
From Dec. 7: "Smokey and the Bandit" and "The Lords of Flatbush."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

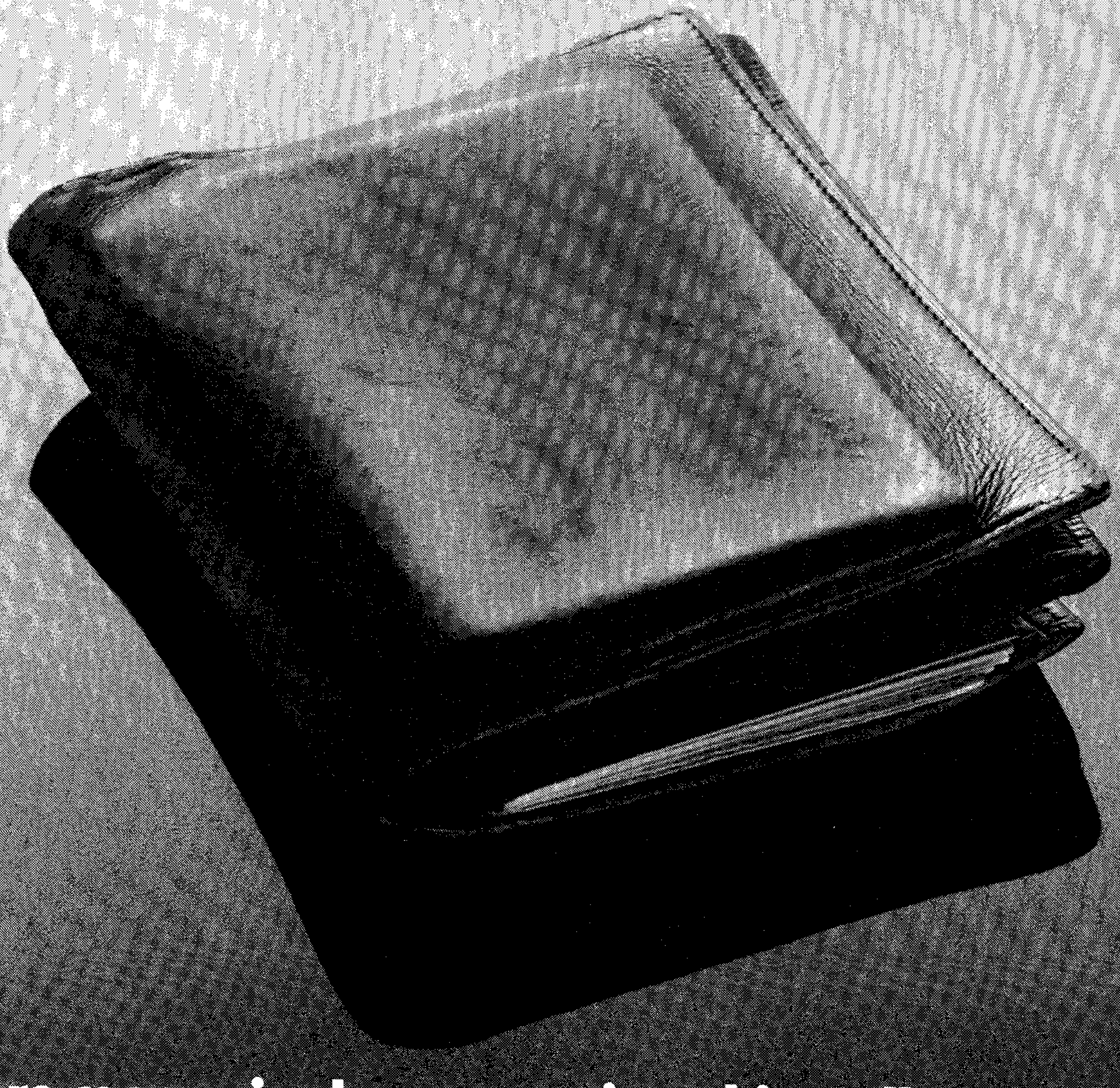
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 30: "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre; and "The Woman in the Moon" (1929), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Fritz Rasp.
Dec. 1: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972) and "Alice in the Cities" (1974), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.
Dec. 2-3: "Images" (†) and "California Split." (†)
Dec. 4-5: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (†) and "Uncle Vanya." (†)
Dec. 6: "Bite the Bullet" (1975), directed by Richard Brooks, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn.
Dec. 7: "Cloak and Dagger" (1946), directed by Fritz Lang, with Gary Cooper, Lilli Palmer, and Robert Alda; and "Moonfleet" (1955), directed by Fritz Lang, with Stewart Granger, George Sanders, Joan Greenwood, Viveca Lindfors, and Jon Whiteley.
Dec. 8: "Muriel" (†) and "Alphaville." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 30: "The Mother and the Whore" (1973), in French, directed by Jean Eustache, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and François Lebrun; and "Le Révélateur" (1968), a French silent film, directed by Philippe Garrel, with Bernadette Lafont.
Dec. 1: "St. Louis Blues" (1958), directed by Allen Reisner, with Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, and Cab Calloway; and "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972), directed by Sidney J. Furie, with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor.
Dec. 2: "Suspicion" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Marnie" (1964), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery, Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern.
Dec. 3: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.
Dec. 4: "Top Hat" (†) and "The Sky's the Limit." (†)
Dec. 5: "The Emperor Jones" (†) and "Jericho." (†)
Dec. 6: "The Rainmaker" (†) and "Elmer Gantry." (†)
Dec. 7: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (†) and "The Milky Way." (†)
Dec. 8: "The Chaser" (†); and "Feet First" (1930), directed by, and with, Harold Lloyd.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 1: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas; and "The Killing" (1956), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards.
Dec. 2-3: "Alice's Restaurant" (†); and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Dec. 4-5: "Marriage—Italian Style" (†) and "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow." (†)
Dec. 6: "The Battle of Algiers" (†); and "Burn!" (1970), directed by Gillo Pontecorvo, with Marlon Brando.
Dec. 7-8: "Idi Amin Dada" (1974), a documentary, directed by Barbet Schroeder; and "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 3: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "Sadie McKee" (1934), directed by Clarence Brown, with Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Gene Raymond, and Edward Arnold.
Dec. 4-6: "Naughty Marietta" (†) and "Rose Marie." (†)
From Dec. 7: "Maytime" (†) and "The Merry Widow." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Dec. 1: "Svengali" (1931), directed by Archie Mayo, with John Barrymore, Marian Marsh, Bramwell Fletcher, and Donald Crisp; and "True Confession" (1937), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, Fred MacMurray, and Una Merkel.
Dec. 2-3: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by



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Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.

Dec. 4-6: "Le Plaisir" (†) and "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (†)

Dec. 7-8: "You Only Live Once" (†); and "House by the River" (1950), directed by Fritz Lang, with Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt, Lee Bowman, and Dorothy Patrick.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 30: "A House Divided" (1932), directed by William Wyler, with Walter Huston, Kent Douglass, Helen Chandler, and Vivian Oakland; and "The Heiress" (1949), directed by William Wyler, with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson.

Dec. 1: "Ladies of the Big House" (1932), directed by Marion Gering, with Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond, and Wynne Gibson; and "Devil and the Deep" (1932), directed by Marion Gering, with Tallulah Bankhead and Charles Laughton.

Dec. 2-3: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Peggy Ashcroft, John Laurie, and Godfrey Tearle.

Dec. 4: "Charming Sinners" (1929), directed by Robert Milton, with Clive Brook, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, and Mary Nolan; and "Man of the World" (1931), directed by Richard Wallace, with William Powell, Carole Lombard, Wynne Gibson, and Guy Kibbee.

Dec. 5: "By Candlelight" (1934), directed by James Whale, with Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas, and Nils Asther; and "Wives Under Suspicion." (†)

Dec. 6: "One Night of Love" (†) and "The King Steps Out." (†)

Dec. 7: "Holiday" (†) and "Theodora Goes Wild." (†)

Dec. 8: "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Barrymore, John Howard, and Louise Campbell; and "Kennel Murder Case." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Tammy and the Bachelor" (1957), directed by Joseph Pevney, with Debbie Reynolds, Walter Brennan, and Leslie Nielsen. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 6: "Pillow Talk" (1959), directed by Michael Gordon, with Rock Hudson, Doris Day, and Tony Randall. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 8:30: "Operation Petticoat" (1959), directed by Blake Edwards, with Cary Grant, Tony Curtis, and Dina Merrill. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "Portrait in Black" (1960), directed by Michael Gordon, with Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn, Sandra Dee, and John Saxon. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 6: "Fahrmann Maria" (1936), in German, directed by Frank Wysbar, with Sybille Schmitz, Aribert Mog, and Peter Vee; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at noon: "It Came from Outer Space" (1953), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush, in 3-D. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2:30: "Run of the Arrow" (1956), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Rod Steiger, Sarita Montiel, and Brian Keith. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 5: "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at noon: "The Cimarron Kid" (1951), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Audie Murphy and Beverly Tyler. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2:30: "Charade" (1963), directed by Stanley Donen, with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, Walter Matthau, and James Coburn. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 5: "Captain Blood" (1935), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at noon: "The Art of the Potter" (1972), directed by David Outerbridge. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2:30: "Spartacus" (1960), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier, Charles Laughton, Peter Ustinov, Jean Simmons, and Tony Curtis. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6: "The Secret Ways" (1961), directed by Phil Karlson, with Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann, and Senta Berger. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at noon: "The Art of the Potter." . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2: "Never Steal Anything Small" (1959), directed by Charles Lederer, with James Cagney, Shirley Jones, and Roger Smith; and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" (1957), directed by Arnold Laven, with Richard Egan, Jan Sterling, Dan Duryea, Julie Adams, and Walter Matthau. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 6: "The Last Sunset" (1961), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Kirk Douglas, Rock Hudson, Dorothy Malone, Carol Lynley, and Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8:30: "Lonely Are the Brave" (1962), directed by David Miller, with Kirk Douglas, Walter Matthau, Gena Rowlands, and George Kennedy. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Nov. 30: An installation of para-cinema sculptures and photo-constructions by Barry Gerson. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 3: "The Health and Safety Game: Fictions Based on Fact" (1976), a videotape and photographic exhibition by Fred Lonidier. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (8:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Vigo, Warhol, Downey, Haxton, Anger, Brakhage, Cocteau, Resnais, Kast, and others. Showings Nov. 30-Dec. 1 at 7 and 9; Dec. 2 at 7; Dec. 3 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Dec. 4 at 8; and Dec. 6-8 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Dec. 1-4: "It's Not the Homosexual Who Is Perverse but the Situation in Which He Lives" (1971), and "Audience Response to: 'It's Not the Homosexual . . .' " (1977), both films from West Germany, directed by Rosa Von Praunheim, in English. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 8: "Nomadic Lives" (1977), directed by Mark Obenhaus; and "Clown White" (1976), directed by John Walker. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 6.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Cinema Village; Dec. 2-3.)

Ali: Fear Eats the Soul (1974)—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Cinema Studio; Dec. 7.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. He found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets, but his comic-strip story (involving Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina) is uninspired. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 8.)

The American Friend—In this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game," Wim Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero. (10/17/77) (Cinema Studio; Dec. 4.)

Another Man, Another Chance—With James Caan and Geneviève Bujold, directed by Claude Lelouch. (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic, which stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Cinema Village; Dec. 6.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Fassbinder, born in 1945 and the writer and director of more than twenty feature films, here makes a film about lesbians which is furnished with elegance but sustained by a deep and primitive sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (6/14/76) (Cinema Studio; Dec. 1.)

Bobby Deerfield—A rich-meets-rich picture, and worse than one imagines. Al Pacino gives a torpid performance as a spiritually depleted Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a well-heeled free spirit (Marthe Keller), a metaphysical kook. Though she's dying, she asks him such meaningful questions that he is restored to life. The director is Sydney Pollack. (10/3/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

California Split (1974)—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised; we catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 2-3.)

The Chaser (1928)—Harry Langdon directed himself in this mild domestic comedy about mother-in-law trouble. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 8.)

The Cinema According to Bertolucci—A documentary about the making of "1900." Directed by Giuseppe Bertolucci, brother of Bernardo, who directed "1900." (Renoir Cinema; Dec. 1-7.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. It sends you out in a state of blissful satisfaction. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

The Confessions of Amans—With William Bryan, directed by Gregory Nava. (Renoir Cinema; Nov. 30.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinarily romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 4-6.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as Bible Belt evangelists in the twenties, in a loud, striking, big-scale melodrama based on the Sinclair Lewis novel about con artists, adapted and directed by Richard Brooks. The movie cheats on the issues, but it's coarsely compelling and never boring. When Lancaster plays a kinetic, broadly exaggerated character like the lecher Gantry, you can't take your eyes off him, and Simmons is one of the most quietly command-

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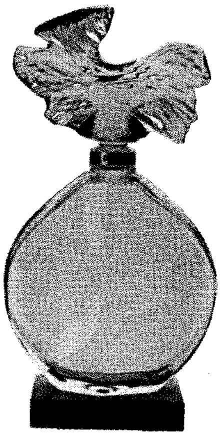

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ing actresses Hollywood has ever trashed. With Shirley Jones as Lulu Bains, Edward Andrews as George Babbitt, and Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, Patti Page, John McIntire, Rex Ingram, Hugh Marlowe, and Philip Ober. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 6.)

The Emperor Jones (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with some ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5.)

Equus—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (Trans-Lux East.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 7.)

Fox and His Friends (1976)—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Cinema Studio; Nov. 30.)

The Goodbye Girl—With Richard Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason, directed by Herbert Ross. (Loews Tower East.)

La Grande Bourgeoise—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Handle with Care—This high-spirited, elegantly deadpan picture has a fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions: they become secret celebrities, and their voices have a tale-spinning seductiveness. But they dry up when they actually meet. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—the film is lyrical and wiggy at the same time. With Paul Le Mat, Ann Wedgeworth, and Marcia Rodd, whose timing is comparable to Lily Tomlin's work in "The Late Show." Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (Waverly.)

Heroes—With Henry Winkler, Sally Field, and Harrison Ford; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (86th St. East.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingenues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 7.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 2-3.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. (8/8/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Iphigenia—With Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. In Greek. (Plaza.)

Jericho (1938; originally called "Dark Sands" in this country)—This English adventure film about a black soldier, Jericho Jackson, who escapes from a court-martial during the First World War and winds up as the king of a desert tribe, stars Paul Robeson, with Henry Wilcoxon, Wallace Ford, and John Laurie also in the cast. Robeson sings a couple of songs stirringly and looks impressive in a burnoose, but the film is very spotty. Thornton Freeland directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

Kennel Murder Case (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure, the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art; in the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together. Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, tedious Ralph Morgan, and Paul Cavanaugh, Etienne Girardot, Robert Barrat, Eugene Pallette, Frank Conroy, Arthur Hohl, Henry O'Neill, and Robert McWade. Directed by Michael Curtiz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 8.)

The King Steps Out (1936)—Those with merciful memories blocked this one out long ago. Josef von Sternberg asked that the film not be included in retrospectives of his work, but he really did make the damned thing. It's a monstrously overstaged version of Fritz Kreisler's operetta "Cissy," with Grace Moore and Franchot Tone struggling through the scenery playing Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria and the young Emperor Franz Josef. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 6.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Lords of Flatbush (1974)—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Olympia; starting Dec. 7.)

The Mack (1973)—With Max Julien, Don Gordon, Richard Pryor, and Carol Speed; directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 7.)

The Man Who Loved Women—With Charles Denner and Brigitte Fossey, directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

Marriage—Italian Style (1964)—A bit of cashing-in on the much funnier and more rash "Divorce—Italian Style;" this picture also stars Marcello Mastroianni, but it was directed by Vittorio De Sica, not Pietro Germi. Mastroianni plays a rising young businessman back in 1943 who meets a sumptuous prostitute (Sophia Loren). Over the years, the obliging girl assumes the triple task of being his mistress, his business associate, and his housekeeper, having once tricked him into a marriage that he quickly has annulled. The plot squeaks with complications, but De Sica's love of all scamps is endearing, and so are the two stars' luscious comic gifts. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Dec. 4-5.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. The picture is too drawn out, the staging is often suffocating, and the score is rotten, but John Barrymore brings a bitter edge to the role of MacDonald's husband, and the atmosphere of thwarted passion is compelling. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Regency; starting Dec. 7.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Cinema Studio; Dec. 5.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehár music. (Regency; starting Dec. 7.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Mickey Rooney as Puck gets to be a bit much, but Cagney as Bottom has a mysterious beauty. Max Reinhardt (with William Dieterle) imprints things on the memory with the talent of a director who was as potent in his day as Peter Brook is in ours. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 4-5.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 7.)

Mr. Klein—With Alain Delon and Jeanne Moreau, directed by Joseph Losey. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven (1975)—Another work by the prodigiously productive Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In this one, Mother Küsters (Brigitte Mira, one of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe) is a plump woman who would normally be dedicated to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche*, but the West German economic miracle has happened, and instead she is putting screws into electrical equipment at the kitchen table. This far from ordinary housewife, characterized by a suppressed merriment, has to deal with the practically unassimilable information that her factory-worker husband has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself. There is a lot of Brecht in Fassbinder, but Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is hectically looking for what not to believe in. An immensely gifted and worried film. In German. (3/28/77) (Cinema Studio; Dec. 8.)

Muriel (1963)—Alain Resnais's experiment in fragmented flashback and flash-forward editing. The fragmentation, probably intended as a comment on modern life, is more irritating than illuminating. Delphine Seyrig is the forty-year-old antique dealer in whose symbolic shop (where she also lives) time and memory are scrambled and chopped up. Script by Jean Cayrol; music by Hans Wer-

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ner Henze, sung by Rita Streich. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 8.)

Nashville (1975)—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multitrack sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 7.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond camp, it's in a realm of its own. With Elsa Lanchester and Frank Morgan. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Regency; Dec. 4-6.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Festival.)

Oh, God!—With George Burns and John Denver, directed by Carl Reiner. (Gramercy; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Playboy; through Dec. 6.)

One Night of Love (1934)—With Grace Moore, serving grand opera by the teaspoonful with her little finger crooked. She goes to all the great cities of Europe for the sake of music, backdrops, and so on, and eventually lands here at the Metropolitan, where her Italian music teacher bursts into tears in the prompter's box because he loffs her. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 6.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Agnès Varda brings a Disney touch to this account of the evolution of modern women's consciousness between 1962 and 1976. It's a cheery, educational feminism-can-be-fun movie, centering on two young women's abortions, careers, babies. The sunshiny, mass-cult-hip simplicity of the feminist movement celebrated here is so laughable that you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out. In French. (11/14/77) (Art, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Pete's Dragon—From the Disney studios, with Helen Reddy, Jim Dale, and Mickey Rooney. Directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall.)

A Piece of the Action—With Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, and James Earl Jones; directed by Mr. Poitier. (U. A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Le Plaisir (1952)—This Max Ophuls omnibus film, based on three de Maupassant stories, sounds better than it is; the stories allow him to display his virtuoso technique, but two of the three turn out too thin and hokey. The first, "The Mask," famous for the Palais de Danse sequence, is about a man trying to retain the illusion of youth; Gaby Morlay and Claude Dauphin are in it. "The Model" is about an artist (Daniel Gélin) who quarrels with his mistress-model (Simone Simon). The most satisfying, "The House of Madame Tellier," is about the temporary closing of a brothel. The madame (Madeleine Renaud) and her girls go to the country to attend the first Communion of the madame's niece; the cast includes Jean Gabin, Danielle Darrieux, Pierre Brasseur, Ginette Leclerc, Mila Parély, and Louis Seigneur. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 4-6.)

The Rainmaker (1956)—The cowtown spinster suffering from drought is Katharine Hepburn, and the man who delivers the rain is Burt Lancaster. The casting is just about perfect. Lancaster has an athletic role, in which he can also be very touching. The con man isn't a simple trickster; he's a poet and dreamer who needs to convince people of his magical powers. Hepburn is stringy and tomboyish, believably plain yet magically beautiful. This is a fairy tale (the ugly duckling) dressed up as a bucolic comedy and padded out with metaphysical falsies, but it is also genuinely appealing, in a crude, good-spirited way, though N. Richard Nash, who wrote both the play and the adaptation, aims too solidly at lower-middle-class tastes. Once transformed, the heroine rejects the poet for the deputy sheriff (Wendell Corey); if there were a sequel, she might be suffering from the drought of his imagination. With Lloyd Bridges, Earl Holliman, Cameron Prud'homme, and Wallace Ford. The director is Joseph Anthony, who also staged it on Broadway. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 6.)

Roseland—With Teresa Wright, Lou Jacobi, Geraldine Chaplin, Helen Gallagher, Lilia Skala, and David Thomas; directed by James Ivory. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Columbia I.)

Rose Marie (1936)—Singing "The Indian Love Call," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are in a class of their own; the wholesome, hearty horror of it is matchless. This is one of the liveliest and most popular of their *kitschfests*. It's set in the Pacific Northwest; she's an opera star and he's a Mountie who has arrested her brother (skinny young James Stewart). With Allan Jones and Reginald Owen. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Regency; Dec. 4-6.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Semi-Tough—With Burt Reynolds, Kris Kristofferson, Jill Clayburgh, Robert Preston, and Bert Convy; directed by Michael Ritchie. (Baronet.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 6.)

The Sky's the Limit (1943)—Dreary R.K.O. musical, with Fred Astaire cast, unfortunately, opposite the wholesome Joan Leslie, with her girl-next-door big smiles. But Astaire does some beautiful solo work, including the memorable "One for My Baby (and One More for the Road)." With Robert Benchley; Edward H. Griffith directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

Smokey and the Bandit—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (Olympia; starting Dec. 7.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (Beekman.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with

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spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

Stroszek—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. Released from jail, he plays his piano with all the focus that was missing in his dealings with the prison authorities—a lack of focus that will make some sophisticates think him simpleminded when he is simply bereft. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz), who has a nephew in Wisconsin. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Cinema Studio; Dec. 2-3.)

The Sugarland Express (1974)—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet its director, Steven Spielberg, who is in his twenties, is a wizard at action sequences, and this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 6.)

Summerdog—With James Congdon and Elizabeth Eisenman, directed by John Clayton. (Guild.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—With Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; directed by Luis Buñuel. In French. (Columbia II.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright—she's almost shrill in her brightness—and she does something clever with her teeth that makes one want to slap her, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. It was a hugely successful popular entertainment. Richard Boleslavski directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 7.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. The film is full of Altman's overheards and murmurs, with a hallucinating quality typified by his recurring use of self-absorbed twins who never speak except to each other. A fine, musing film. (4/18/77) (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 7.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

Tunnelvision (1976)—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Dec. 6.)

The Turning Point—A forties women's picture (like "Old Acquaintance," in which a noble Bette Davis and a catty Miriam Hopkins played scrapping lifelong friends) transferred to a backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. In his screen acting début, Baryshnikov plays a Russian dancer with whom MacLaine's young aspiring-ballerina daughter (Leslie Browne) falls in love; this swoony romance will probably make the film a huge box-office hit. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Uncle Vanya (1963)—Probably the best "Vanya" in English that we shall ever see. Directed by Stuart Burge, it is a literal preservation of Laurence Olivier's Chichester Festival production in England, with Olivier as Astrov, Michael Redgrave as Vanya, Rosemary Harris as Ilyena, Joan Plowright as Sonya, Lewis Casson as Telegin, Max Adrian as the fraudulent pamphleteer Serebryakov. The production perfectly catches the peculiar dilemma of Chekhov's great characters, which is that they are tragic heroes fated to seem comic in the eyes of the people they most worship. (4/18/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 4-5.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly. Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 7.)

Which Way Is Up?—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Loews Ciné.)

Wives Under Suspicion (1938)—Gail Patrick and Warren William in a negligible melodrama about a district attorney, jealous husbands, murder, and a kiss before a mirror, which is analyzed at some length. James Whale directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 5.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 6.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Dec. 4-5.)

Young Törless (1968)—A first feature film by a young German director called Volker Schlöndorff, who has worked with Resnais, Malle, and Melville. The story is from Robert Musil's classic novel about a German military academy before the First World War. The film is better than the book—more lucid, and not overbearing in its tacit points about the guilt of the passive. In German. (Cinema Studio; Dec. 6.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—This early version of the Bonnie-and-Clyde story, starring Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda (neither has ever been better), is perhaps the finest of Fritz Lang's American movies, and certainly one of the finest American melodramas of the thirties. In this version, the young outcasts are seen as innocent victims of the indifference and cruelty of society—a view the audiences of the period readily shared. Even though the social slant may seem like Lang pushing his view of doom, and though the end seems maudlin, the details and many of the individual sequences are so clearly directed that the social melodrama is transcended. With Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, Margaret Hamilton, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Charles (Chic) Sale, and, regrettably, William Gargan as Father Dolan. The script is by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Thalia; Dec. 7-8.)

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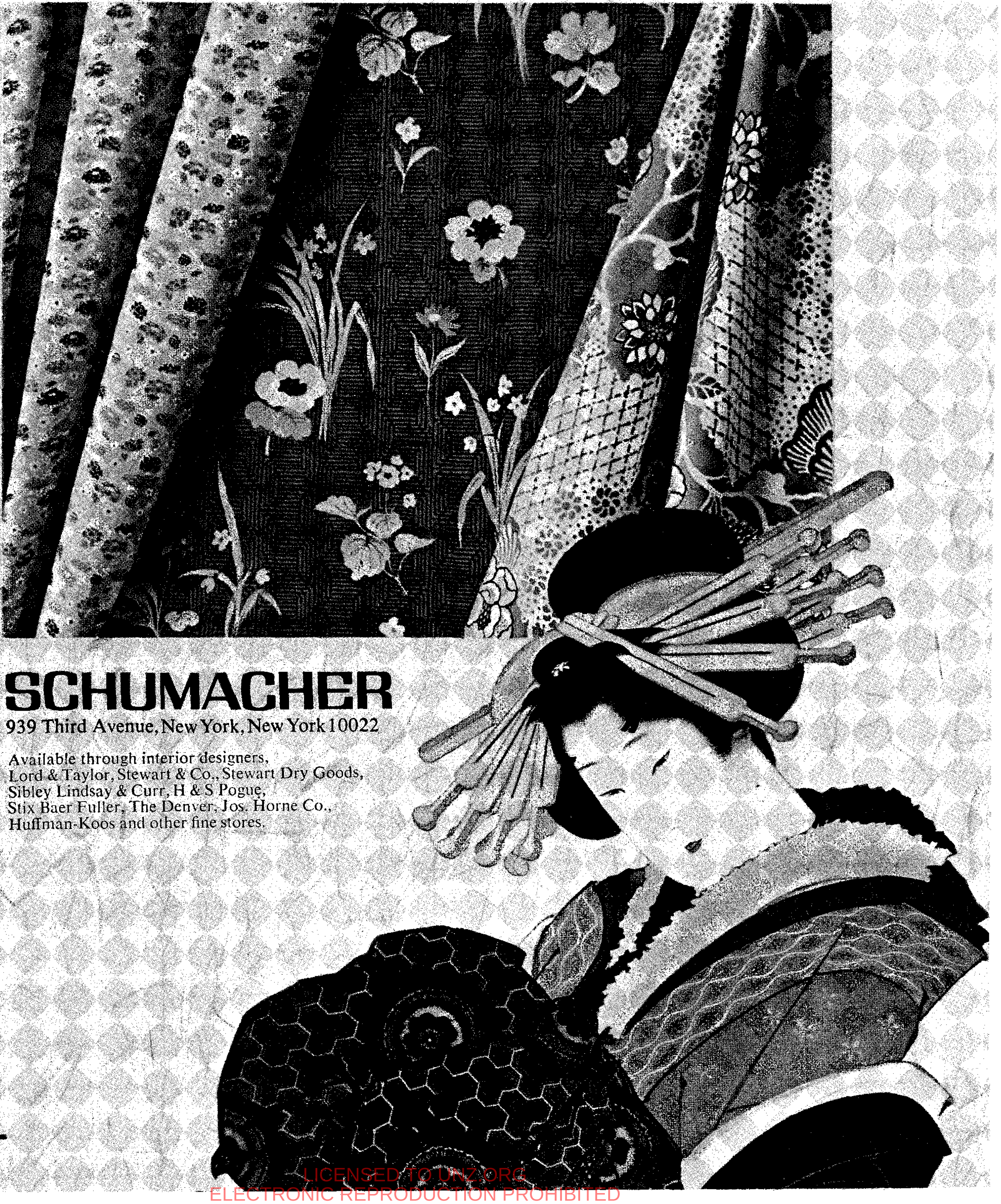

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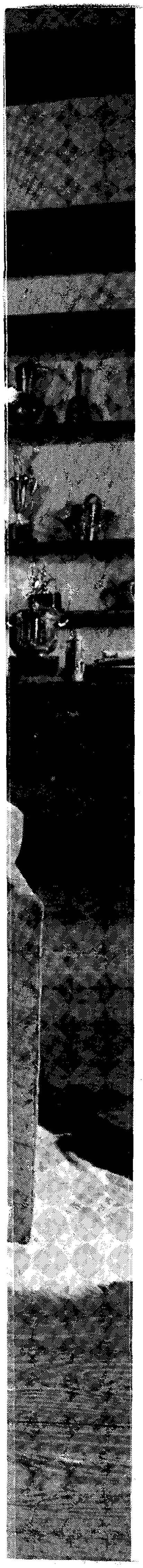

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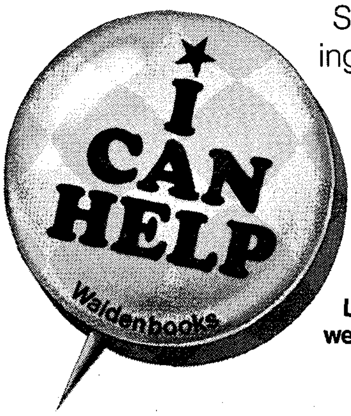
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Anwar Sadat's speech to the Israeli parliament was constructed like a spiral: circuitous loops of "rhetoric" advanced by small increments toward the "hard substance" nestled in the middle and then with the same roundabout rhythm spiralled away. On the whole, the loops appealed to the heart; God appeared often, as did love and visions of prosperity, as did the terrible human price of war. The sound of the Arabic—metallic, staccato, pugilistic—was an enlivening contrast to the "softness" of the content, giving to the overlapping loops body and magnetism. It was an ingenious speech. One of the important lessons that Edmund Wilson taught us is to distinguish between reality and rhetoric, between actual motivations and literary-theatrical effects that appeal to the heart and imagination, giving an inspiring, acceptable cover to those motivations. He was particularly suspicious when God was drafted into national endeavors—when political causes were invested with holiness. On the level of relations between the superpowers, this lesson has been learned. The tone of intercourse is scrupulously pragmatic, the issues bluntly approached as matters of power and the balance of power. On the level of regional relations, however, the holy cause has flourished, fuelling the bitter tribal wars that have fractured peace all over the globe, and fractured it nowhere more than in the Middle East, where the battle dates are holy days and the objects of contest holy places. The entire thrust of the effort to achieve peace in the Middle East has been to deflate this sense of holy mandates and the blinding emotions they generate; to reduce the issues to a cold, unemotional, pragmatic level; to make a realistic deal. So it was confusing to hear those very elements which had seemed to muddy the issues and block the way to peace suddenly become clarifiers enlisted as a great force for peace. Subsequent analysis did not dispel this impression; the speech had an innate persuasiveness independent of ingenious device. The parts that were theoretically evasive were actually the most direct; the parts that were theoretically embellishment were the most significant.

This was only one of the anomalies of Sadat's trip. The experts scurried frantically to measure the visit by familiar, objective standards, but they never seemed to be able to find one that fitted. The trip, they said, would be a failure if the Israelis did not make a major concrete concession, but when the concession, as far as we know, was not made the trip seemed far from a failure. Sadat's speech and Menahem Begin's were no more than restatements of the Arab and Israeli positions, which have been deadlocked for so long, yet obviously they were more than that. The only hope lay in the private talks between the leaders, and yet when nothing "hard" was apparently achieved in these the two men behaved toward each other in a manner that in no way suggested alienation, discouragement, or frustration. No one even seemed to be able to describe Sadat's action accurately. It was heroic, it was naïve, it was a gamble—and yet there was Sadat, modest, calm, underplayed. None of the epithets fitted. What was this trip, this action? It seemed to turn all our assumptions about international politics upside down. It seemed to be something that Sadat had arrived at alone, late at night, asking himself "Why not?" and hearing no compelling comeback; asking himself the same question in the light of day and still not hearing a powerful enough objection. Of course, there were objections, many of them, but most of them boiled down to "It's just not done." Sadat's decision was truly original. The drama of his speech was the drama of a man growing, publicly expanding his definition of himself and inviting others to follow. Menahem Begin's speech touched on many of the same themes, but for its power it relied on old music, not new. He was far behind, but he cannot really be blamed for this. We were all far behind. We were all taken by surprise. The question now is not so much *will* he follow as *can* he? Can a man who has been down Menahem Begin's life route find in himself the resilience for such a new journey? Can a man whose definition of himself was hardened in the crucible of Israel's early struggle break the mold so formed and create a new and larger one?

From beginning to end, the Sadat trip was so relentlessly moving that our Edmund Wilson instincts were in a constant uproar. We wanted badly to believe both in Sadat's sincerity and in the efficacy of his gesture, and we knew that this desire, along with the theatrical quality of the trip, was just the sort of element that can blind one to reality. In our struggle to be realistic, we made two false assumptions. The first was that the main significance of Sadat's action was symbolic; that is, somehow unreal, something that could be turned to dust with the slightest shift in mood—something that existed primarily in the perceptions of the audience. The second assumption was that the trip should be judged in terms of success or failure—in other words, that it was a stunt, which would either be pulled off or not. There were moments during the trip when our spirits fell—when we thought that the

evanescent inspiration had evaporated, that the stunt was a flop—but we were always brought up short by Sadat himself. Sadat had his own understanding of his mission, and he stuck to it unwaveringly through all the hopes, fears, suspicions, and interpretations that swirled about him. Its strength was not a flashy, illusory symbolism; it was Sadat's original decision—that the right thing to do was to go to Israel, to cut through all the gamesmanship and masquerading of war, and state face to face with the adversary what he sincerely felt, in contrast to what he was supposed to feel. As with his speech, the strength did not depend on outward things but came from inside Sadat himself. Nothing could change that. The manifest sincerity of his conviction and the action that followed upon it were real, not symbolic, and throughout the trip that reality came through steady and strong. The onlookers vacillated between hope and despair, idealism and cynicism, but always there was Sadat: unruffled, thoughtfully attentive, not posturing in any way, never striking a false note—just a man, a very fine man, who had made a decision because he thought it right, and, without illusions, was carrying it out. It was not an act, it was a deed, and, whatever happened, the integrity of that deed stood. Whatever happens in the future, it will still stand.

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Joan Armatrading

DURING a recent late-afternoon downpour, fragments of recorded music came blasting intermittently through three walls of a conference room of A & M Records, on the thirty-second floor of 595 Madison Avenue. The other wall was windows, and silent, and at one of them Joan Armatrading, an unusually gifted young composer-singer from Birmingham, England, was perched on the arm of a chair—one white-sneakered foot on the windowsill—looking down at the lights of the city through a pane wobbly with rain. She had just arrived from a long concert tour of England in connection with her fourth album, "Show Some Emotion," and in two days she would perform at Avery Fisher Hall. In addition to the white sneakers, she was wearing bluejeans and a light-blue T-shirt with a lot of words (including "Motown") written on it. She is a short, appealing figure with a lovely face and a thoughtful gaze, and she speaks matter-of-factly in what we assume to be a Birmingham accent; every so often she breaks into a blazing smile and laughs hard. On records, she is a powerful and expressive performer with a wide range of feeling; her lyrics are simple, personal, and conversational; her music is bold, imaginative, and fresh.

We asked her about her musical training.

"I never had any," she said. "I taught myself everything." She plays guitar, piano, and thumb piano, among other instruments, and is currently teaching herself mandolin and clarinet.

What music influenced her, we asked.

She seemed uncertain. "My elder brother had every Jim Reeves record there was," she said. The music suggests many possible influences, but country-and-Western didn't seem to us to be one of them. "I liked it, but it wasn't strong enough," she said. "Later, I liked Van Morrison a lot, and my brothers started listening to Aretha Franklin and Otis Redding. But once I started to learn to play, I was too busy to be bothered by what others played."

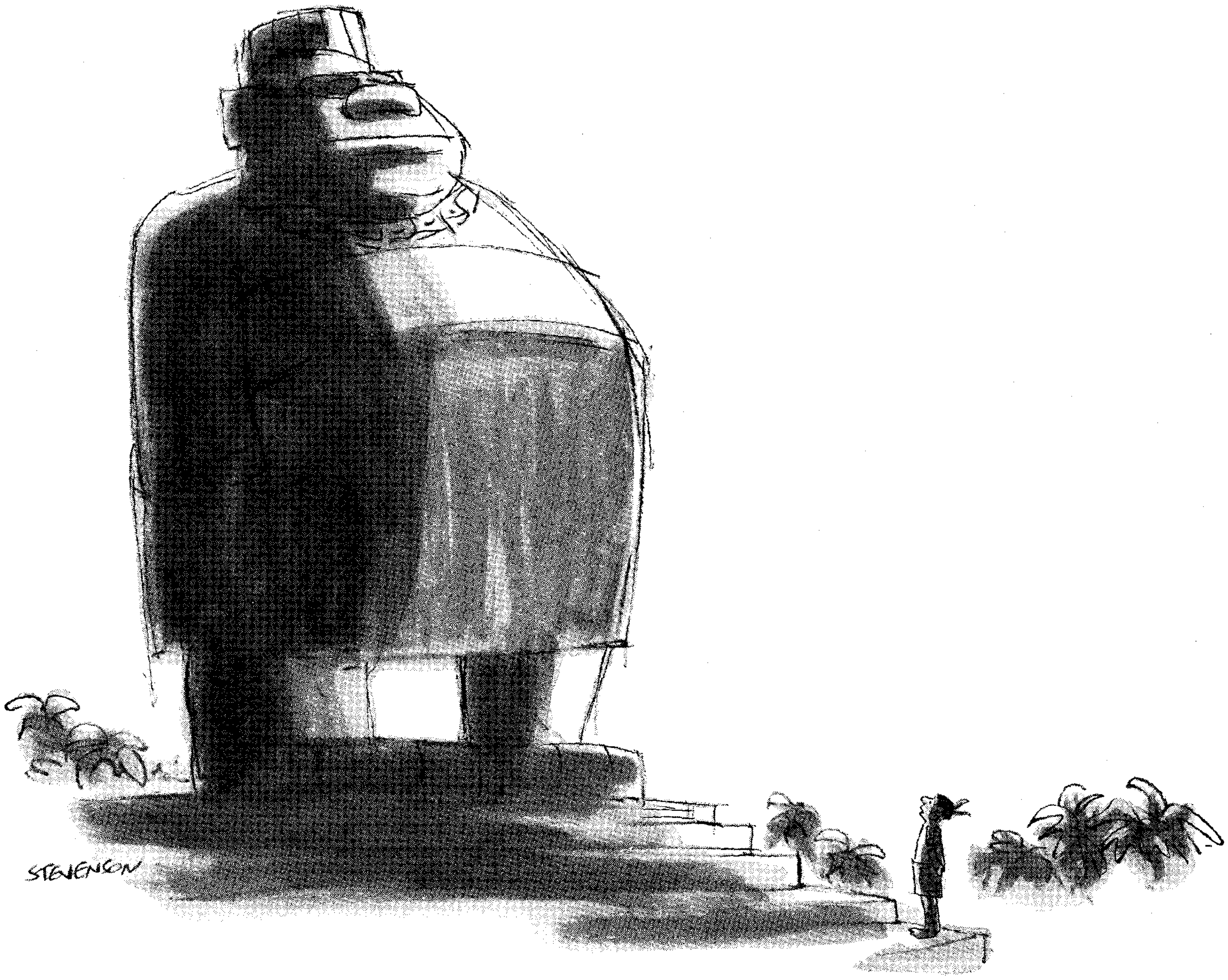
She continued, "I was raised on St. Kitts, in the West Indies. My father was a bass player in a band there—in the daytime he was a fireman and a carpenter—but he wasn't helpful to me. He used to think I thought I could do anything, and I guess he wanted me to prove it. I never heard him play in the band—my mother said he was very good—but I heard him play the guitar at home. Things like 'Fly Me to the Moon.' But when he was finished he wouldn't let me touch the guitar; he'd hide it. I'm glad he did. I probably wouldn't have been interested if it had been available. When I was seven, my father went to Birmingham and became a bus driver, and the rest of us moved to Antigua—my mother became a cook in a house there—until he could send for us, one by one, to come to England. In Antigua, after my mother left, I lived with my godparents." She attended a "dreadful" secondary school in Birmingham for five years ("It had a certain snobby class to it, and it was very hard to get in, but once you got in they taught you *nothing*"), and then, at sixteen, had to drop out. "We weren't a rich family," she said. She worked in the offices of a couple of factories, and occasionally played in local night clubs with a partner. "The clubs were sort of dance clubs, with weird and hostile audiences. They weren't interested in us. We couldn't do our own songs. We had to do stuff that they knew—but it was never stuff that they *knew!*" She grinned. She joined a company of "Hair" and toured the provinces for eighteen months, and she would go into the theatre early in the day, when nobody was around, and compose on the pit piano. "I can write the melody line on paper, and sort of chords, but it looks like a lot of rubbish," she said. When the tour ended, she took a year off to write songs. "I spent all my savings, and then I was on the dole. I didn't go out; all I did was write. People didn't understand that, but it made sense to me." When she and a friend took the songs around, "people zoomed in on my voice," and almost immediately she signed with a record company. "I don't consider myself to be a particularly good singer," she said. "I think of myself as a writer. I'm sort of a perfectionist, though I try not to be. I like to think if I was really bad I'd own up to myself and not do it." She paused. "I write a lot," she said. "Not because I have an album to do but just because I want to write."

There was an extra-loud burst of music, and a couple of young men came in, apologizing for the noise. One explained that he was very excited about a record he was putting together. "He's been in the booth for thirty-five hours!" exclaimed the other, and they went out again. Miss Armatrading smiled.

In a few days, she told us, she would leave on a tour of the United States and Canada—thirty cities in thirty-five days. She seemed resigned to it. Looking out the window, she said, "I like the country. I live in a house in Surrey now. I need to be able to be on my own, with one or two friends. That's a good number—one or two friends." She watched the rain. "In Antigua, I remember, we lived by the sea. There were a couple of houses in a big field, and we lived in one of them. You'd walk that way"—she waved a hand toward Park Avenue—"to reach the sea. It was nice."

Moving In

WE opened our *Times* the other morning and found an advertisement by Avis, the car-rental corporation, formerly of Garden City, Long Island, announcing that it had that day moved its world headquarters *into* New York City. "We Couldn't Think of a Better Place to Be," the copy was head-



"It's me again."

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lined, and we welcomed this reminder that all corporation and commercial traffic isn't flowing one way—out of town. The new Avis offices are in the new Grace tower, at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, and when we went to visit them we ascended to the building's twenty-ninth floor. We emerged from the elevator into a clutter of unpacked boxes and filing cartons, and stopped a passing office worker—she was carrying an unplugged telephone and what appeared to be part of a dictating machine—to ask where we could find Colin M. Marshall, the company's president and chief executive officer. "In that general direction," she said, waving the telephone toward the southwest corner of the building. "I'd show you myself, but right now I'm in the middle of chasing down my own desk."

We followed several workmen carrying carpenters' tools along a hallway, and soon succeeded in tracking down Mr. Marshall, a youthful blond man who was wearing a gold "We Try Harder" button in the lapel of a conservative blue suit. In his new office, he, too, was standing at a window, which looked out over Bryant Park and downtown Manhattan. "Quite a view, isn't it?" he asked.

We said that it was indeed, but that we doubted whether the view was what had induced him to move Avis's headquarters from Garden City right into the heart of midtown.

"It wasn't, really," he said, waving us to a nearby couch. "We felt we were missing out from a business standpoint, even though we were only twenty-five miles outside Manhattan. We found that a great many people were reluctant to come out and see us, and the result was that we kept having to come in and see them. We realized that most of our senior executives wound up driving into the city several times each week, and that each trip used up four hours of executive time for what was essentially one hour of business. That didn't make good business sense."

From an organizational point of view, Mr. Marshall continued, the move gave the corporation an opportunity to separate its top executives and part of its international sales force from its domestic operating divisions. These will now be centralized on Long Island, where Avis moved in 1962, from Boston.

We said we wondered about the initial reaction of the executives and employees who were told that they would now be moving into New York City.

"We broached the subject to most of our people back in March, and most of the responses were favorable," he said. "A few people didn't want to come, and we've been able to find comparable jobs for them out on Long Island. But many people surprised me by

Memory of Various Women

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their enthusiasm. Our executive secretaries, for example. Nearly all of them live on Long Island, and in the beginning I was afraid we'd have to hire a whole new group. But most of them wanted to come with us."

Mr. Marshall invited us to check the employees' reaction for ourself, and we began when he introduced us to his own secretary, Mrs. Margaret Mennear.

"I'm very pleased," she said. "I live in Wantagh, out on the Island, but I love the city. I worked here twenty years ago and I'm glad to be back. I don't even mind the commuting—now I can get caught up on all the reading I didn't have time for before."

From the president's office, we followed a trail of cardboard panels—covering and protecting a newly laid brown carpet during the moving operations—to the offices of several other company executives. Peter Prestegaard, the senior vice-president and treasurer, told us, "I live in Rockland County, so for me the commuting time here isn't much less. But I'm delighted about being so much closer to my contacts in the financial world."

A few of the reactions were not wholly favorable. "Today I'm enthusiastic," said Mrs. Elizabeth Murtha, a secretary. "Come back and ask me how I feel a month or so from now, on a day when the trains are freezing and the traffic isn't moving, and we'll see what my answer is then."

Barry Shapiro, an assistant vice-president, told us he lived in Rockville Centre, which meant a commuting time of an hour and fifteen minutes now, instead of a mere fourteen minutes to Garden City. "That quick trip was one of the reasons I applied to Avis in the first place," he said, "and I miss it."

For the most part, however, the Avis people seemed as delighted by the move as Mr. Marshall himself. We encountered him again just as the last movers were leaving and some executives from Singapore and London were arriving for the first sales meeting in the New York office, and he remarked to us, "I've been thinking about what you said about the view. The important view isn't the view we have of the city but the view that people have of us. We're a service industry. We have to be highly visible, and for being visible there's no place like New York."

Playing X-22

WELL, George Plimpton finally got sacked. The rude upending of the longtime amateur scourge of professional sportsmen was effected the other afternoon, before our very eyes, by X-22, a professional player of and writer about backgammon, who is sometimes also prosaically known by his name, Paul Magriel. The scene was a private dining room at "21." The occasion was a press conference to announce a forthcoming backgammon tournament in Las Vegas that was being co-chaired by Magriel and the venerable jack-of-all-games Oswald Jacoby, and would have a million dollars in prize money and a winner's purse of half a million. Plimpton's comeuppance occurred in a single game of backgammon against Magriel. However, Magriel, though his prowess has earned him the further sobriquet The Human Computer, was not heavily favored to prevail. The reason was that he had agreed to play blindfolded.

Oswald Jacoby had flown in for the press conference from Dallas, where he lives, to watch the contest, and before it started we asked him to tell us something about Magriel. Instead, he said, "I am the best seventy-four-year-old player of *any* game. Bridge, backgammon, poker, gin rummy—any of them. I play bridge better today than I did forty years ago, when I was the best in the world. I once played backgammon blindfolded, about thirty years ago. Very difficult. Harder than playing bridge out of my pocket, harder than playing chess blindfolded, because in backgammon you have these thirty men, all the same shape, wandering on and off and around a twenty-four-point board."

Mr. Plimpton joined us, and we put our question to him. "Paul is a noted mathematician who specializes in probabilities," X-22's adversary told us. "He began playing chess at the age of five, and he played all through Exeter and was a whiz. While he was a graduate student at Princeton on a National Science Foundation fellowship, he switched to serious backgammon. That was seven years ago, when he was twenty-three. Incidentally, it was my wife, Freddy, who taught him backgammon. I wish she were playing him today instead of me. Oh, well, I have nothing at stake except the honor of my psyche. My tactics are going to be to talk as much as possible, ply him with drinks, and do everything else I can to befuddle him. If he loses track of a single piece on the board, I win."

Mr. Plimpton reminded Mr. Jacoby that they had played bridge together many years ago, at Harold Vanderbilt's. "You can probably remember the goddam hand, Ossie," he said.

"Yes, and it wasn't too good," Jacoby said.

"I remember I was playing the hand," Plimpton went on, "and you suddenly said 'What on earth are you doing?' and I said 'I haven't the faintest idea.' "

It was time for the big match to start. "*À la table!*" cried Plimpton. Magriel tied a green-and-brown scarf over his eyes and, to make doubly sure he didn't inadvertently peek at the board, turned his back on it. His dice were rolled for him, and the outcome conveyed to him, by a young woman with a long string of pearls and a strong throwing arm.

Just as Magriel led off, with a 6-3, Barclay Cooke, another backgammon expert of international renown, arrived and stood alongside us. "I have never played backgammon blindfolded," he whispered. "I wouldn't dare. This is not a memory game."

The action proceeded in a hushed, tense atmosphere. Sportingly, Plimpton made no attempt to addle his foe either with drink or with gabble. At one point, Magriel, who scarcely hesitated over his moves, said, "I'll make a run for it." Plimpton could have smitten the piece that Magriel was running with if he had thrown either a 4 or a 2, but he came up with a 3-1, and Magriel escaped. Plimpton still had a chance, but the consensus of the onlookers was that he misplayed a crucial double 3. Then Magriel threw a fortuitous 5-3, followed shortly by a crushing double 6, and Plimpton's jig was up.

"I'm outraged," said the loser to the winner, without looking so at all. "Absolutely outraged. What have you done to my psyche? But it was a great privilege. I'll tell Freddy that I almost won. I should have stuck to my original game plan."

"In any one game of backgammon, there's a lot of luck involved," Magriel told him soothingly. "But there are levels and levels and levels. Backgammon is far more complicated than people believe."

A woman who had been watching asked X-22 if it was good practice for him to play blindfolded.

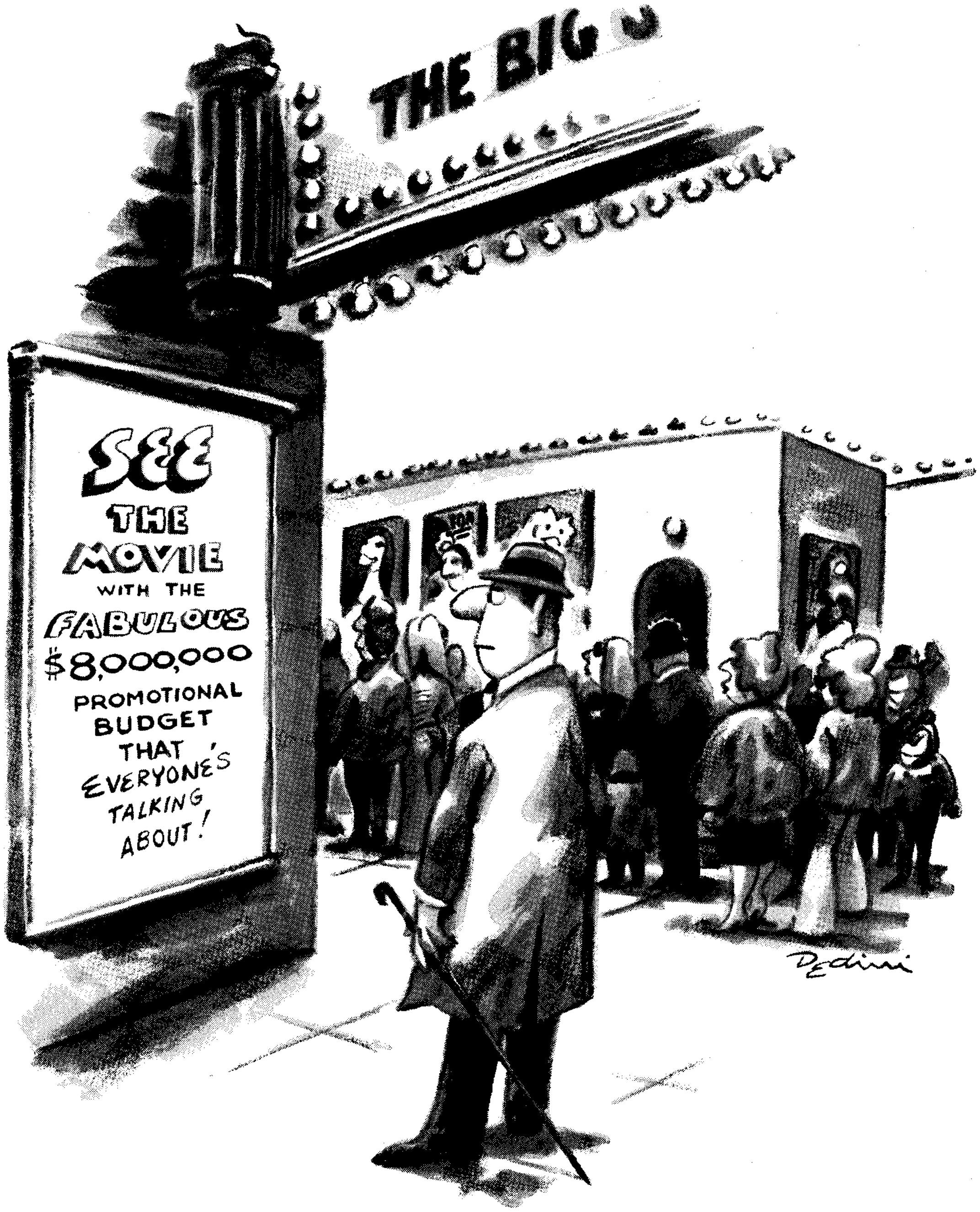
"I don't do it much," he replied. "In Russia today, it's illegal to play simultaneous blindfolded chess, because too many good young players went insane doing it."

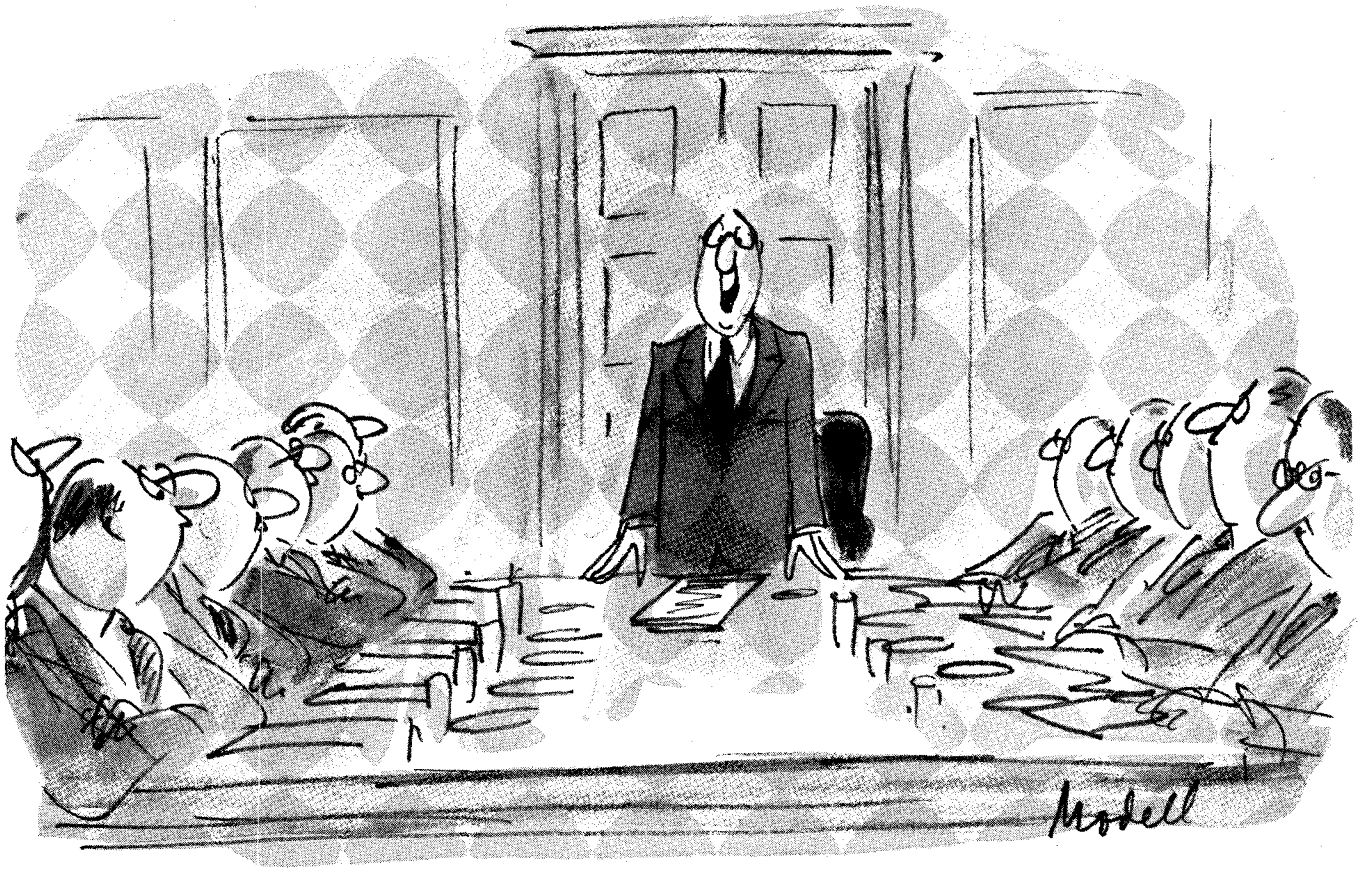
We asked X-22 how he had acquired that nickname.

"I used to play backgammon against myself," he said, "and once I had a private tournament with sixty-four imaginary entrants, whom I designated X-1, X-2, and so forth, through X-64. In the final, X-22 was pitted against X-34, and X-22 won."

Concerned Farm Wives

DO you want to know what we think of the Concerned Farm Wives of South Central Kansas? We think they're great! We're crazy about them! They came to town recently to promote the cause of the family farmer and to tell people about the bad situation he's in. We have seen lots of press kits in our day—press kits containing socks, toy lawnmowers, pet rocks, sequinned T-shirts, imitation-leather vests, eat-at-your-desk kits-within-kits, monogrammed umbrellas, and Congoleum pieces of the Yellow Brick Road (from the film version of "The Wiz")—but the press kit distributed by


THE BIG
SEE THE MOVIE WITH THE FABULOUS $8,000,000 PROMOTIONAL BUDGET THAT EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT!



"Before we get down to the important issues before us, I would like to know if any of you watched Merv Griffin last night."

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the Concerned Farm Wives of South Central Kansas is the best press kit we have ever received. It is a green folder with "Concerned Farm Wives We Need Each Other Media Kit" printed on the cover on a home printing press, and it contains a sheet explaining the purpose of the organization; biographies of six of the farm wives; a sheet telling how you can grow wheat in your apartment; a pamphlet entitled "Wheat Facts;" a pamphlet entitled "The World of Wheat," with a French woman, a Russian man, a Chinese man, an African man, a man from India, and an Australian man around a map of the world on the cover; a pamphlet about Kansas entitled "From Desert to Breadbasket" (first sentence: "For as long as man has been privileged to observe it and live on it, the surface of Kansas has been basically an inclined plane"); a pamphlet entitled "The Story of Wheat;" a large diagram of a grain of wheat; a Farm Quiz; the top of an actual stalk of hard red winter wheat; and a postcard showing stalks of wheat under a night sky, with a plastic packet containing three hundred and seventy-four wheat seeds stapled to it. What a great press kit! A keeper!

At a display that the Concerned Farm Wives set up in the southeast corner of the lobby of 2 World Trade Center, we talked with Donna Harper, a Concerned Farm Wife from Sedgwick, Kansas, who was wearing a corsage made of five braided wheat stalks, some ribbon, and a piece of brown print material. She said, "We think it is important for the consumer to understand our situation. We feel that the family farm is the most efficient kind of farm, and right now it's in trouble. We feel that the farmer at least ought to be able to make a living. May I tell you how the Concerned Farm Wives got together? There was a farm tour that was sponsored by a local farm coöperative early this year. They needed some women to fix food. Well, we were talking amongst ourselves, and we decided that since there was some important legislation coming up in Washington this spring, rather than just sit around and complain, we should do something. So we formed the Concerned Farm Wives—about two hundred women are in it, but we don't have a formal membership. Local individuals, bankers, machinery dealers, coöperatives, agribusiness people, and the Kansas Wheat Commission pay some of our expenses, but we pay a lot ourselves, out of our own pockets. We went to Washington and gave away bread on the steps of the Capitol last spring, and now we're here. We have to go home and get back to work day after tomorrow. We want people who consume what we grow to know what we do and to support legislation that helps the family farmer, because the family farmer's whole heart and soul are in his farm and he wants to be there and till the soil and raise his children there and he wants to pass it on to the next generation better than it was when he found it. He'll work harder and he'll work longer hours than he would at a regular job, because it's his farm and that's where his whole life abides."

Lunch hour arrived while we were talking with Mrs. Harper. Lots of people came over to the exhibit, which consisted of a bushel basket full of harvested wheat, a deep dish full of vermiculite in which four-inch-high wheat plants were growing, a six-foot loaf of bread containing thirty-five cents' worth of wheat (at current prices), and bread made from hard red winter wheat which some of the wives were slicing and handing out. Two wry, ironical, detached, tongue-in-cheek, raised-eyebrow, onto-the-cosmic-joke type of young guys in business suits came by, thinking they were seeing something that might in some way be camp, but they couldn't come up with anything to say, because it was such a great exhibit.

GERRY PLUME DOES HER OWN COMMERCIALS

I APPROACHED the set—a corduroy sofa and a cocktail table placed out on the boardwalk, near the rail. Beyond camera range were a keno game and a shop selling enormous towels. I waited for Gerry Plume, estranged wife of Stanley Plume (the real-estate magnate, now gravely ill). She arrived—a small figure in an orange pants suit. She smiled.

"Do you like my smile?" she asked disarmingly. "I was so afraid to smile. For years and years. When you are a little girl, you see, and someone says 'No,' or 'Don't,' or 'I think you look like nothing at all,' you lose a little bit of your smile." Suddenly, Gerry Plume began to cry. The technicians on the set did not seem to notice, but people from the keno game looked over in curiosity. Gerry looked back, smiling. "It's only that I'm so happy that I do my own commercials now," she told me.

The filming began. The script (written by Gerry, in collaboration with a male friend named Sal and her companion/secretary, a tall woman of middle age named Miss Sweedie) called for Gerry to lie face down on the corduroy sofa, as though asleep, and then to spring up as though prodded by an electric shock, and then to talk rapidly about the sofa. This happened. Then Sal, dressed in a very abbreviated bathing suit, walked by. Then Sal came to sit by Gerry on the sofa and seemed to be interested in her for a while. Then he lost interest and fell asleep on the sofa. At this point, Miss Sweedie came in, dressed in a nurse's uniform. Miss Sweedie took Gerry firmly by the arm. "Time for your shot," she said. Then Gerry looked over at Sal asleep on the sofa and threw up her arms in mock despair. "Gerry Plume Adult Divans, Did You Have To Be That Comfortable?" she said.

A crowd had wandered over from the keno game to watch the filming. One man, with a small goatee and a luxuriant head of tightly curled hair, stayed behind when the filming was over. A short blond woman urged him to leave. "This is just nothing," the blond woman said.

"I've seen it on TV," the man said. "The Gerry Plume Adult Divans."

Gerry Plume turned to the man. "Bless you," she said.

I talked to Gerry. She was radiant. "I am going to be honest with you," she said. "Until my husband had his stroke, I was a nobody. Oh, I had all the *position*, all the *prestige*. I mean, I didn't have to play frontsies-backsies to cut the line at Vegas or what have you, or *Tahoe* or what have you. But *inside* I felt just like nothing at all."

I asked how she came to be involved in the sofa business.

"It was a small foreclosure action," she said, taking a long, thin cigarette from what looked like a custom-made tortoiseshell case. "It's a Delaware corporation, but the goods are made in Korea from something *shredded*. I forget just what. But whatever it is, they have to process it quite a lot, and there was one batch they didn't process *quite enough* and the police impounded it and then they began to have cash-flow problems and so we loaned them some money on *very favorable terms* and about a month later the government ruled that the stuff they impounded was dangerous to children and had to be shipped back to Korea, and then we took over."

I asked Gerry how she had managed to keep her goods from being shipped back to Korea, and then Miss Sweedie came over to where we were standing. She put herself between us, her back to me. "Time for your shot," she said to Gerry.

"Oh, Miss Sweedie, not during my *interview*," Gerry said almost plaintively.

"Time for your shot," Miss Sweedie said.

I wandered down the boardwalk. The boardwalk was saturated with an oily preservative used to retard decay. Small articles of litter were trapped by the oily preservative in a way that clogged the drainage holes and caused small oily puddles. Through lack of attention, I walked into an oily puddle.

"That'll penetrate right through," a voice said. I turned and saw the man with the luxuriant hair. "Might as well rip them up and throw them away," he said, looking me straight in the eye. I walked on, ignoring him. He fell into step. "What we do, we wear special shoes," he said. Without meaning to, I looked at his shoes. They seemed to be made out of a fragment of snow tire. They had giant rubber treads. "In spring, when they're laying the stuff down, the puddles get real bad, but the special shoes will go straight on through—no problem," he said.

Suddenly he stopped. "This is where I work," he said. He was standing in

WILL CHAT
Chon Day

front of an amusement ride called the Tyke Track. Small mockups of cars from the nineteen-fifties were attached to a moving chain that pulled them around an elevated course. The chain slackened at times, and the cars lurched forward uncertainly at erratic speeds. Small children, many in their infancy, were fastened, and sometimes lashed, to the steering wheels. "It's kind of like a day-care thing," the man said. "The kids stay on pretty near all day. Some of them get pretty dizzy."

I began to walk back to the set. "I should be on television, some of the things that happen to *me*," the man shouted as I walked away.

Back at the set, I found that Gerry Plume had stepped in a puddle. The oily preservative had penetrated the cuffs of her pants. But she knew just where she had left off. "To make a long story short, I found out that we could use the shredded material if we certified we wouldn't sell to children," she said. "That was when I came up with the Gerry Plume Adult Divans concept with the accent on adult pleasure."

She smiled, and then suddenly she got up and went over toward the keno game, where Miss Sweedie was standing. Gerry's movements were staccato.

Miss Sweedie looked sullen. "Keep your distance," she shouted as Gerry approached her.

Gerry came back. Her sense of balance seemed to be off. She seemed to be glad to sit down. "Miss Sweedie is very upset because I ruined my pants," Gerry said. She took another long cigarette out of her case. "So *then* we began to promote and promote and promote, which is the name of the game, as you know, and we began to think more and more in terms of a TV campaign—local stations, late night—and my husband began to audition these girls—models and so forth. And, of course, like an *idiot*, I didn't even have the sense to *object*, let alone think of *myself*. But then, thank God, my husband had his stroke and we were stuck, and so *Sal* said, 'Why don't you do it, Gerry? You're the best-looking woman in New York'—which is *absurd*, of course, but Sal *is* very supportive. So, to make a long story short, we just began to *fool around*—Sal and Miss Sweedie and myself—with no idea that it would work, until I came up with the 'Gerry Plume Adult Divans, Did You Have To Be That Comfortable?' concept and the whole thing just took off."

I looked over toward the keno game and saw that the man with the luxuriant hair had come back. He stood just beyond the set. He began to move forward, but Miss Sweedie stuck out her foot and he tripped. He got up. He cupped his hands around his mouth. "Just keep it up—you're beautiful," he shouted at Gerry.

"Bless you," Gerry shouted back.

"You're beautiful," the man shouted, very excited.

"You're beautiful," Gerry shouted back.

"You're a beautiful person," the man shouted.

"I just wish I could get this crap off my pants," Gerry said.

I RODE back to the city with Gerry. Sal drove. I sat in back with Gerry and Miss Sweedie. Gerry sat in the middle. "Believe me, I've been through the whole *routine*," she said. "*House*, children, husband, husband, husband. Up to my ears."

"Now he's in intensive care," Sal said, turning his head halfway around, so that he was looking neither at the road nor at us.

"*I* was in intensive care for seventeen years," Gerry said. "And how." The car pulled off the highway. "Turn your back," Gerry said. I turned my back and looked out the window. We were driving through a grid of houses built during the twenties or thirties on land abutting an oil refinery. I felt Gerry writhing in the seat next to me. At one moment, both her buttocks rested awkwardly on my right arm. "O.K. to look," she said. I looked and saw that she had taken off her orange pants suit and put on a little tennis outfit. She held the top of her pants suit in her lap. Miss Sweedie had the bottoms. "That's the trouble with synthetics," Gerry said. "They just sop up anything oily."

The car came to a stop in front of a small house. It was strangely narrow. It had a front porch that looked as though it were only big enough for two people. Miss Sweedie got out of the car, taking the pants. She went up onto the porch of the house. Miss Sweedie nearly filled the porch. The door opened and a woman looked out. Miss Sweedie threw the pants at the woman in the doorway. "We decided to give the stained part to my sister," Gerry said. "It was Miss Sweedie's idea." Gerry turned to look at me. "Miss Sweedie has a very nice side. She really has."

We drove to Gerry's tennis club. "It just makes you feel like so much more of a person to have people recognize you and so forth," Gerry said. "And service. People recognize you and you get much better service. When I think of the years I wasted." Gerry was silent for a moment. Suddenly she turned to me—almost violently. "I'll tell you something," she said. "If you ever get a chance to do something like what I'm doing—my own commercials—grab it. I tried everything. I did the whole bit. Philanthropy. Everything. I was the first one to organize for blindness in my building. It got me nowhere, exactly nowhere. Now—I'm in on the tennis boom, you name it."

Gerry, as though exhausted, sat back in the seat. "Time for your shot," Miss Sweedie said. Gerry shook her head. "Not before *sports*," Gerry said.

"Time for your shot," Miss Sweedie said.

Gerry looked at me wearily. "Turn your back," she said.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

GREEN WATER TOWER

A guest at Thanksgiving   said And you've got
a green water tower   with a blue 2 painted on it

it is there at the edge of the woods   on the hill to the east
at night it flattens   into the black profile of trees
clouds bloom from behind it   moonlight climbs through them
to the sound of pouring   far inside

in an east wind we wake hearing it   wondering where it is
above it the sky grows pale   white sun emerges
the green tower swells   in rings of shadow
day comes   we drink and stand listening

—W. S. MERWIN

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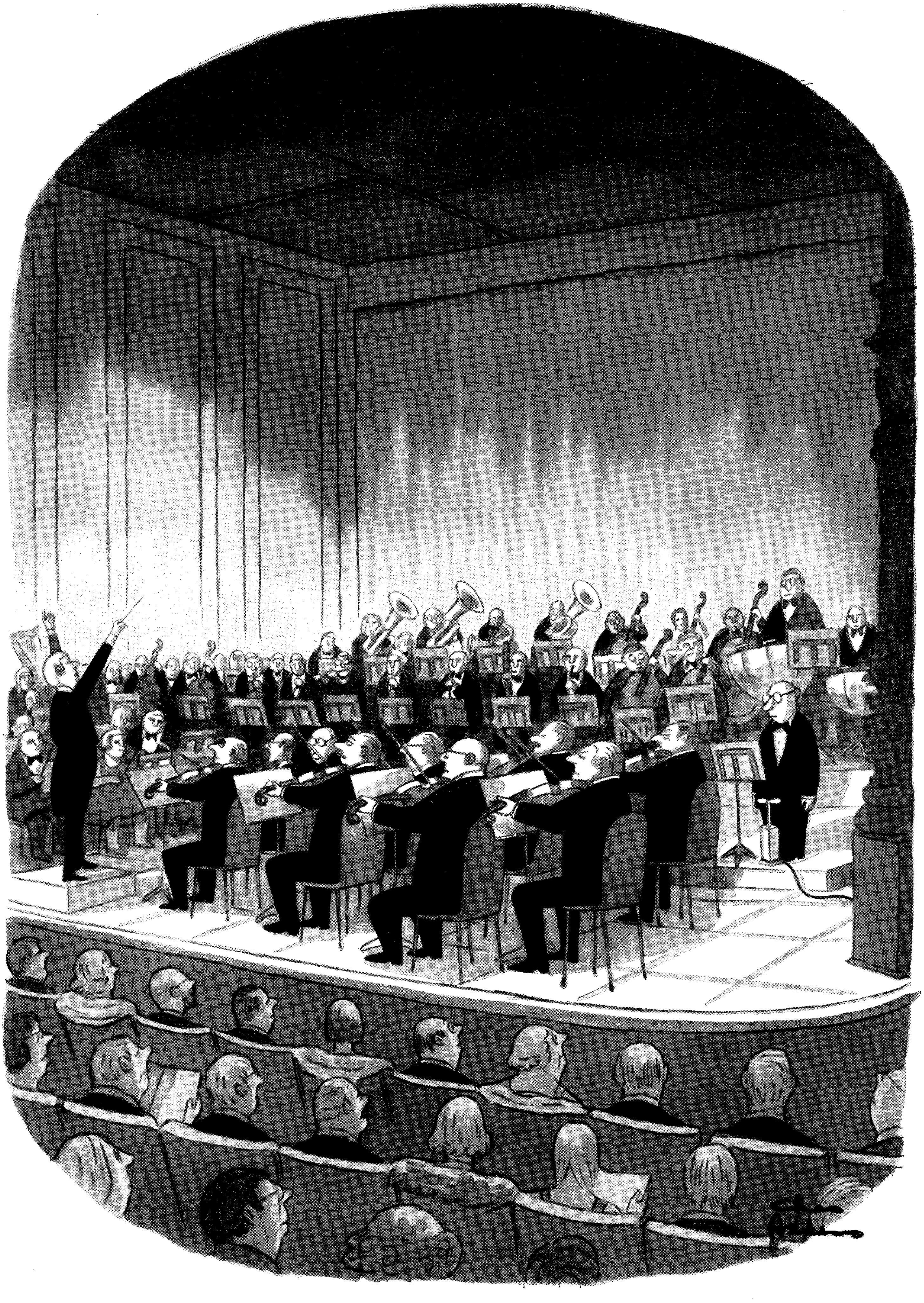


OUR LAST BREAKFAST ON SAINT AUGUSTINE'S FARM

TEN years ago the Church bought this farm at public auction. They bought a thousand hogs, and in coöperation with the state they brought convicts from the prisons to work the farm as a halfway house—hogs to keep the convicts busy, convicts to keep the hogs. And the Church called this farm Saint Augustine's Farm. The convicts made miserable hog farmers. Hogs sickened. Hogs died. Hogs were stolen. The Church finally lost heart and abandoned Saint Augustine's Farm. They gave it to Father Prior and the monks at the Priory as a tax writeoff.

The celibate Father Prior accepted his gift from the ministers and deacons of the low church as a challenge, as a test of his greater faith. He replaced the herd, and he sent thirty of his strongest brethren to live on the land—Saint Augustine's is only a few miles through the hills from the Priory—praying that monks might raise hogs where convicts could not. But the monks could not, and during a cold winter rain on a February day seven years ago, the farm was abandoned a second time. There has been no rain on Saint Augustine's Farm for seven years now—not since that February day when Father Prior came and fetched his brethren home to the Priory in shame. For seven years there has been nothing but endless sun.

Of the thirty monks sent to Saint Augustine's by Father Prior seven years ago, only Jonathan has returned to the farm. We came here with Jonathan, Father Prior's rebellious right hand—Jonathan the prophet, with his vision of resurrection for Saint Augustine's Farm, leading seven nameless novitiates out from the Priory gates. I am one of the seven; I speak for the seven.

We had never seen Saint Augustine's Farm before. In fact, we had not been outside the Priory grounds since our arrival there as postulants. We knew nothing of the endless sun. We simply believed in Jonathan and we followed him, away from our snug Priory cells, out from under the shade of Father Prior's gowns, rejecting celibacy and the easy sanction of life vows to find a new life on the land. Six months have passed since we bought the farm from Father Prior, and now we, too, are about to abandon it.

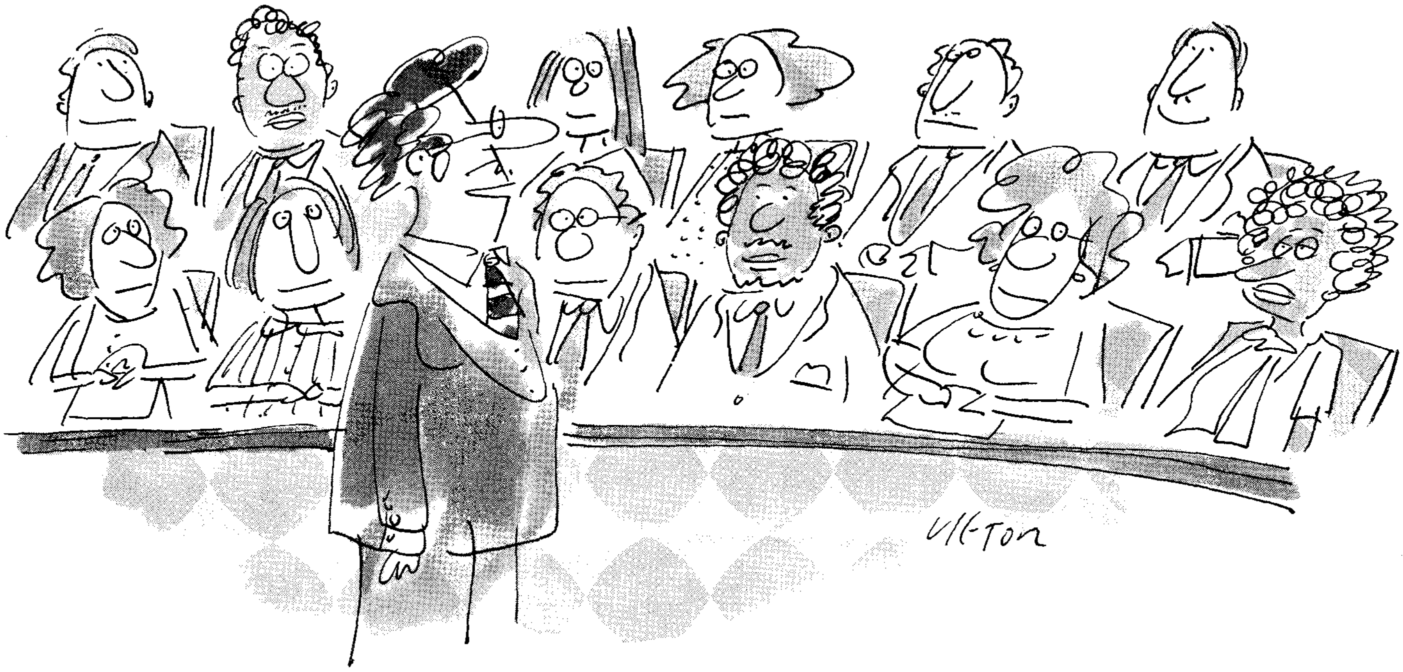
THE roof and the sides of our barn lie folded at ground level. Only the barn basement is in use. The farmhouse, Saint Augustine's House, sits artlessly close to the road, a conglomerate of additions joined to an awkward two-story frame. A neutered structure. It is a house of steep, narrow stairways and ill-conceived double windows, where handfuls of dead flies collect between the panes. Only Jonathan sleeps in the house. The seven novitiates sleep in a long tube of corrugated sheet metal—war surplus: a Quonset hut of thirty rooms joined to the back of the old farmhouse, brought here by the Church to hold convicts. When we arrived, to find house and barn surrounded by old tires, piles of cans and broken bottles, and corroded pieces of ancient machinery, only our Quonset hut stood shining in the sun. It looked like the kind of barracks found on government-sponsored exploration sites in desolate wilderness.

When we first came here, I used to ride my bicycle out on the roads at midday, wondering at the queer solitude of these hills. There is not the slightest movement of air at midday; the hills stand blunt, bare, heavy on all sides, and there is no horizon other than the next hill. I rode down within the hills, between long, sand-covered slopes cluttered with rocks and boulders, moving past what were once fences—odd looping strands of wire, patched to scraps of board, rising and turning down through the hot sand. The hills around Saint Augustine's Farm seem to hold the air from moving, or the heat holds to them, and the weight of the heat, the pressure of dead air, stifles sound. Heat on the road softened my bicycle tires, threatened to stop them from turning through the stillness of the full sun.

The only life I noticed was the flies. Flies thrive in this heat. They collect in small groups to circle anything that moves, and on my bicycle I had to pedal hard at times—I could turn and see the flies chasing me, strung out behind in earnest pursuit—until I left one group behind and could rest a little, until a new group found me. One afternoon I found a mongrel dog that had been run by the flies and lay in the middle of the road staring up at the sun.

A few stunted trees grow on the hills. There are patches of wiry, sharp

NO
PARKING
EXCEPT FOR
REASONS OF
NATIONAL
SECURITY



"And may I end my summation by saying you've been a beautiful jury."

• •

grass among the endless scattering of rocks, and propped low to the ground, set in among the rocks on every hill, there are sheets of metal roofing that seem a natural part of the gray landscape. On my first ride I thought I was alone with the flies, until I discovered that above me on the slopes there were hogs under all the sheets of roofing—hundreds of gray animals crouched among the rocks—hogs dusted in sand to protect themselves from the flies and the heat. They were gathered by twos and threes in the low patches of shade to keep from burning, a silent herd watching me pass, hiding under the white light of noon. I should not have been surprised. Saint Augustine's herd has gone, but the neighboring hills are crowded still with hogs. Hogs and flies are the only things that can survive this heat.

LEONARD is the only man who could live here indefinitely. Leonard is our caretaker at Saint Augustine's Farm. He came to Saint Augustine's as a convict. He finished his time, but the isolation of life on this farm agreed with him. He stayed on as cook and custodian to his former fellow-inmates, and when Father Prior inherited the farm from the Church, Leonard was adopted by the brethren. When the brethren failed, Father Prior left the farm in Leonard's care. Father Prior left him standing alone in the yard, in the winter rain, to care for the empty land, and he stayed on by himself for seven years. Then we, in our turn, adopted Leonard. In fact, we were forced by Father Prior to adopt Leonard. It was a condition in the terms of purchase that he be allowed to stay.

Leonard is always awake before the rest of us, up with the dawn. Every morning it is the same. Our walls inside the Quonset hut are pasteboard dividers—light blue, almost white—and from my cot, looking up to my window, I can feel the world outside breathing a little in the coolness of first light. I see the early-morning light reflected on my walls—a quiet light that settles over the rocks and the sand outside, and over the hogs out in the morning, rooting and breeding before the sun can find them. From my cot I hear Leonard stirring in his room. There are no curtains or rugs, the pasteboard dividers are thin, and sound carries easily through the hut. Every sound echoes up and down the hall, magnified inside our hollow shell. No passage where air might flow is closed, and we have come to observe Leonard's stirrings, the sound of Leonard waking, as a ritual of some importance—the first sure sign of life each day on Saint Augustine's Farm. For the half hour it takes him to prepare himself to meet the new day, the hallway and the bathroom at the end of the hall are exclusively his.

I said good morning quietly to Leonard once—he can easily look in on me as he passes my open door—but it was as if I were intruding on his privacy in the hall. He waited to turn his head until it was too late. The back of his skull barely recognized my greeting with a token swivel after he had gained the other side of the doorway. Since then I have contented myself with lying here and watching him pass. I can hear him scuffing his slippers on the bare floor, coming down the hall, and for a moment he is framed in my doorway: he is slouching, naked to the waist; his bluejeans are baggy; he has a towel around his neck and a leather toilet kit in hand. He walks with his head protruded and hanging from his rounded back. All the mornings of Leonard in my doorway could be one. It would be the same. All the seconds he has been framed there could be collected in one long passing.

Leonard performs his morning toilet with a kind of sanitary fury. It is a thing beyond cleanliness. And the unlimited vigor, the unself-conscious volume with which his preparations for the day echo through the Quonset hut—he is at all other times extremely reserved, inward-turning—convinces me that he has no idea how celebrated a performance it has become.

I hear him reach the safety of the bathroom, and immediately the first long minutes of snorting and gagging begin, the coughing up of refuse collected during his hot dreamless night. There is the violent rushing of both sink taps turned on full, then silence—Leonard's meticulous, pruning silence. I hear an occasional clink of shaving gear picked up and laid down, knocking against porcelain. I hear ferocious scrubbing and gargling, and then toothpaste splattered into an empty sink. And, finally, I hear the sound of Leonard passing water, heavily. The roar of the toilet fills the hall and follows Leonard past my door.

There is no change in him. I used to expect to see an invigorated Leonard, scrubbed and glowing. I wanted to see a man revived, no longer slouching, walking with a bounce to his step, even whistling, but there is never any real change. His first cigarette of the day hangs in place. Leonard's cigarette is a resolution of the line that moves from his rounded back through his shoulders to his hanging head. His wavy hair is slicked back, wet, exposing a massive forehead. From the wide forehead his face narrows to a softly rounded chin set between premature jowls. He would appear more manlike with a beard. He is not quite manlike. Leonard is, at the last, an institutional being with institutional dignity—an armed-services man, a hospital orderly, a convict. He has been all of those things.

"Gentle Leonard," Jonathan says, but Jonathan sleeps upstairs in the farmhouse, undisturbed by the amazing sounds of Leonard's morning toilet. Jonathan never comes into the Quonset hut. Jonathan has demanded privacy, and he hears nothing of, and could not tolerate, Leonard's first moments of waking. He has, without speaking—Jonathan could never speak of these things—made clear his feeling that such functions should be performed in subtle fashion. Because we enter the dining room from the Quonset hut, it is in the dining room that Jonathan's privacy is most vulnerable, and we have threatened among ourselves to fill the cow's silver milk bucket with water, to hide the bucket in the bathroom at the end of the hall. It was planned that one of the seven would ask to be excused during dinner, and, holding the bucket aloft, tip it high above the toilet bowl, sending the sound of an endless stream echoing through our Quonset hut to Jonathan at his place at table.

THE STATUES

Who shall feed the statues?

Through what mouths do they receive
the nourishment of our gaze?

What can they use of sky,
indifferent dog or passing bird
to moisten them, they are so deeply dry,
so calcified, so stiff of will,
so grim?

Whom can they choose
to bring them better praise?

And what proscribed embrace, what word
between lovers, deceiving one another
in the human way which statues
cannot fathom, will enliven
their limbs, their seriously still
eyes, their faraway hearts?

For they are the bodies. They
are the bulks. They occupy.
They weigh. They cover.

While we are the voids,
the rindless relations,
the in.

They are our heavy public parts.
We are their seed-like sensations.

I scatter corn for them.

—William Gass

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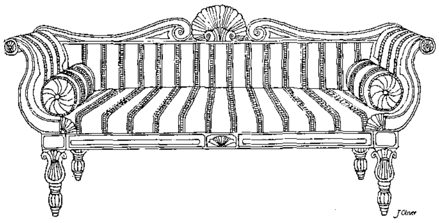
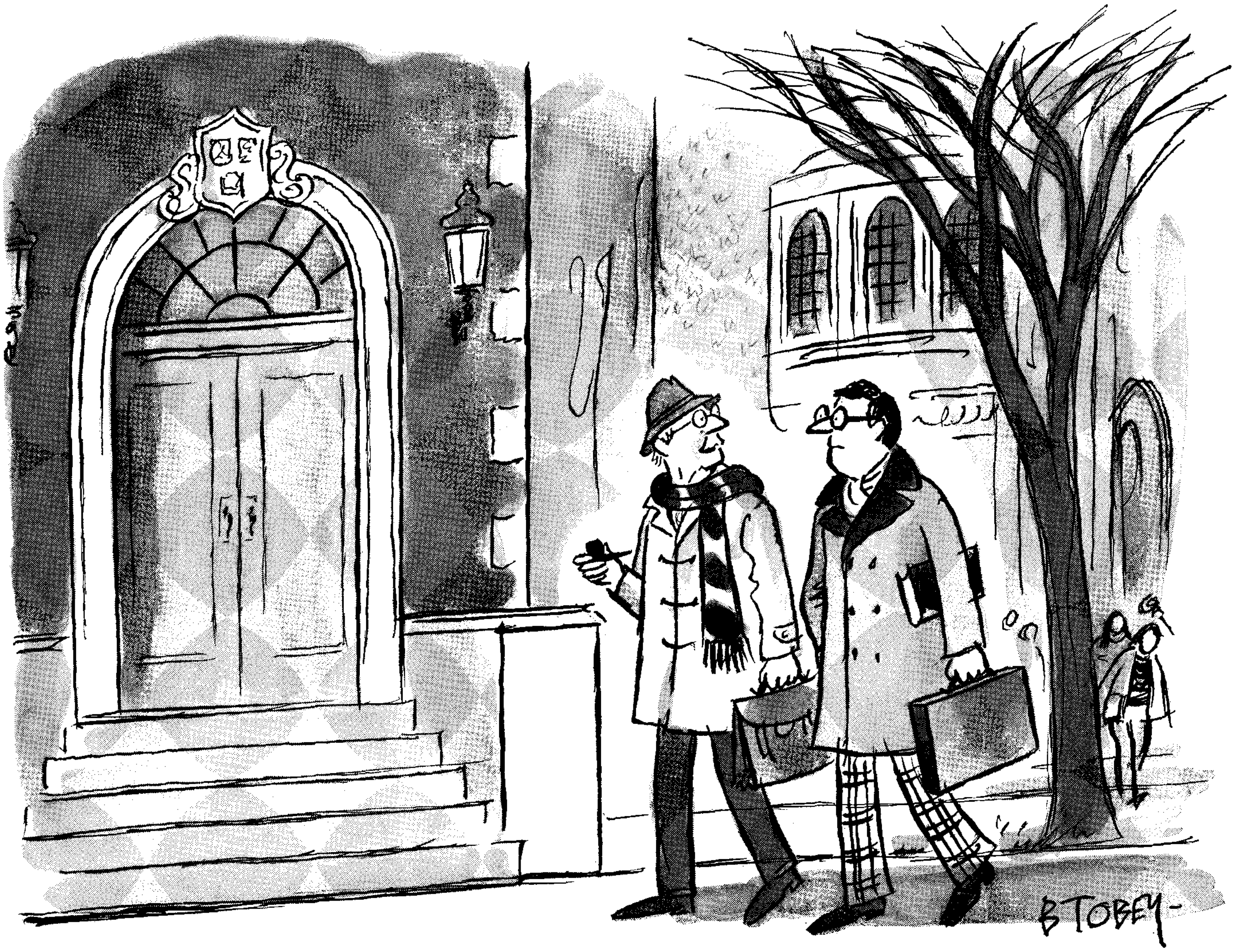
WE had Jonathan to fasten ourselves to at the Priory. Our wistful prophet. We have Jonathan to thank for our life in this rainless wilderness. It was no small thing to reject Father Prior and a life of constant shelter. It happened after months of talking with Jonathan. We followed him about the Priory grounds. We sat in groups of twos and threes at his feet in his cell, earnest victims of his potato love. In the library, like schoolgirls, we whispered of leaving. We exchanged grand letters of premise and thesis in the dark Priory corridors. "Survival, necessity dealt with, is the basis for the dignity of man," Jonathan wrote. "It is the filth of common life that will temper our spirits. We will return, to marry honest sweat on the land with the endless bleeding of our souls—for better or for worse, to find ourselves where we are least likely to survive." We believed him. We believed that Jonathan could lead us to a new reality through simple physical labor, that contact with the land and with the people of the land would refurbish our thinly purified souls. So far, our only contact with humanity at large has been Leonard.

Without apparent consideration Jonathan consented to Father Prior's condition that Leonard be allowed to stay on as cook and farm manager. Jonathan sent Leonard to buy our livestock—the milking cow, the chickens, a lamb—and we had to hide them all in the basement of the barn to keep them from the sun. Leonard was given the job of butchering the lamb. He hung it in the barn too long, and the lamb covered itself with maggots. Jonathan asked Leonard to lead us in the killing and plucking of our chickens, to organize the event as a man of experience. While Leonard and Jonathan remained in the kitchen packaging chickens for the freezer, the seven novitiates sat out behind the barn in the sun, splattered with chicken blood, plunging the stinking birds into boiling water to prepare their feathers for plucking. Sweat bees hovered over a pile of bloodied feathers on the ground, and flies bit into our backs while we worked.



Jonathan maintained complete faith in Leonard. Together they baked hard loaves of bread. They made hard cider that froths in this heat and burns our throats. Their soups are salt-laden. Their porridge is bland and sticks to the roofs of our mouths. For his part, Leonard follows Jonathan about as we once did. In the evenings they sit while Jonathan sings romantic chorales—Leonard in apparent bliss. Leonard spends hours listening, smiling shyly, while Jonathan holds court, talking of cathedrals, museums, the religions of the East. Saint Augustine's Farm is a



"I feel I should warn you, old boy. Our faculty teas are always just tea."

• •

meeting place for them, a midpoint where Jonathan can stare out in safety at the furious workings of the world and where Leonard can sleep, safe from the society he has been escaping all his life, and perhaps glean a little of Jonathan's quiet grace.

The farm has failed, a complete disaster. Leonard is about to be abandoned again. Jonathan cannot wait to get himself safely back under the shade of Father Prior's gowns, and still those two want desperately to believe in each other. Together they have produced the confusion that is Saint Augustine's Farm. Under Father Prior's invisible guiding hand, they have kept Saint Augustine's Farm burning in the sun.

NOVITIATES give up money and clothes when they go to the Priory. They donate jewelry, their grandfathers' gold watches, pewter beer mugs from their godfathers given on christening day. They give their dearest possessions to the Priory, but they do not give up their automobiles. Novitiates park their automobiles in the Priory garage until after they have taken life vows. So, when it was time, we departed out from the Priory gates in a long train of Volkswagens. With Jonathan driving a Volkswagen bus at the head, we set off under the sun to pass through the hills to Saint Augustine's Farm.

When our caravan arrived, Leonard emerged from the Quonset hut. It was ten in the morning. Leonard stood in the yard smiling, surrounded by novitiates all wearing heavy black-rimmed spectacles, all dressed in the black trousers and old loose white shirts that used to be worn by men on Sundays—Priory-issue work dress. A dinner fork lay embedded in the gravel at my feet. Sun-bleached, flattened cardboard boxes and forgotten odds and ends of laundry—socks mostly, convicts' socks and black Priory-issue socks—lay in the sand around the house.

"It would be a splendid task, before we begin moving into our quarters, if we all joined in seeing to the garden," Jonathan announced. "We should restore the garden first. It will be a task directed toward the future. It will revive our hearts and our spirits. The work in the morning sun will warm our blood and build our appetites for our new life." It did not occur to Jonathan that there had been no rain on the garden for seven years, that even with rain the garden would probably never be capable of producing more than a stunted turnip or two. As we prepared to meet our first task of work on the land—seven novitiates and their prophet standing over a bed of hot, powdered soil—Leonard went off across the yard without speaking, back to his room.

We agreed to work side by side, advancing methodically, turning the soil until we had traversed the length and breadth of the garden. It was a test of sorts—to work smoothly together, to finish this first job in an orderly fashion—but before we had advanced a dozen yards we unearthed the carcass of a rotting hog. Our line broke. A circle formed around the dead hog. The soft carcass was poked at with a shovel blade. We could almost see the stink rising in the heat. It is a huge garden—several acres—large enough to support thirty men, and as we moved forward we found a second carcass, and a third. We found the garden filled with hogs, lying back to back just below the surface. Jonathan, horrified but silent, kept us working and worked himself, as if he could not stop, until they all lay exposed behind our line—a steaming mass of heads and feet and rotting centers.

Leonard remained in his room all during that first day. He slept on his cot in the afternoon while Jonathan had us carry rocks to bury the garden. He slept on his cot all evening while we dragged our tired bodies back and forth down the hallway, finding and settling into our living quarters. The question of dead hogs in our garden was never mentioned to him. Hogs had not been raised on Saint Augustine's Farm for seven years, but Jonathan held his silence. It was beyond him. I didn't see Leonard again until the next morning, when he slouched by my open doorway on his way to the bathroom at the end of the hall.

IN the early-morning sun, I emerge from the black hole of the storm cellar, where the milk bucket is kept. In my hand, our silver bucket catches the sun, gleaming, our icon of the brilliant Saint Augustine's mornings. We are Saint Augustine's milkmaids. "Rhine maidens of the wasteland," Jonathan has called us. I squat, and the others stand huddled around me, shading me from the sun—a circle of bright black-rimmed eyes staring down at me.

"Brünnhilde's last milking," I say. "And Father Prior can have his milk this morning warm from the teat and frothing in his cup." Looking up through the circle of faces, I nod silently toward the open kitchen window beside us, where Leonard prepares the breakfast. Father Prior convinced Leonard that it was unsanitary to drink fresh cow's milk—Leonard has never tasted of Brünnhilde—and this morning Father Prior is expected for breakfast, to have us sign the papers that will give ownership of Saint Augustine's Farm back to the Priory.

"They will sell old Brünnhilde down the river."

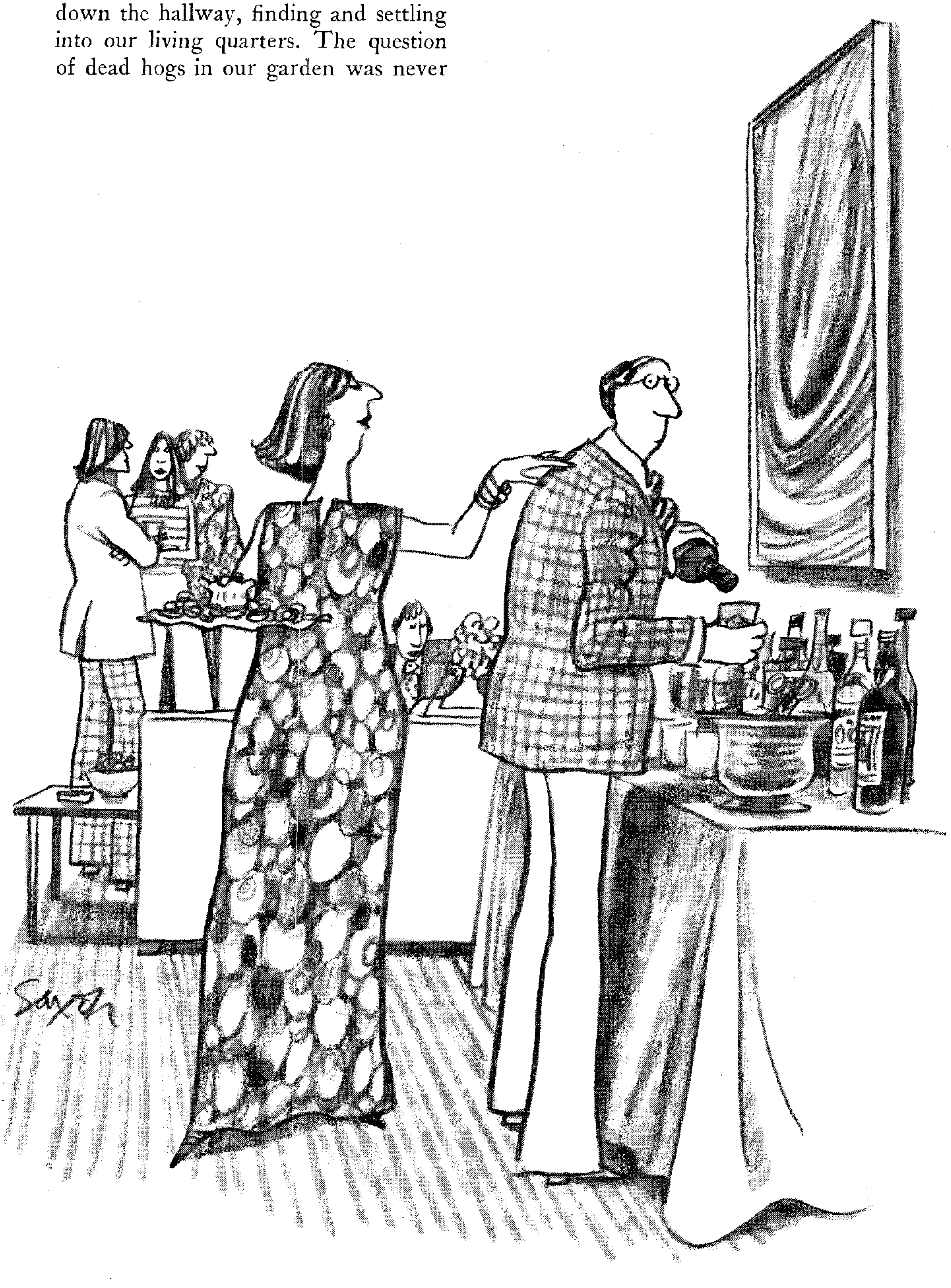
Seven novitiates move off across the yard toward the barn.

"Do you think Leonard will get to stay on?"

"Leonard and the flies."

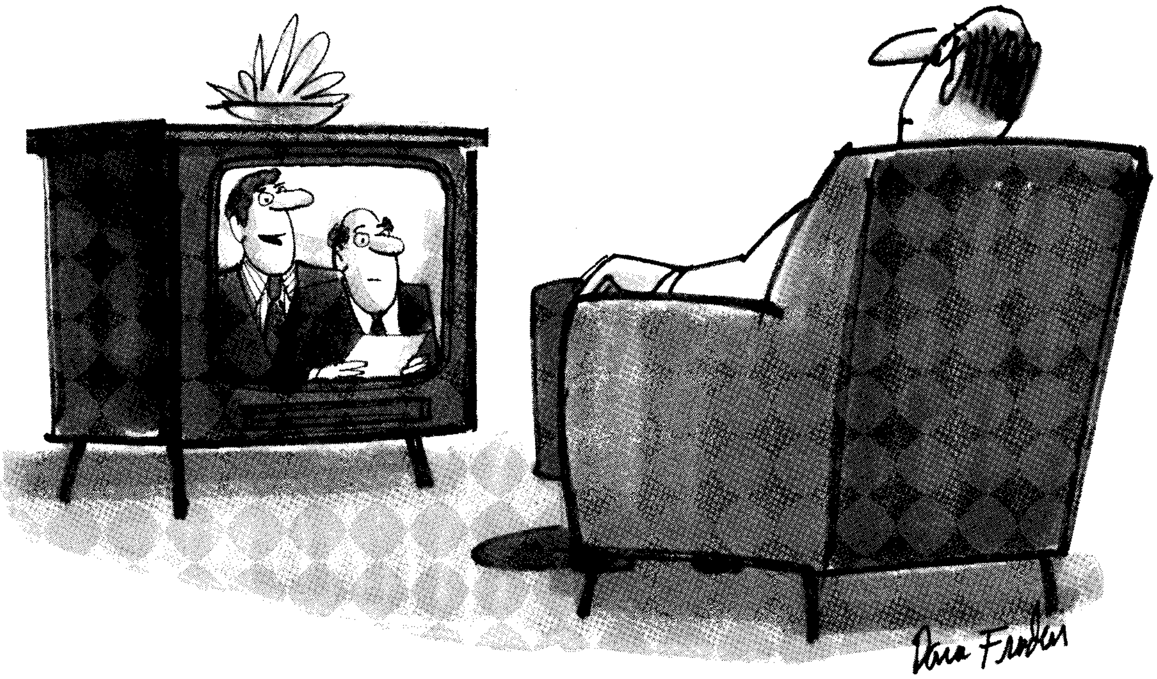
"Leonard will be here until Father Prior dies. They have kept him out here by himself all these years like an offering to the sun."

Inside the barn I splash water on Brünnhilde's teats—cleansing, caressing her to get the milk down—warm jets streaming into the silver bucket, beating a rhythm against the bottom, frothing. Brünnhilde will not be unhappy to leave. She has spent all her days at Saint Augustine's Farm tethered in the stable beneath the barn. Nothing grows for her to eat outside. The constant sun would roast her alive before noon.



"Don't jump. I am merely touching you. Contact."

SET down among these bald hills, shining under the white light like a dream lost in the sand, there is a spring-water lake. We could not have stayed here as long as we have without the saving grace of the lake. It is warm and swampy at the edge, ringed with lily pads and a stand of leafless ironwood—a bristling wall of thickets before the rocky shore—but the water is cool enough in the middle for swimming, and we have cut a path down to where we can launch a rowboat. We have swum from the rowboat in the afternoons and we have spent many evenings



"You've heard both our editorial and a reply to our editorial. Now here is Mr. Ron Emerson, speaking for those who have no opinion either way."

• •

on the lake fishing, all of us together—not Leonard; Leonard is afraid of the water—seven novitiates and their prophet crammed into one small rowboat.

We went fishing last night, to say our farewells to the lake, and we stayed until after dark, drifting without a breeze among the lily pads, drifting silently into patches of cool night air, watching the mist rise around us. The boat seemed not to move, but we could hear lily pads brushing the hull. We fished for black bass while Jonathan sat dreaming in the bow. We cast seven floating plugs into seven dark pools of open water among the pads, jerking on the lines at intervals, to make the plugs look like careless frogs on the night water. We were about to reel in our lines and take up the oars when Jonathan said he thought he heard deer coming through the ironwood to drink from the lake. He perched in the bow, intent on the shoreline. Jonathan had been insisting for months that he once saw some deer on the far side of the lake, near where we were fishing, and he was sure that at last, on his last evening, he would have his chance to see them at close range. We could hear an animal coming through the thickets, but the seven novitiates had been to the lake after dark before and had seen Jonathan's "deer" rummaging in the night among the lily pads. They were hogs—hogs that had escaped from their pastures and gone wild. We had not told Jonathan. We never expected him to know, and we preferred it that way. At the last moment I tried to warn him, but he waved frantically over his shoulder for silence.

The hog we had been listening to came out of the ironwood within a dozen yards of our boat. It was a male hog full grown, standing higher than a man's waist, and even in the dark it was close enough for us to see that its great flopping ears were torn and covered with blood and flies. The rest of its body it had caked with the mud of the lake. Standing up to its knees in water among the lily pads, the hog pushed its snout along the still surface, snuffling, blowing ripples. It came toward us, jerking each foot in the water, a step at a time, pausing with each step, with the effort of slogging through the mud of the lake bottom. Its testicles hung behind its back legs in a gunnysack of mud-caked skin, swinging with each short step, and with each swing the long sack just brushed the dark glass of the water. After a few minutes it sensed our presence. Jonathan and the seven novitiates huddled in their boat, watching the big hog. The hog craned to see; threatening the night with small eyes, it thrust out its neck and swung its massive head back and forth in wide, low sweeps across the water which made its body sway. The hog began blowing through its snout, in our direction, testing the night air with short, searching breaths of alarm and suspicion.

Jonathan stood straight up in the boat. The hog lurched backward, grunting in genuine terror, trying to run and get turned around at the same time, and went leaping and heaving itself through the water, breaking through the ironwood to get back to solid ground. It stopped when it reached the shore. We could hear it blowing. Then we heard a second hog crashing through the thickets nearby, and a third hog beyond the second, and the crashing in the ironwood moved all down the shoreline. The whole side of the lake where we had been fishing was alive with frightened hogs. Jonathan remained standing, his long frame rigid with alarm and indignation, doing his best to ignore the stampede, looking off across the lake.

I CALL out to the others, "He is coming now!" We can hear Father Prior walking on the road, coming up our hill. The barn is set into the hill, and the stable yard, where we are standing, is on the downside. The yard is filled with rocks and boulders, and we are sunk down, seven novitiates amid the rubble, looking out at the road. He will not see us. Father Prior comes on, under the hidden watch of the seven, thinking himself alone. Under a wide black hat, his face is dark, wet with his walking through the hills. With each stride, I see his legs outlined under the sweep of black gown, pumping vigorously—bare, well-muscled legs under the robes. When he is past us we turn for the house, for our last breakfast on Saint Augustine's Farm. I carry the silver bucket filled with Brünnhilde's milk.

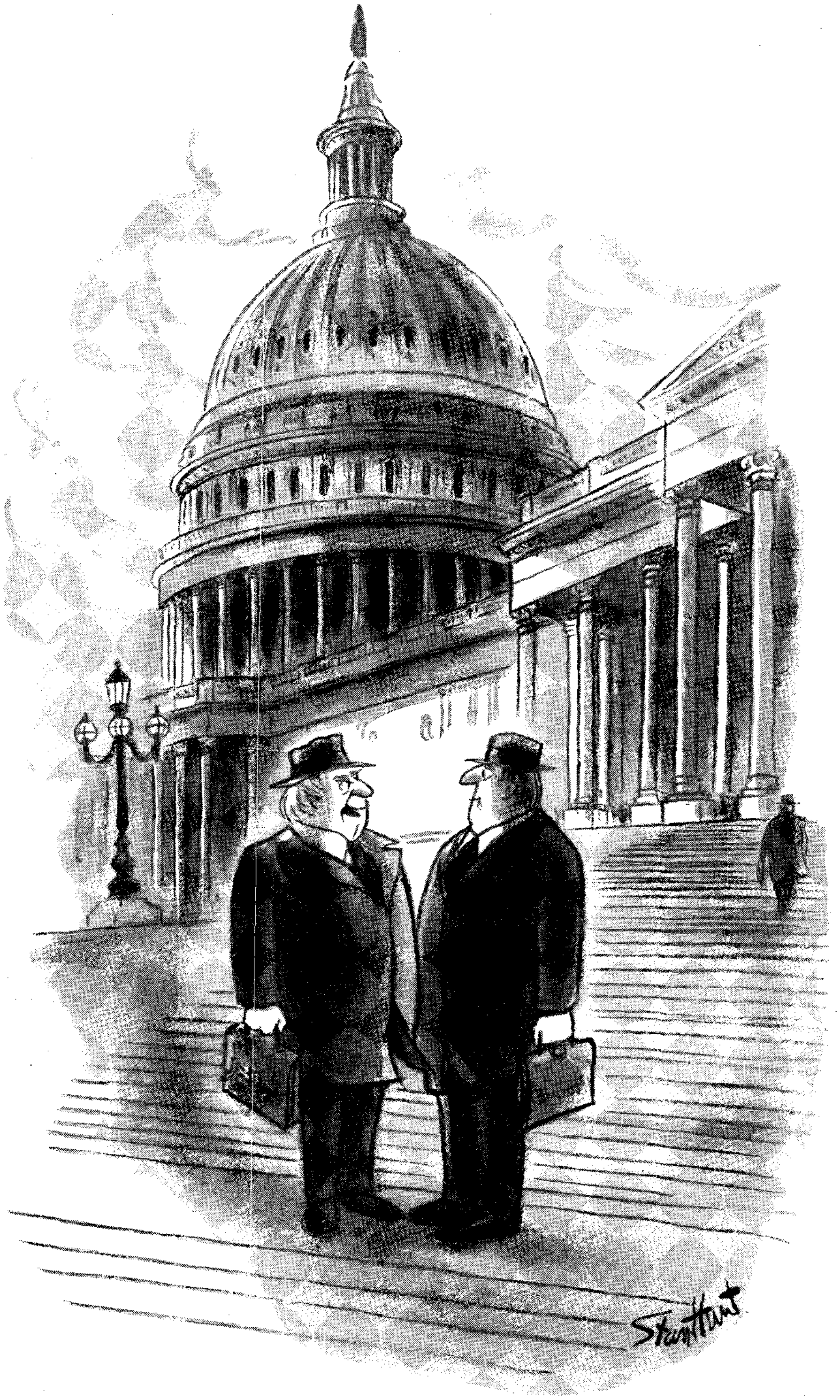
We enter the dining room from the Quonset hut and gather around the breakfast table. Leonard serves steaming plates of beans and bacon. We offer Brünnhilde's warm milk to everyone, and Jonathan pours out his hard cider. Father Prior drinks the cider. Large wooden fan blades turn silently, slowly over the breakfast table, and the heat outside can be seen rising in long waves from the hills.

"Fellas, I would never have said it before," Father Prior declares after we are all seated. "You did what you thought was right. I would never have said it while you wanted to try—you know that, fellas—but this is no life for men as sensitive as ourselves. You can see that now—there's no life for gentle men outside the sanction of eternal grace. You know I'm talking about our life at the Priory, fellas." Seven heads adorned with black-rimmed glasses, milk froth on their upper lips, nod over seven plates of beans. Leonard brings more cider, and Father Prior drinks. Though there has been absolute silence among the seven, I feel just a hint of festive air stirring under the slowly turning blades.

"Let me propose a toast, brothers," Jonathan says. He has not referred to us as his brothers since we left the Priory. He is playing for Father Prior's approval. They are working together now, to hold us to them. There has been an understanding reached between them concerning our future. "Let us drink to change, to discovery, but to truth in discovery, wherever that truth may lie. Let us drink to change, that in change we might find peace and stability at the last." Change is all that is left for the seven nameless novitiates. We have resisted life vows, we have kept our Volkswagens, and we hold a silent counsel among ourselves at this last breakfast. Father Prior and Jonathan woo our support with care, for all the good it will do them.

Seven heads nod to Jonathan's toast. We wipe our empty plates with slabs of Leonard's hard bread. Father Prior is flushed, bathed in sweat. The papers returning Saint Augustine's Farm are on the table and passed for all to sign. They want us to speak, to let them know whether we will return with Jonathan to the fold, but we remain poised, enjoying the feeling of a large breakfast and the spirit feeling of hard cider burning in our stomachs. We are as silent now to their plea for support as we were the day we gathered around Leonard in the yard and saw for the first time the ruined farm that was to be our new life. All that is left is to break our silence, to announce our departure—we have agreed among ourselves to continue our course, to form our caravan again and make the last move away from them—but we wait for the right moment.

Leonard retires to the Quonset hut. Father Prior slurs his words a little. His words sound as if they are softened by the heat before they can reach our ears. "Well, fellas, I suppose you have all made plans of one kind or another . . . I just want to say . . ." I am thinking about changing the oil in my car, wondering whether it will start after sitting so long in the heat, when I hear Leonard close the bathroom door in the Quonset hut. The seven novitiates begin to smile, staring at their plates. We raise our heads in unison, silently applauding Leonard, the unconscious betrayer of celibate dignity. And I have a vision, of a great chorus joining Leonard—every hog on every hillside around Saint Augustine's Farm, ten thousand hogs—all squatting, passing pure spring water under the scorching sun. And the sweet steam from their water rises like a curtain from the hills. —PETER MARSH



"There are days, Hank, when I don't know who's President, what state I'm from, or even if I'm a Democrat or a Republican, but, by God, I still know how to bottle up a piece of legislation in committee."

•

The annual fool shooting contest co-sponsored by the Elks National Lodge 191 of Bethlehem and the Bureau of Recreation will continue through the Christmas Holidays at three city junior high schools and at Donegan Elementary School.—*Bethlehem (Pa.) Globe-Times.*

It's fun, but there's always a disagreement about the prize money.

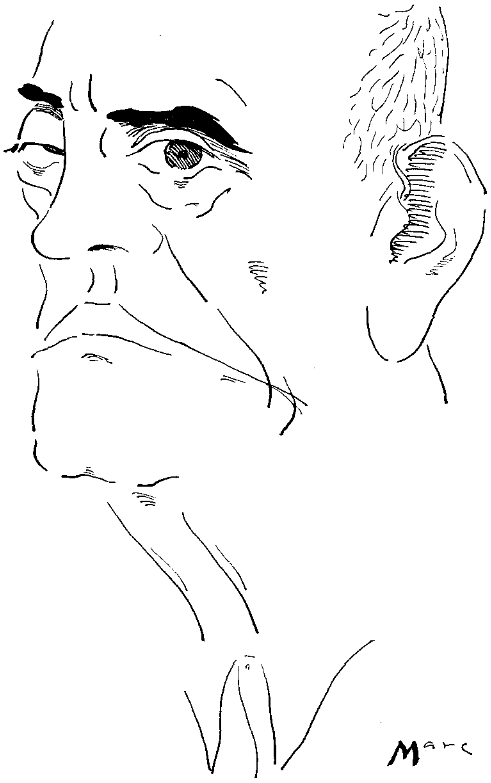
PROFILES

LONG LIVE THE LIVING!

PEOPLE keep trying to make Luis Buñuel rest, like a sheepdog calming a recalcitrant sheep. "Do you think I'm growing old badly?" he asks me, and then dismisses the topic. More interesting things.

We are in Seville, where Buñuel is shooting a new version of Josef von Sternberg's "The Devil Is a Woman," under the very Buñuel title of "That Obscure Object of Desire." He is seventy-seven now, this master: among the last of the Surrealists, and surely the only director from the silent days who is still making amazingly innovative pictures. "If I were a colonel, I'd have been on the retired list for years," he says to me one night during filming. "I always mean to stop, and then there is something else to say. I hate constraint. It's like the sight of blood. I have been accused sometimes of finding something yearning in odd people, of mocking the haplessness of their efforts, but their very unhappiness should surely be just one more reason to love such human beings. One of the things that appeal to me about the beautiful heroine of 'Belle de Jour,' which I started making in 1966, is her secret feeling that she deserves shame."

"That Obscure Object of Desire," which has nothing to do with von Sternberg's version and everything to do with the original book source, Pierre Louÿs's "La Femme et Le Pantin," and with Buñuel's poised and prodigal view of the world, is the first film that Buñuel has shot in his native Spain since "Tristana" (1969) and only the second since "Viridiana" (1961), which caused a hue and cry among the censors. They had seen the script, but they had no idea of the reflective antagonism to the regime which they would be countenancing. Buñuel swore after the Civil War never to make his home in his loved country while Franco was alive. His generation's roots are in the Civil War. "You won your war in 1945," he says to me sadly. "We lost ours in 1939." (In spite of the political changes that have recently taken place in Spain, he has still not returned.) He is wearing a black beret, as usual, and a cardigan done up on the wrong buttons. "I expect this will be a very small film," he says. "One needs just a hole to look out of, like a spider that has spun its web and is remembering what the world outside was like. This hole is the secret of things. An artist can provide an essential margin of alertness." Buñuel's films are full of genuinely Surreal elements, though they have often been misunderstood as simply the wisecracker's panoply of anti-bourgeois gags.



Luis Buñuel

The old man is very deaf, and he prefers not to speak much English; he and I talk mostly in French. His French is as fluent as his Spanish. He is night-shooting a scene with his old friend Fernando Rey, the actor, in a balmy little square dripping with bougainvillea, just behind Seville Cathedral. It is 2 A.M. A postcard shop and a souvenir shop are staying open on account of the doings, the women who run the shops leaning against their open doors to watch and causing no disturbance. There is respect for work; the gossip about it can come later. Buñuel sits at a table in front of a monitor TV, with a hearing aid in one ear plugged through to the scene, so that he can hear the dialogue clearly. The seat is also to make him rest, but he is forever up and down with the actors and the continuity girl; the shots have long since been planned with the cameraman, Jean Harnois. Buñuel gets up in the middle of talking to me, makes his courtly little bow, and orders some coffee.

He starts to talk again while the cameraman works on the setup. "You see, I should like to make even the most ordinary spectator feel he is not living in the best of all possible worlds. We have to lean on this habit of affection. Don Jaime, in 'Viridiana,' takes pains to save the life of a bee. It is the falseness of society which interferes with the full concord of man. But there are many rebels. I am very fond of the priest in 'Nazarin,' which I made in 1958. He could as well be a hairdresser or a waiter. What interests us is that he stands by his ideas. Nazarin is a bastard heir to the great estate of the world." Buñuel watches the shot, and then says "Another," in French. He goes on about Nazarin. "It is left open to you to decide whether this unfrocked priest, with his disastrous struggles to deal with venality and suspicion, is meant to seem a good and simple Christian struggling with the Devil or a self-deceiving man gulled by an inadequate system." Buñuel's Mexico of 1900 is like a series of Goyas.

After getting up again, he remarks, "Octavio Paz said that all a chained man needs to make himself free is to close his eyes. Paraphrasing, I would add that if the white eyelid of the screen could disclose all that it has concealed the whole universe would jump."

"When your eyes flicker with the lids shut, it looks as if you were having a dream," I say.

"A dog in front of the fire. Are you warm enough?" he asks. "A film is the story of a dream. A dream recalled, because of the realistic nature of the cinema."

Buñuel makes the strange as normal as it often is. I tell him that in London I once saw a taxi drawn up facing the wrong way outside a house in a one-way street while the driver leaned up to dust the top with a yellow feather duster. He looks interested and amused, as he generally does, and I remember Francisco's valet in "El" (1952) polishing his bicycle in bed. Certain shapes seem to make Buñuel laugh: bicycles, cellos. In "L'Âge d'Or" (1930), fragments of Beethoven symphonies, Wagner operas are made startling and comic by being re-scored for chamber orchestra. And who can forget the mysteriously funny solemn cellist in "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972)? Buñuel sees life as pencilled in with mystery. If he is inclined sometimes to show us the deformed or dwarfish, remember that these people are described in Spain as touched by the hand of God.

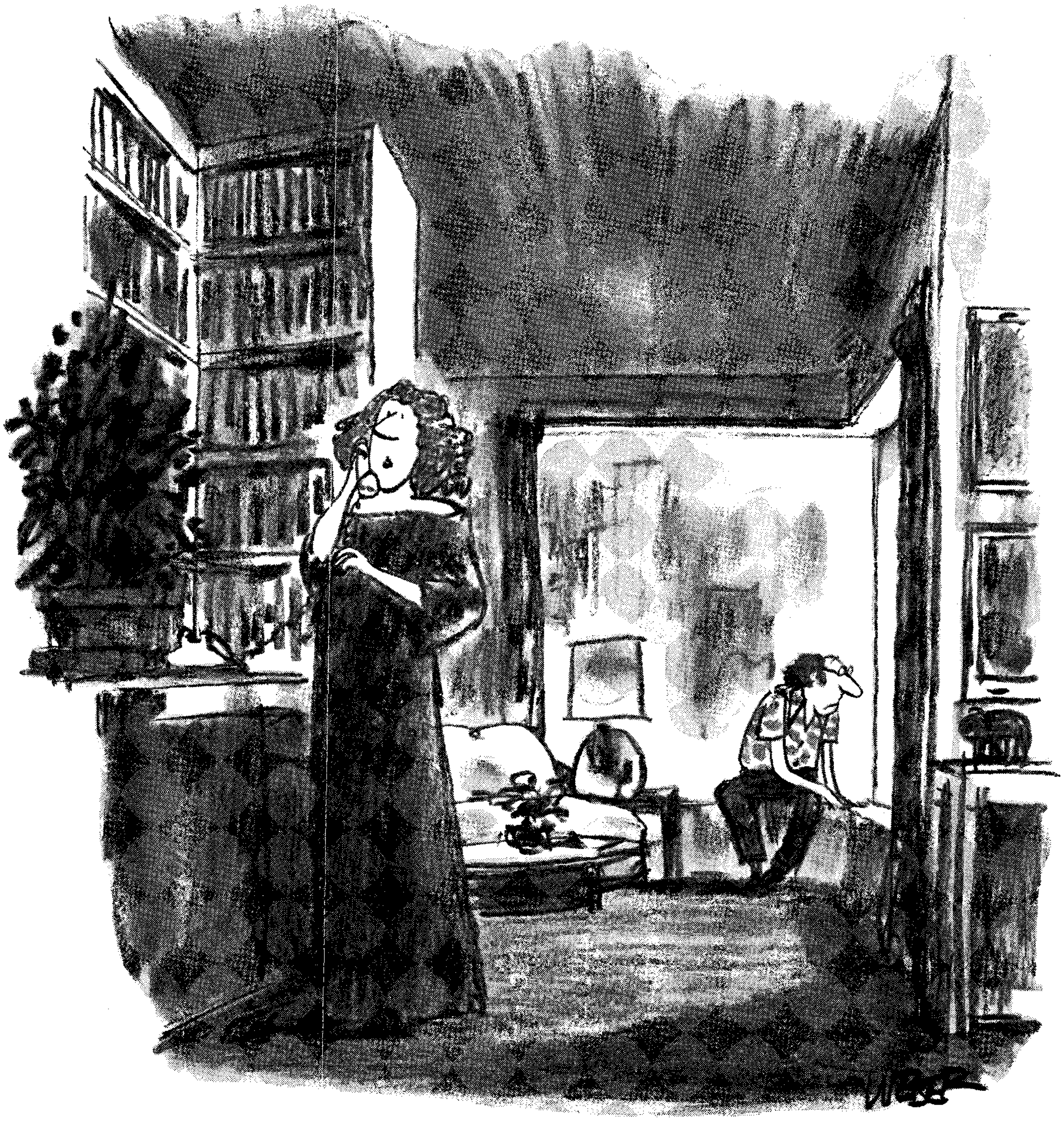
Henry Miller called this visionary man a passionate skeptic. I should call him a stoic optimist. His hopes for film are boundless. "Mystery is an essential element in any work of art," he says. "It's usually lacking in film, which should be the most mysterious of all. Most filmmakers are careful not to perturb us by opening the windows of the screen onto their world of poetry. Cinema is a marvellous weapon when it is handled by a free spirit. Of all the means of expression, it is the one that is most like the human imagination. What's the good of it if it apes everything conformist and sentimental in us? It's a curious thing that film can create such moments of compressed ritual. The raising of the everyday to the dramatic. I have wanted all my life to make this world visible to people: the world we can't read about in newspapers."

We move to another scene. There is a quarter of the usual filmmaker's fuss about new setups. We talk about Defoe: about "A Journal of the Plague Year," a book that is a favorite of his and mine—a piece of apparently on-the-spot reporting that was actually done fifty-eight years later—and about "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," which Buñuel made into a film in Mexico in 1952. "The Robinson Crusoe idea interests us, doesn't it?" he says, his eyes, which are huge, staring into mine. "We are fascinated by the question of whether we could live alone." Of the film, he says, "At first, Robinson is full of superior airs about his situation, but then he discovers he is part of a great fraternity. He suddenly lets out a howl to the heavens for the sake of the company of his own voice. Is this Surrealism in the sense in which it's often used, to mean the unreal? I don't think so. It was Surrealism that taught me to suppose thought and sympathy are moral paths that men cannot refuse to take. It taught me that man isn't nature. A marvellous poetic stride forward."

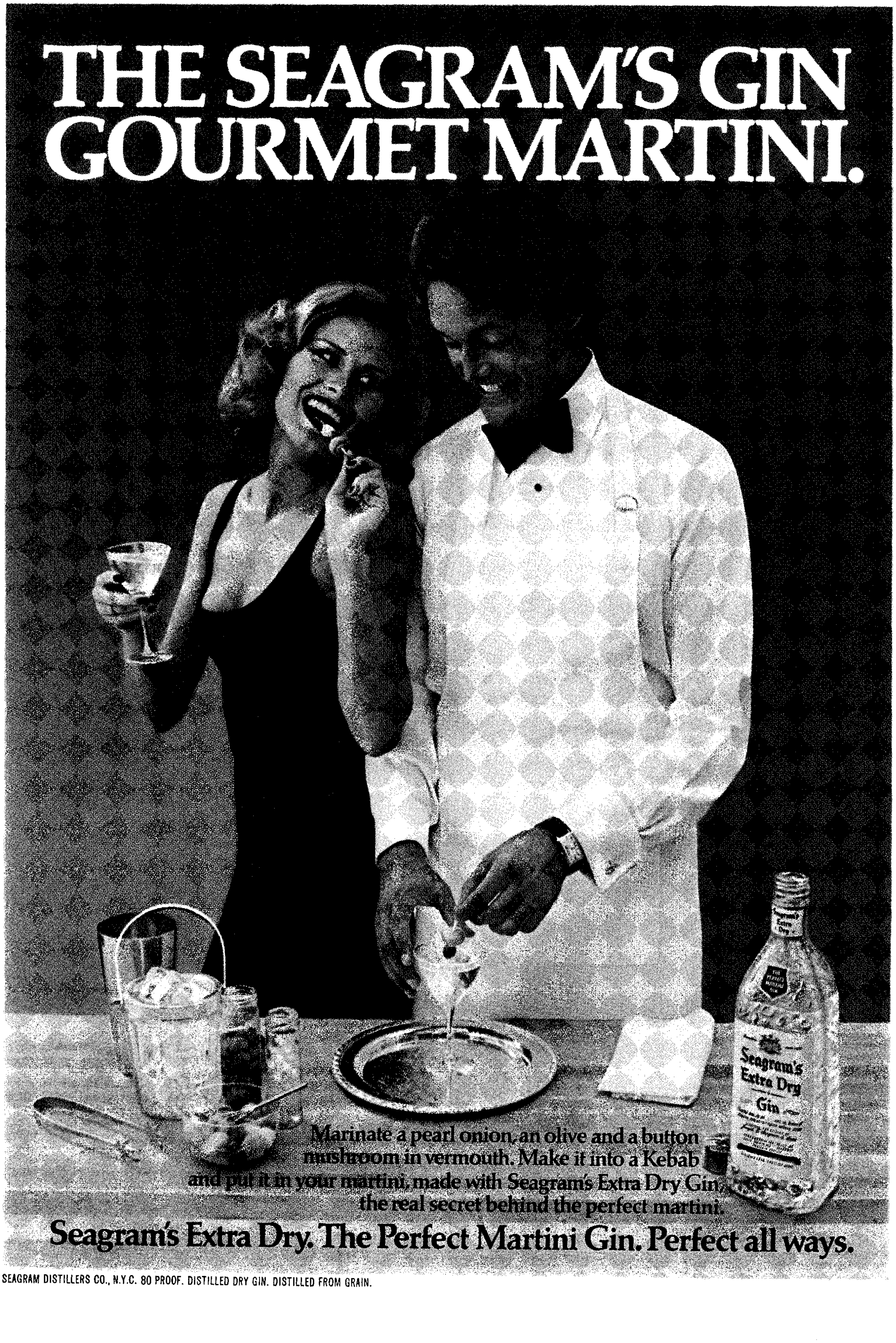
Buñuel's work is born of the humor of a sad man distressed by his own vision of the world but with a fond eye for the mass of self-deceptions that make life bearable. He is one of the most mannerly men I have ever met. The only thing that stirs him to impatience is the sort of charity that is seen as a virtue by people who don't question the anguish that makes charity necessary. "I'm not a Christian, but I'm not an atheist, either," he says. "I'm weary of hearing that accidental old aphorism of mine 'I'm not an atheist, thank God.' It's outworn. Dead leaves. In 1951, I made a small film called 'Mexican Bus Ride,' about a village too poor to support a church and a priest. The place was serene, because no one suffered from guilt. It's guilt we must escape from, not God."

He pauses to watch Fernando Rey. "In spite of what you hear, the films my collaborators and I have made are not in the least ambiguous in practice. Only in theory, as an element of struggle or violence. The crisis of drama comes at the moment of doubt. In the case of Robert Bresson's work, something very strange happens. Everything seems quietist. Yet one has the strongest possible presentiment that something is going to happen. This is what could be called violence in film: this powerful state of doubt."

The extremely nonviolent Buñuel has a



"Arnie's a little upset. It just dawned on him that he's never in his whole life missed a meal."



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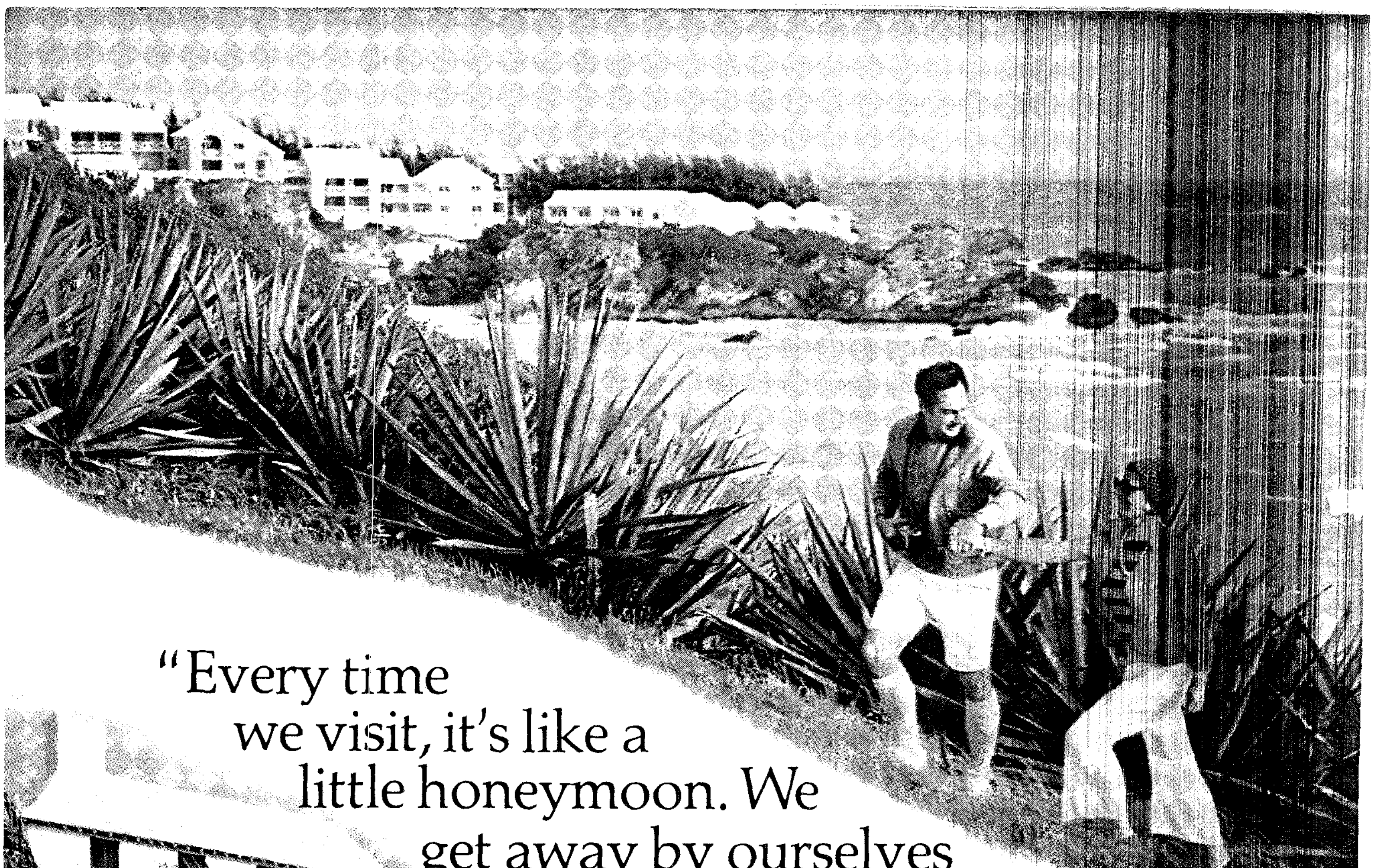

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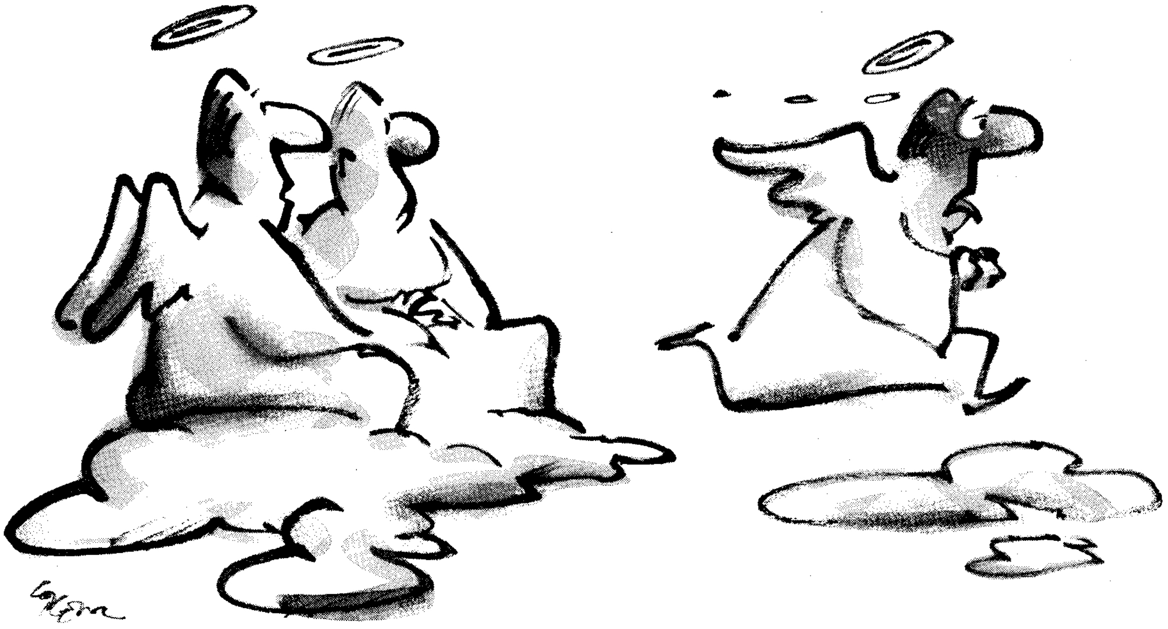
wife, whom he dotes on, and two sons—one French, one American—whom he adores. He has a blithe sense of humor. One day, over coffee, he remarks solemnly to me, "To the Devil in disguise I say, 'I believe in God, but regarding His only son there is a lot to be discussed.' " At Buñuel's home in Mexico City, if you ask for tea he says that his house specializes in liquor but that he keeps Hungarian wine for tea eccentrics.



"Lord knows what he's keeping in shape for now."

• •

BUÑUEL was born into a patrician family in Calanda, a small town near Saragossa, on February 22, 1900, and went to Jesuit college in Saragossa, where he took a passionate interest in insects. At the University of Madrid, he read Freud and wrote film reviews (including one on Keaton, who is an idol of his). His father, before marrying, had spent years in Cuba, where, as a wholesale merchant, he amassed something of a fortune. As a young child, Luis sang in the church choir, with a very good voice, and learned to serve at Mass. He devised entertainments. Belonging to a family of seven children, he tended to make fun happen within the confines of the household. His sister Conchita remembers one evening when Luis recited what she translates as:

With this pair of scissors
And will to fight, it's plain
We'll have a revolution
And capture all of Spain.

After a time in Madrid, where he reluctantly studied agricultural engineering at the university and later, at the Natural History Museum, became absorbed in helping to classify insects, he went to Paris and explored Dadaism. "Dada was made up of refugees from all the countries of Europe," he says. "As the old world crumbled, man could begin again. That was our hope. Our wish was to honor the claims of the unconscious, and I suppose Freud was our patron saint." He made Surrealist films, financed by his mother, by the Vicomte de Noailles, and by a friend's lottery winnings. He also worked with Dali, but the collaboration was short-lived. It amounted to "Un Chien Andalou" (1928) and a few days on "L'Âge d'Or" before they had a row. No wonder. Buñuel is the least publicity-seeking man in the world; Dali thrived on publicity.

FRENCHMEN and Spaniards find a clear difference between the tracks that Surrealism took in their two countries. The French, say the Spanish, are more fanciful; the Spanish, say the French, are more concrete. A French Surrealist of the time might have shown a tree growing out of the ground upside down; a Spaniard would always have shown the tree the right way up, however great an element of the fantastic he gave to it. Buñuel, this great Spanish Surrealist, spent formative years in France but has never lost the Spanishness of his angle of mind.

After he had done some dubbing work in France and Spain and had made four films in Spain, the Civil War broke out. Buñuel offered his services as a film man to the Spanish Republican government in Paris. "In 1938, I was sent on a 'diplomatic mission' to America," he says in Seville one morning. "Suddenly, the war was over, and I had no friends, no job, no country. I got work at the Museum of Modern Art, thanks to Miss Iris Barry. I was employed to dub films for Latin America, because of my fine speaking voice." As he speaks the last phrase, he lowers his voice to a deep bell chime. "Then Dali published an attack on me for being anticlericalist. The trustees seem to have been alarmed by Dali's information that I was a member of the French Communist Party." In 1942, he sadly left the museum. "I thought the end of the world had come." He wrote and spoke the Spanish narration of Army Intelligence films and worked in Hollywood as a dubbing expert. In 1946, he went into exile in Mexico, where there were years of semi-obscurity, of making potboilers on low budgets with melodramatic actors. It should be said that some of these potboilers are invigorating pieces of work. "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (1953) is a reckless low comedy about a streetcar driver and a conductor who get drunk one night, steal a streetcar, and then spend a frenetic time trying to return it. Instead of passengers, butchers' sides of beef hang from the handstraps in the streetcar. An American woman tourist gets scared when she is told she can ride the streetcar free. She thinks it is a Communist plot. In "Tristana," many years later, the same Buñuel voice sounds when Fernando Rey, as an obstreperous rationalist, shouts at a funeral party, "Long live the living!"

In 1950 came "Los Olvidados," which was greeted with a furor of welcome at Cannes. The film is a strictly unsentimental view of a teenage gang in a Mexican slum. "I made a version of 'Wuthering Heights' in 1953," Buñuel said. "It's no good. A great book. In the old Paris days, it was the one we most admired. But while I was away they overlaid a huge Wagnerian sound track on the print. Nobody can even say 'Thank you'

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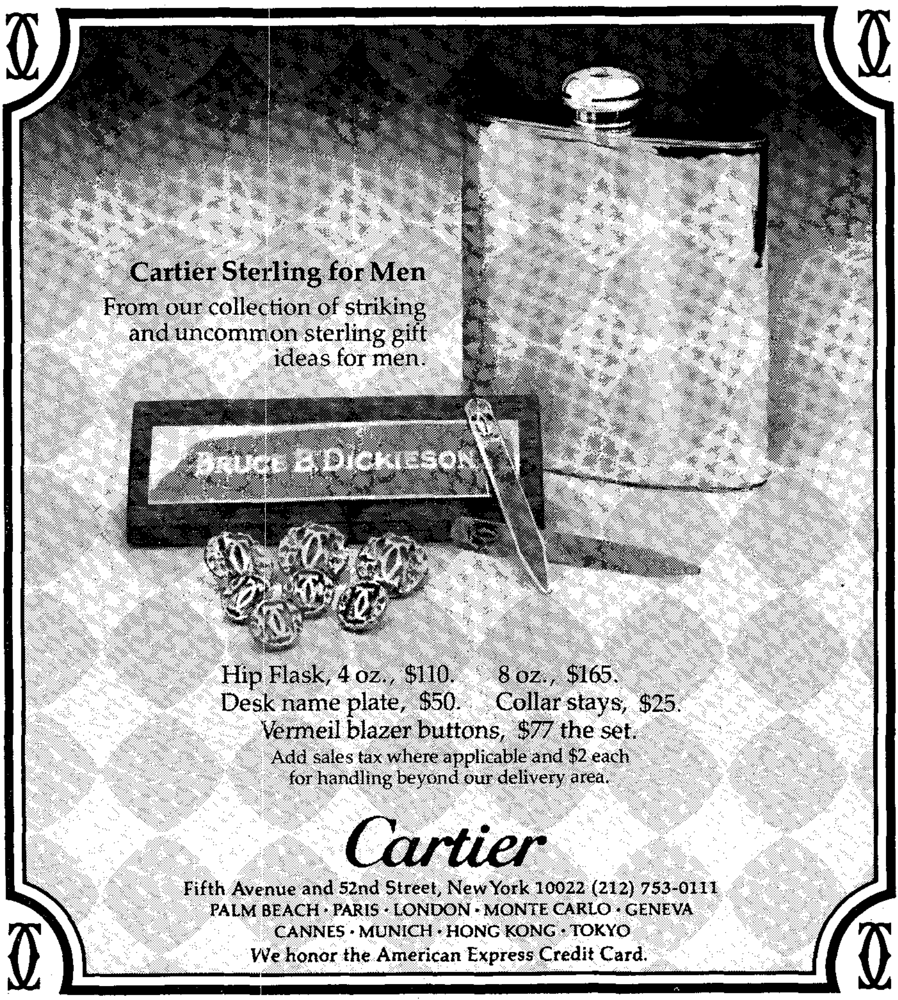

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without its sounding like the 'Liebestod.' " He spoke of "The Young One" (1960). "The Mexicans' inability to perform with the faintest hint of naturalism meant that I had to ask Zachary Scott to overplay drastically, so as to impose some unity on the style."

Since 1958, there has been one masterpiece after another: "Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964), "Simon of the Desert" (1965), "Belle de Jour," "The Milky Way" (1968), "Tristana," "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974). He always says that he is never going to make another film, and his current producer, a staunch and witty Polish Parisian named Serge Silberman, is prepared to fly to Mexico City again and again to rouse Buñuel from his quiet life with his many dictionaries, his books on insects, his siesta, and his evening drink. He likes going to sleep with piano music being played on the record-player. He says to me that he would prefer to have lived in the Middle Ages: "More introspective, more spiritual, and more rebellious."

SILBERMAN and Buñuel first met in 1963. Silberman asked him for a loan of ten dollars. "Never repaid," said Buñuel cheerfully in the Oak Room of the Plaza, in New York in the summer, en route between Mexico City and pre-production in Paris on "That Obscure Object of Desire." "That's a producer for you." Mr. Silberman was at the table. Buñuel firmly ordered Irish stew for Silberman, "so that Serge won't exchange it for something else, because it's already a mélange." Buñuel wore a brown linen jacket, which made his eyes burn more brilliantly than ever under his noble forehead. He and Silberman fool around together like a couple of boys. Buñuel's eccentricity and love of the bizarre are legendary. There is a story, for instance, that as a child he ate ant sandwiches. Not a word of truth in it, he says. The passion of his childhood was for putting on shadow shows. The little boy was already an original. With Surreal effect, he introduced a real actor into a puppet show.

After Silberman had read fifty pages of "Diary of a Chambermaid," he decided to make it. At the end of the night shooting of "That Obscure Object of Desire," Buñuel, recalling this, puts his hand on my shoulder. "The writer and I worked in a monastery, you see. I pretended to humor Serge, and told him, 'We're going to take you to a nice house in the country. The

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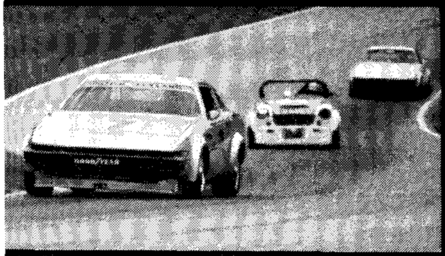

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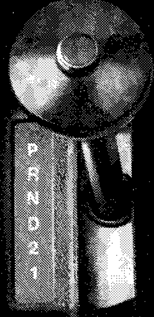

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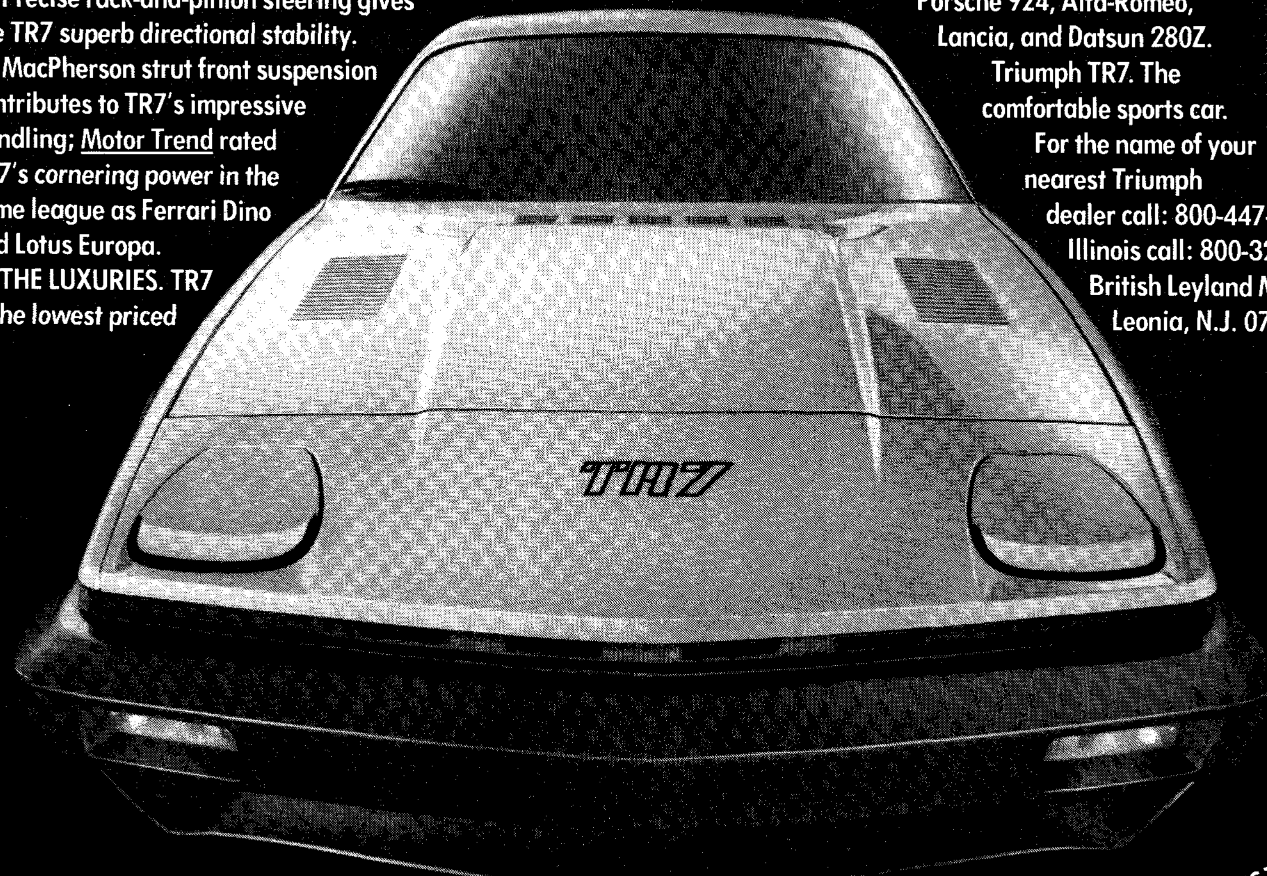

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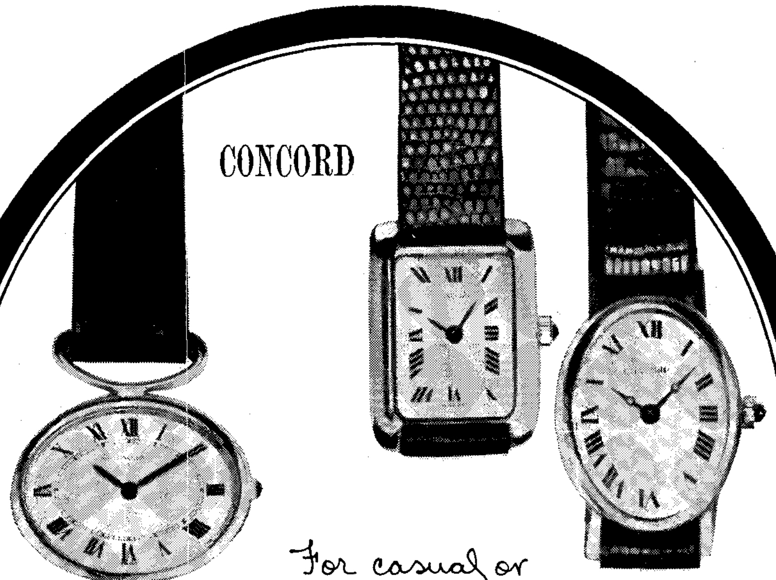

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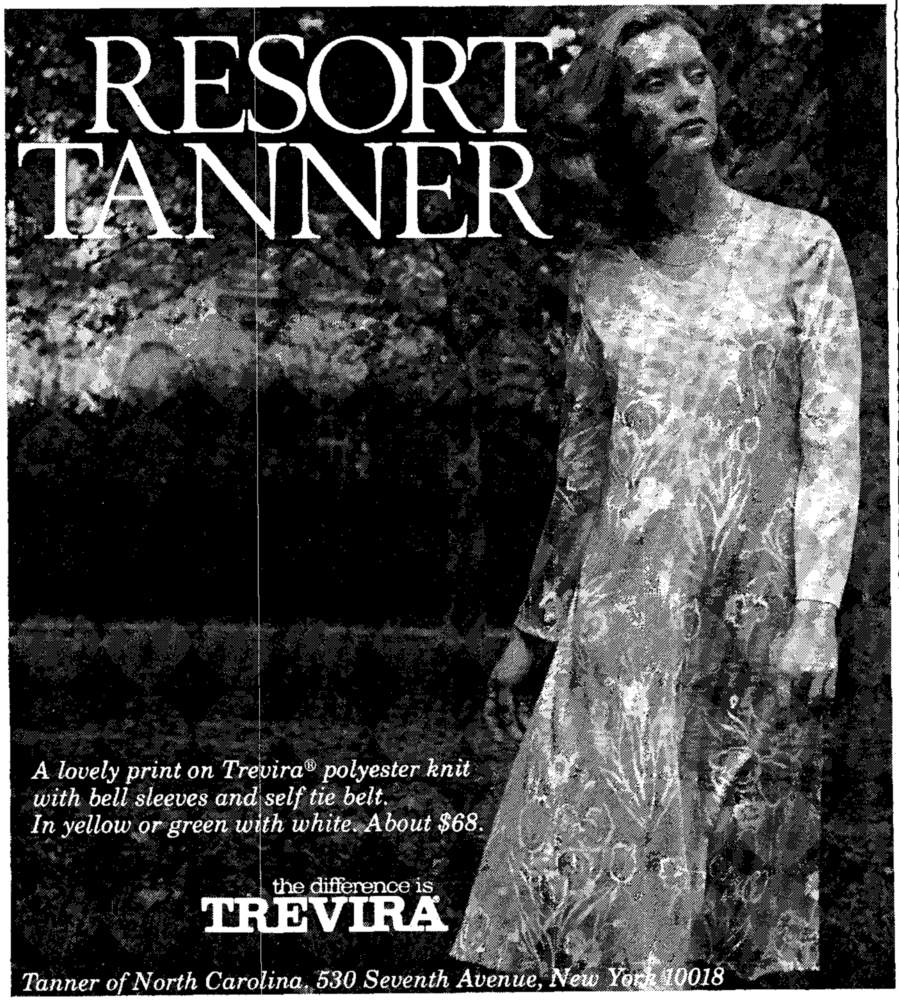

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people will be dressed in loose uniforms but won't do you any harm.' Serge really thought he was going to a lunatic asylum."

SIX of Buñuel's last eight films have been written in collaboration with Jean-Claude Carrière, a French dramatist, who played a *curé* for Buñuel in "Diary of a Chambermaid." Carrière, too, went to Jesuit college. He told me, "Buñuel says it's getting more and more difficult to find an actor who can speak correct Latin." Carrière says that Buñuel's unwillingness to talk about himself is matched by genuine humility when he talks about his films. Above all, he wants them to be absolutely simple, direct, unaffected. He is hurt when he is accused of making films that are warped or profane. He believes that works of art begin in the unknowable. A true Spaniard, preoccupied with the inward, he is antipathetic to the French legacy of Descartes and Voltaire which holds that everything can be explained. He sometimes gives actors startlingly un-French directions.

Francisco Rabal overdid coming out of an elevator in "Belle de Jour," and looked around nervously. "What shall I think about?" he asked Buñuel.

"Oh, think about your aunt," said Buñuel.

ON the set in Seville, an autograph hunter comes up to Buñuel and asks for his signature. "Dali would be jealous," he murmurs.

AT a lunch for the crew, Buñuel and I sit apart from the racket. "When Jean-Claude and I work together, we work always from a key word. 'The Milky Way' was 'heresy.' 'Discreet Charm' was 'repetition.' 'Le Fantôme de la Liberté' was 'hazard.'" He goes on, "I find myself disliking very few things. I am fond of the hotel where I stay in Paris. It overlooks a beautiful cemetery. So much is beautiful and striking."

He begins to laugh, and I say, "What is it?"

"I was remembering an actress with two lovers, both filmmakers, who both made her swear never to make a film with Fellini. Two filmmakers not jealous of one another but jealous of someone else, whom they'd never even met. Sophisticated people sometimes have truly Surreal worries."

"There is a difference between Surrealism and grotesquerie, but most people don't understand it, don't you find?" I say.

"We won't find the difference in

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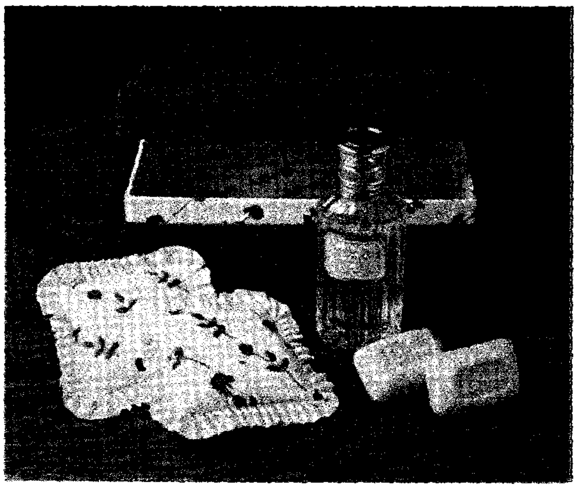

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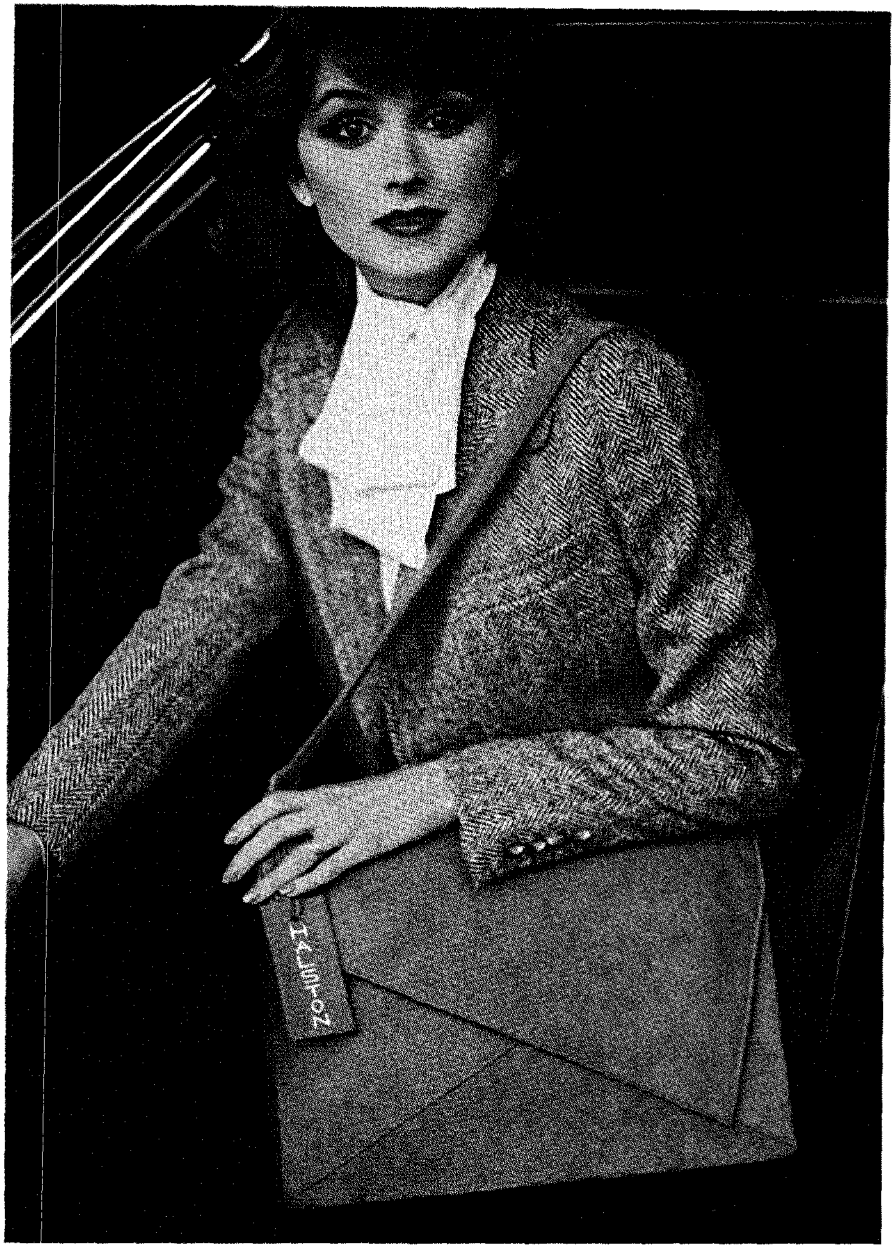

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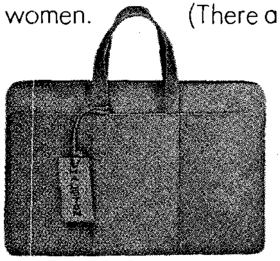

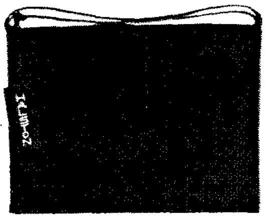

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Roget's Thesaurus or in Larousse, but it is there, I see, in your head. I wish I were back in Paris with André Breton and could tell him about our conversation. He and I could have a fine time. Unfortunately, you are the wrong age." He looks at me severely, this genius whose vivacity of intellect is a young man's. "However, it can't be helped. Mostly, things have a tendency to happen at the right time."

"Did Surrealism?"

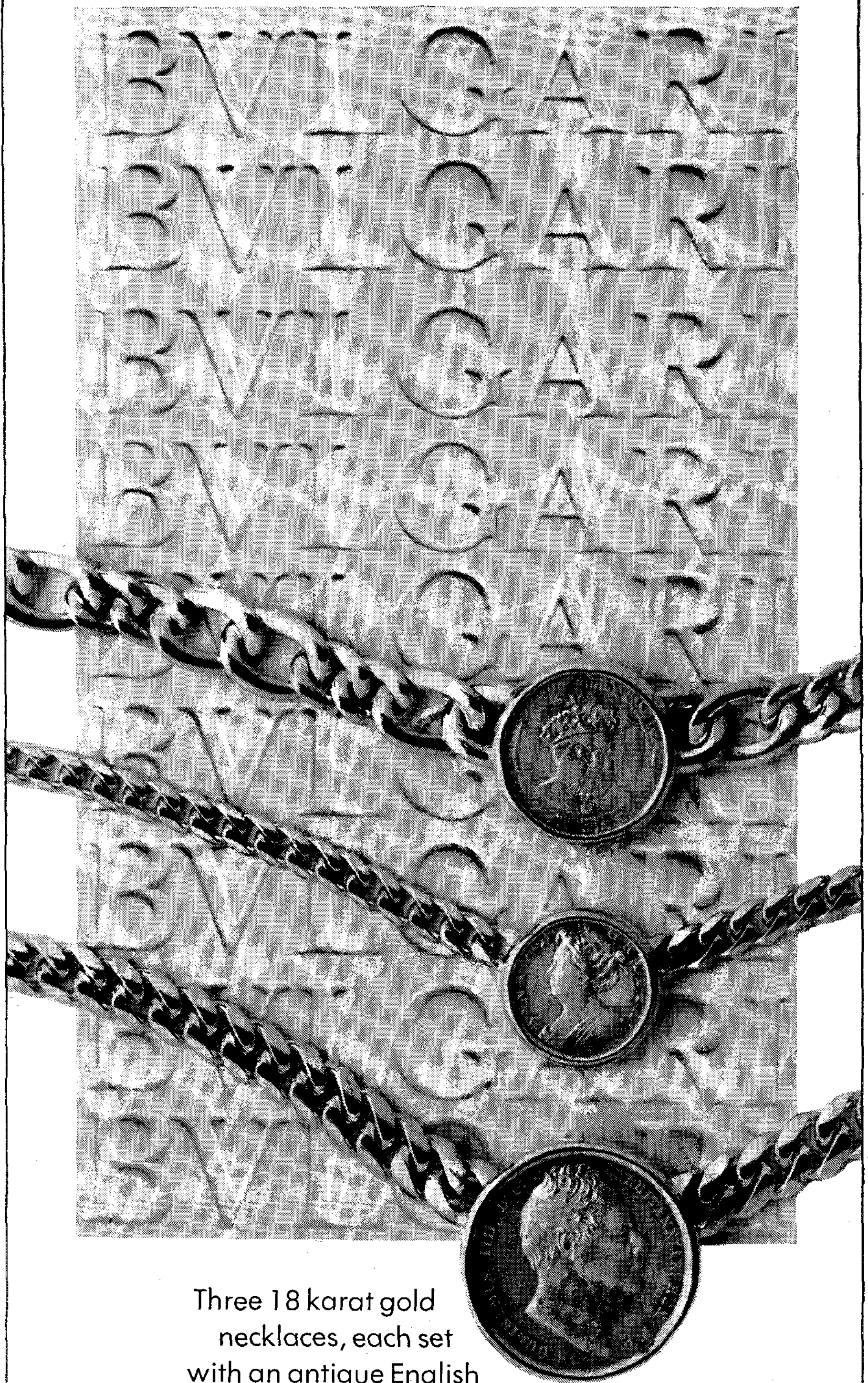
"It was absolutely necessary. This territory of trapdoor fantasies had to be explored. I wish we had some music."

"'I beg of you, something from Scarlatti,'" I say, quoting from "The Exterminating Angel" (1962) one of the meaningless remarks that the party dialogue warms up to in its absurdity.

He nods and grins; he has a true grin. I speak again of "The Exterminating Angel," in which a group of smart people at a dinner party inexplicably find themselves unable to leave, and slowly disintegrate. "Hell is not oneself. Hell is a lot of people who won't go," says Buñuel. "I've always liked the idea of people separated from the rest of society." He admires Kafka, "Lord of the Flies," and many Latin-American authors who have never been translated into English. He reads a lot and travels little: two reasons for the lack of clutter in his mind.

"We are living in the best of times and the worst of times," he says. "Greece was more international; Rome was more materialistic; the modern world is a place where we can do anything. Incidentally, what is the word for *métis* in English? I have always been interested in the idea." He commits the English word "mongrel" to memory, almost visibly printing it on some slate in his head. "There is everything to be hoped for from mongrels. Often it's the purebred who have caused such bigotry, who have becalmed the spirit of man."

He speaks about Freud. "The influence of post-Freudian attitudes in America has sometimes made my films slow to be accepted there. The hack inheritors of Freudian theory have made a certain class rather literal-minded. Of course, the paradox is that Freud himself was immensely important to the Surrealists. A great prophet. Though I still don't want to be told who my mother is, who my father is. I know this. I prefer to dream about who might be my sister. Otherwise, I am a very isolated man. I don't like crowds. I like my friends. I can't understand producers in Hollywood." He rapidly and skillfully mimes a man talking on two



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telephones at once. "They took me out to Hollywood. Dubbing Latin-American films. They asked me what I would like to see. A script conference? A studio scene? A cutting room? I said a studio. There was this beautiful woman speaking an unknown language and then yelling at me to get out. They told me she happened to be Greta Garbo, and the language she was speaking happened to be English."

He gets up and walks off, and comes back with an orange for me, picked from a tree. "You weren't lonely?" he says.

"I was thinking."

"Film is the complement of conversation. As a cat is. I keep a cat in the half-open drawer of my workroom in Mexico. Many a tale we have spun together. Insects are one thing, cats another."

We go on talking, and then he abruptly gets up and asks me to forgive him if he has a siesta. As he says this, straight-backed, leaning forward from the hips, he looks like a sail in the wind.

BUÑUEL is famous for his speed of working. He edits a film in his head before shooting; this way of film-making is natural to him, and not just the result of working in Mexico, where his average shooting schedule is fifteen days and other filmmakers' even less. He and Silberman have a long-standing argument about whether it took him a day or a day and a half to edit "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." He wears a viewfinder constantly: "Not because I ever use it but to remind myself that I am a film director. American films show the triumph of the will. I make films about the failure of the will. Not maudlin but serious. The sentimental is the immoral." When Nazarin, the failed Christ figure, is on the road and is offered a pineapple, symbol of help and charity, one feels a flash of hope for the loosening of human bondage. Buñuel's love for everything human is not exhausted at the end of the bitter "Viridiana," when, after beggars have stormed the novice Viridiana's house, and even raped her, life is left with peace apparently restored: cards being played, and Viridiana trying to go back to her life of prayer. His admirers include Carlos Fuentes, whose mistrust of sentimentality and renown he shares. "The credits in a film should be done away with," Buñuel says. "Films should become anonymous, like Chartres." Henri Langlois, the film archivist, once said to me of Buñuel

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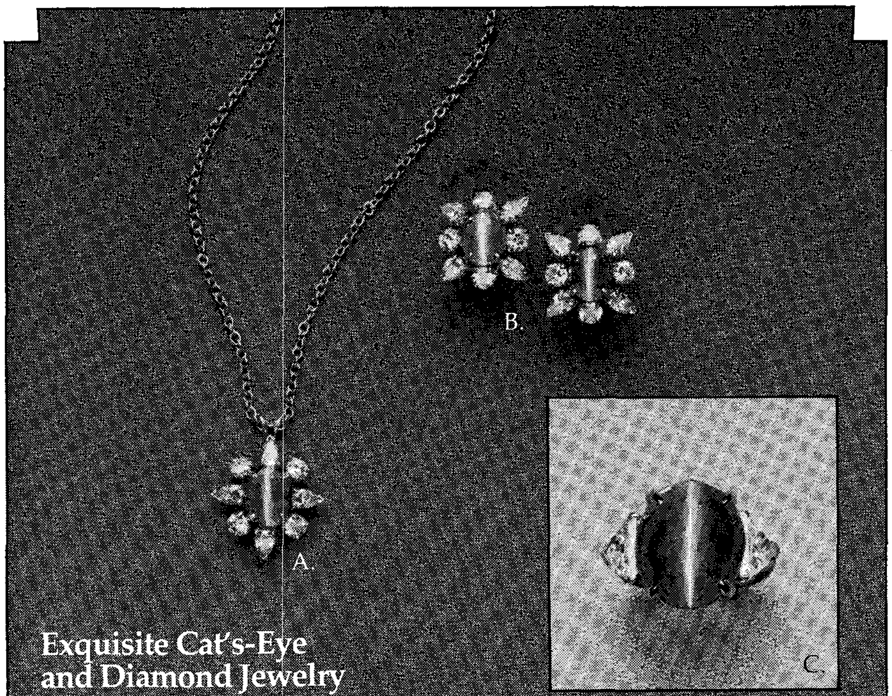

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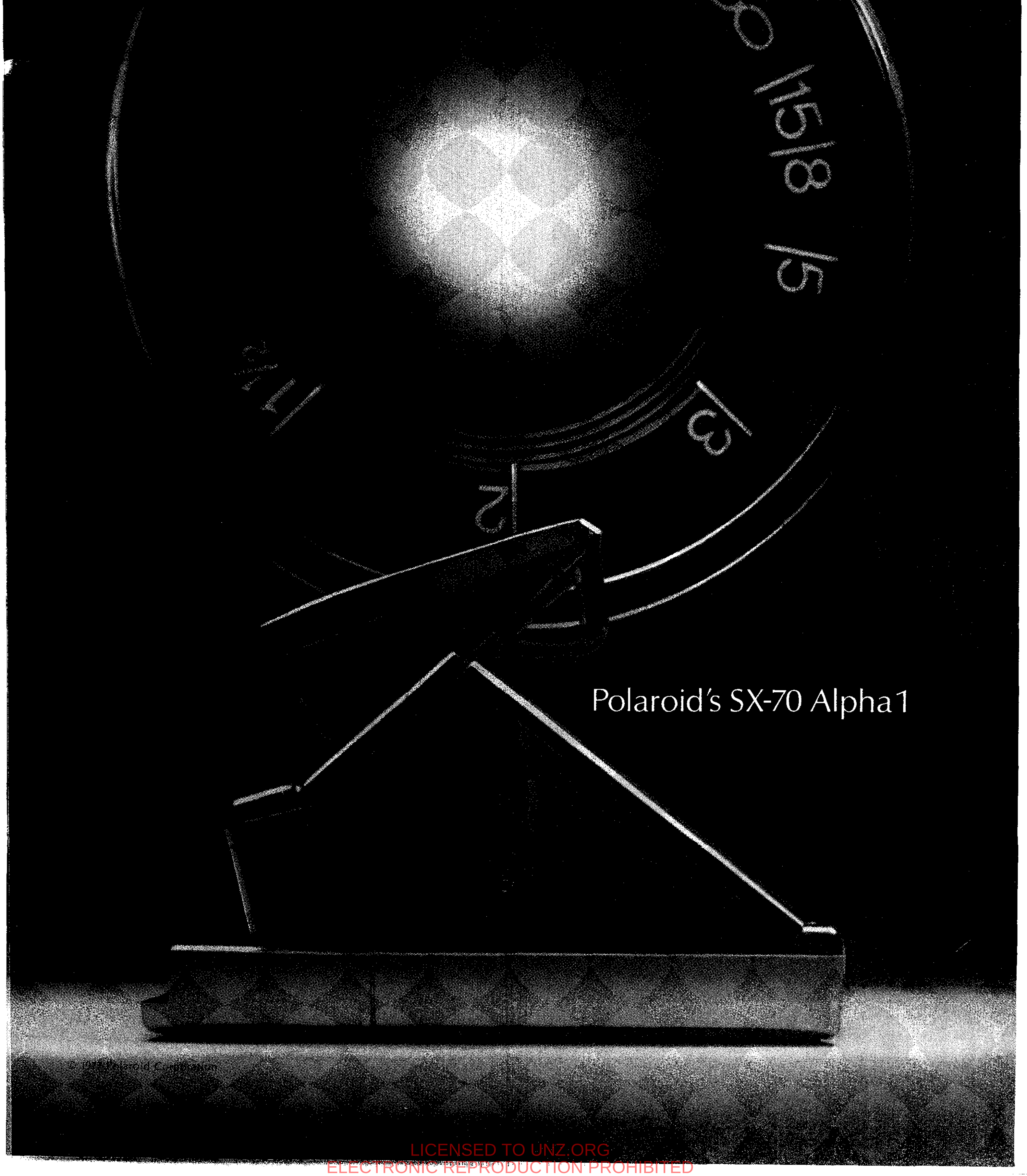

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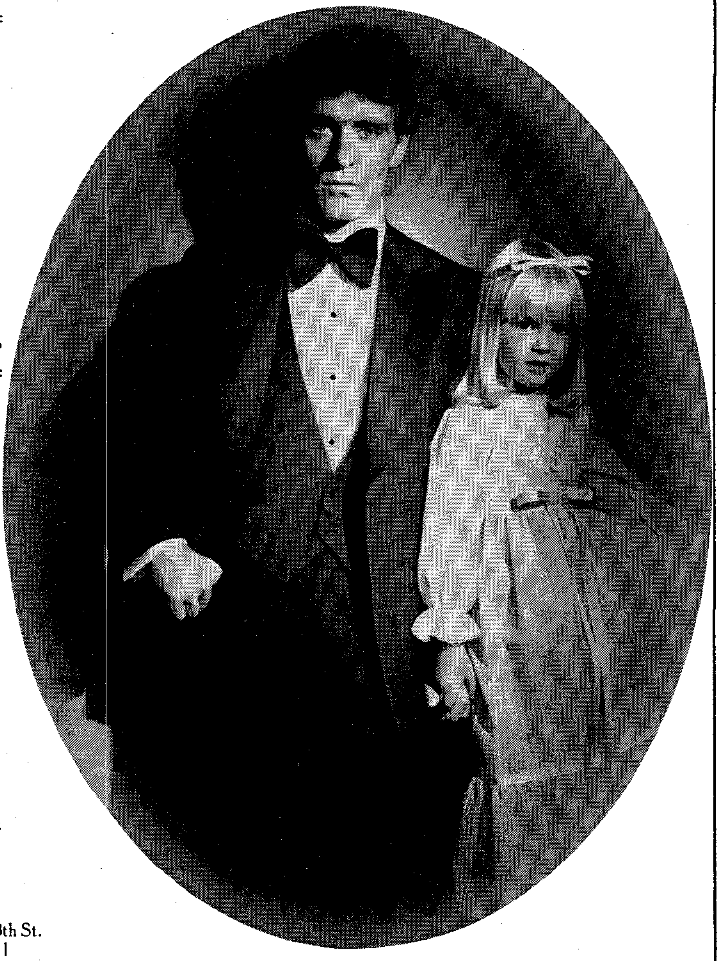

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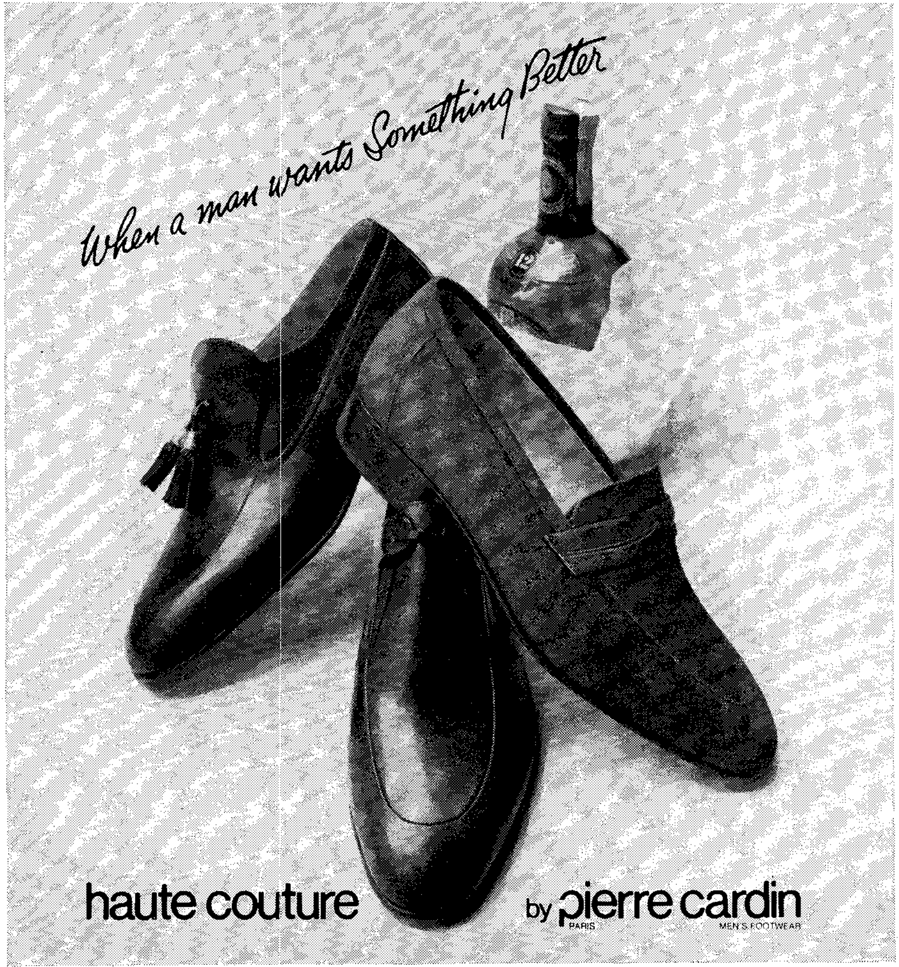

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that the way he shoots everyday objects gives them the dignity of isolation. He photographs things in a way that makes their essence seem more actual and more potent than ever before.

Buñuel looks grave when he approaches the subject of censors. "They are like nannies sitting on our shoulders, inhibiting calm and destroying our phantoms. 'Viridiana' was shown to them in pieces. They asked for only one slight change, in the ending. I felt that it was actually an improvement over what I had thought of. Trade agreements were invoked to prevent the film from being shown in France. I don't see why people objected. It's the story of the progress of an innocent and her discovery of the world, in all its carnality and greed. The beggars and thieves with whom she surrounds herself after her Candide life are not up to her innocence. They can only complain that the string beans are a little tough today."

JEAN-CLAUDE CARRIÈRE, in Paris, described their way of writing: "Working together means living together. Buñuel is a man of habit. He can't write in a city. We go to the country in Mexico, or to our monastery in Spain. We work in each other's presence, talking about the film. Then, in the evening, I write a scene, with two copies. At six-thirty, he goes to have a drink. When I come at seven, he is obliged to tell me a story. He is absolutely sure that the imagination has to be trained, like a sportsman. He has such a fantastic universe of his own, so peculiar and so rich, that the effort to get it all into the script is doomed. Most of the time, what he needs is for me to choose. In our monastery, once, when we were writing, some Mexican journalists arrived and said, 'Do you think you will get the Academy Award?' Luis said with a very upright look, 'I have already paid twenty-five thousand dollars for it.' They were appalled. Not what they expected of a great man."

AT a break in the shooting in Seville, Buñuel says, "I have a horror of unusual angles. I sometimes work out a marvellously clever shot, and then the cameraman and I laugh and we scrap the whole thing and shoot quite straightforwardly. I'm interested in repetitions. We used them a lot in 'The Exterminating Angel.' In life, we repeat ourselves every day. How many times has it happened at a party that we say hello to someone and an hour later we shake hands again, say hello,

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and then exclaim 'Oh, what are we doing? We just said hello a while ago.'"

WHEN I arranged to see Buñuel at his house in Mexico City, while he was equivocating about making "That Obscure Object of Desire," he insisted, with typical courtliness, on coming to pick me up. I was ready five minutes early, but he was earlier. He plans the coming day as exactly as he plans his films. "We shall have a conversation and a something to drink, and then lunch, and we shall find out what interests us both," he said when we met. "Then, if you'll excuse me, I shall have a short nap. Then more conversation and another something to drink." I remembered Geneviève Page in "Belle de Jour," and her war on torpor. If ever a man has vanquished the stupefying by sheer quality of mind, it is Buñuel. He is fascinated by almost everything. He has no need of newspapers to be as scholarly as any filmmaker I know.

His house is of pale-pink brick, with white-painted gates, a dog called Tristana, and a pretty courtyard. The drawing room leading into the dining room is dominated by a Dali portrait of him, which he said he had just brought himself to hang. "Thirty-five years is too long for a fight." The word "fight" made me remember hearing that he had been a boxer in his youth.

Mme. Buñuel sat quietly on the sofa doing needlework. She met her husband in Paris, in 1926, when she was a eurythmics teacher.

"Mexican actors don't seem to be teachable, but did you ever manage to train a crew?" I asked.

We sat down in the dining room. "There can be dignity in technical shortcomings," said Buñuel. "But to work with Catherine Deneuve or Fernando Rey: what a reprieve."

"Yes."

He looked at my fingers. "You are playing the piano in your head."

"Yes."

"I like to think of instruments as having personalities. The piccolo is an ants' nest of sound. The violin is the carpenter of sound, sawing away contentedly. The clarinet is a poor thing: to be a sheep's baa transformed to wood is humiliating. Bass drum: prophetic, stubborn, slightly rude."

"Does Freud still interest you?" I asked.

"The cinema is an involuntary imitation of dreams. It might have been invented to express the life of the un-

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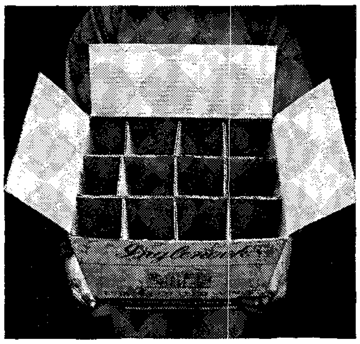

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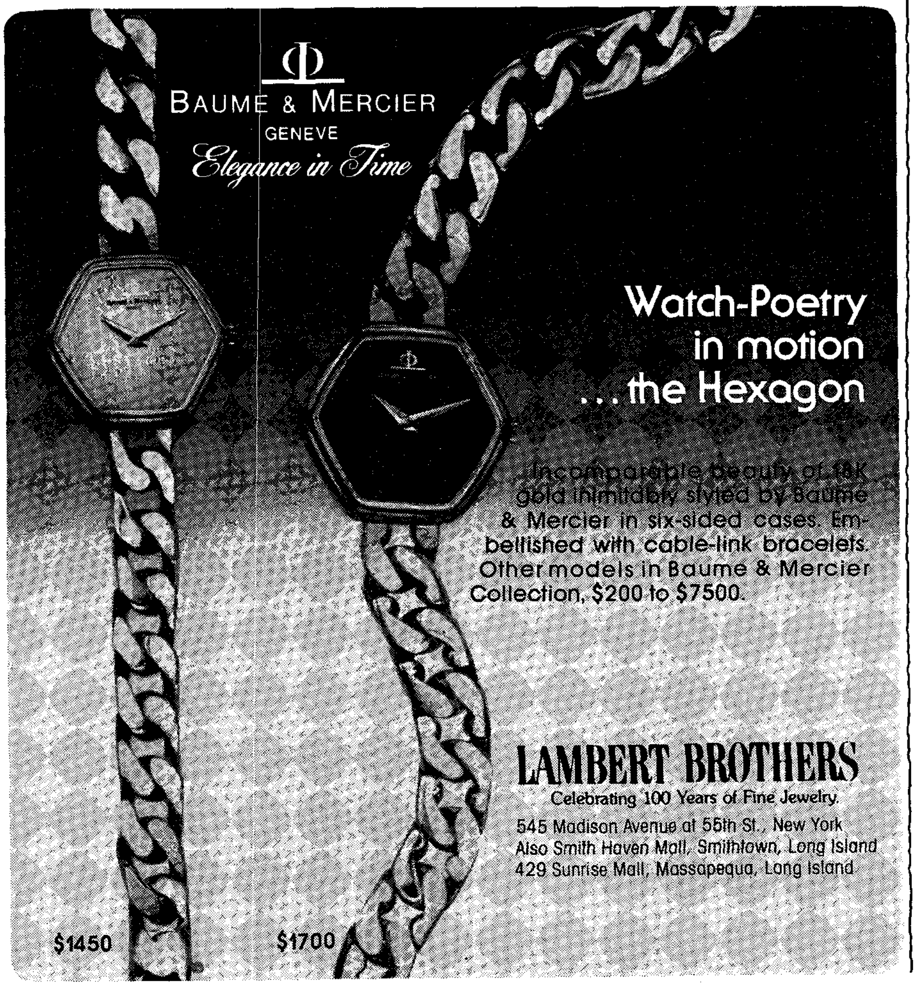

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conscious, whose roots go so deep into poetry."

"Characters in your films often have the look of a Zurbarán," I said. "That gaze inward."

"You saw the Zurbaráns in Seville? I often think of them."

"Your films make one wonder what's going on in people's minds."

"Dreams, and also the most everyday questions. 'What time is it?' 'Do you want to eat?' That sort of thing interests us all very much. When I am back in Spain, I shall need my strategy and my accomplices to stop my mind from wandering. We shall be shooting near my family home in Calanda. The town has three thousand inhabitants. It is savage and illiterate, with a foundation of elegance. On feast days, there are hunts with packs of dogs. Goya was born nearby. At Easter, there is a beating of drums for two days and two nights. It is an unforgettable example of the Catholic Church's capacity for assimilating pagan ritual into the Resurrection story. One can't get the sound of the drums out of one's ears. I often think of it.

"My father was a volatile man. He emigrated to Cuba. He came back to Spain, at forty-seven, in 1899, and married a beauty. I tell you this because one day, who knows"—solemnly—"you may want to write an encyclopedia and put it in. My childhood slipped by in an almost medieval atmosphere. The two basic elements of that atmosphere were a profound eroticism—perhaps I should say intensity; certainly not blasphemy, which is to be distinguished from heresy—and a profound consciousness of death. These are very Spanish characteristics, and our art is impregnated with them. The Civil War, ferocious as no other has been, exposed them only too clearly. At Calanda, we lived in a beautiful house, with cypress trees running down to the river; I have put it into many films."

We had lunch. Mexican chairs, Mexican sideboard, Mme. Buñuel in a yellow smock. Chairs grated. "I like natural sound," said Buñuel. "A zipper, a glass on a table. I can't bear music put onto a film any longer. Perhaps it's because I am deaf."

A pile of dictionaries rose beside his plate as we talked. "I like to find things out." He was tracking down something from Joyce. He is attuned to Melville. The atmosphere was convivial and inquiring. Jeanne Moreau, whom he worships as an actress, once said that her ideal life would be to live as Buñuel's pupil in a house run by him,

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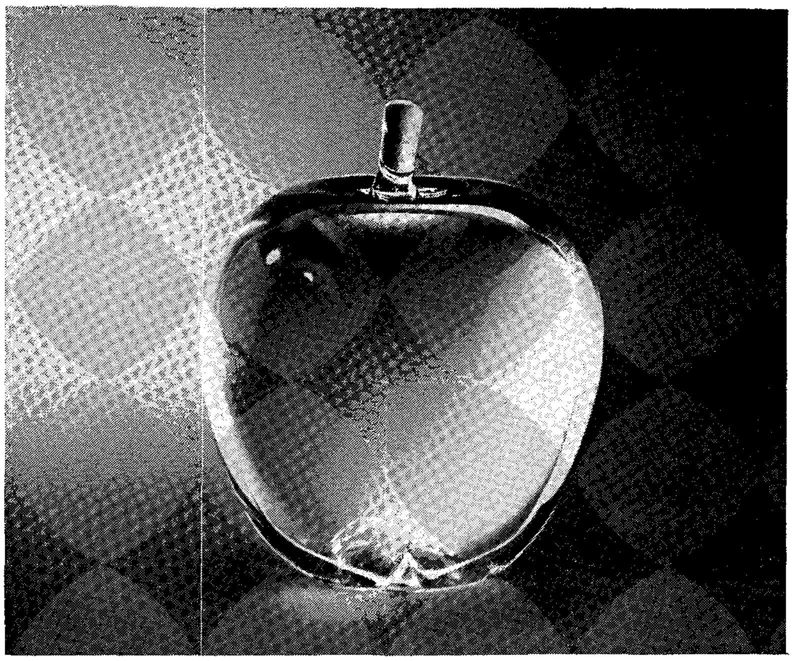

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and take a cold shower every morning, and talk, and go to bed at sundown.

I asked Buñuel about his sons. A friend of mine had once found him crying for joy at the news that one son, whom he hadn't seen for nearly a year, was coming to see him. "They are both very content," he said. "Their school days were happy, and I think they never felt a sense of injustice, which is the most corrosive emotion, apart from jealousy." I could see his mind going back to some past injustice done to him; he saw my eyes following his mind, and he said, "The only cure is to cleave to the truth. One day at the Jesuit college, there was an undervest in my soup. 'Please, sir, there's an undervest in my soup,' I said. I was sent out of the room, but I said as I went, 'But there is an undervest in my soup.' I suppose some boy put it there. The same thing has often happened to me with my films. People don't believe it, but there *is* an undervest in the soup."

"The revolution of Surrealism has been won. What's the sediment? What would be your greatest hope for film now?"

He replied instantly. "To give us the ease of a quest for pleasure and inquiry which isn't followed by the pounding hooves of guilt. It should be possible. Imagination will do the work." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Unusual ant hills have been found near Corvallis by Oregon State University researcher Edward Landa.

"Ants in this area build low conical mounds," Landa said. But the structures he found "are enormous by comparison." They are about 20 inches high and 50 inches in circumference.

After investigation which failed to find any cylindrical bases that might have served as forms for the nests, Landa concluded that the ants built the structures without outside help. However, he found nothing unusual about the ants themselves.—*Eugene (Ore.) Daily Emerald.*

Just the same old self-reliant busybodies.

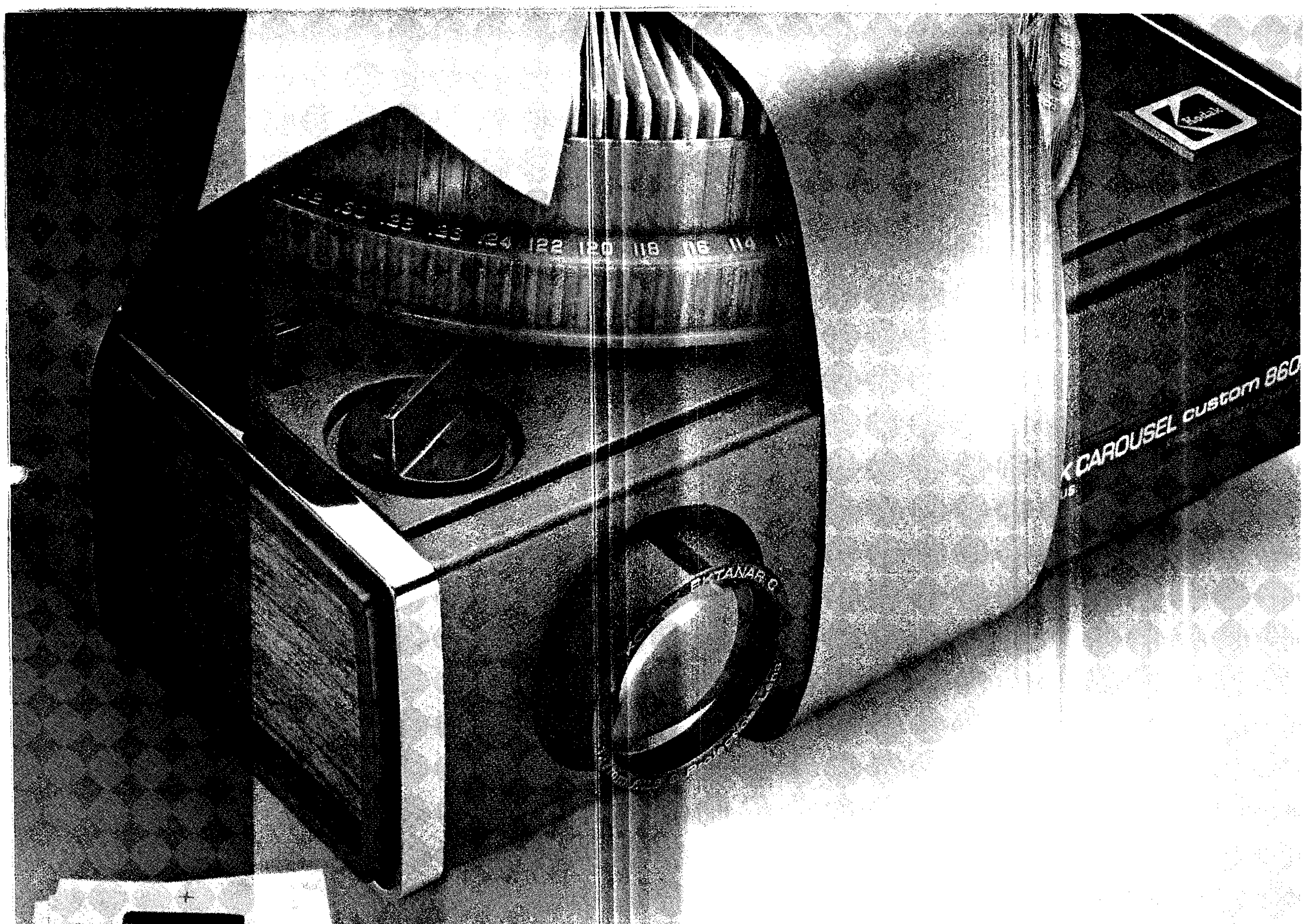
•

MOST TANTALIZING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Sacramento Bee*]

LONDON (UPI)—Michael and Susan Wrintmore borrowed $11,900 to buy their dream cottage in the village of Birdbrook and then unearthed a 100-year-old secret that turned it into a treasure house.

Michael, a 29-year-old aeronautical engineer, was digging up the stone floor of the thatch-roofed cottage when he discovered a rusty metal box.



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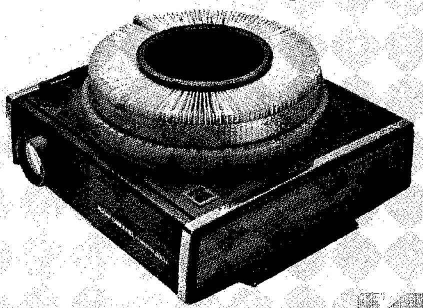

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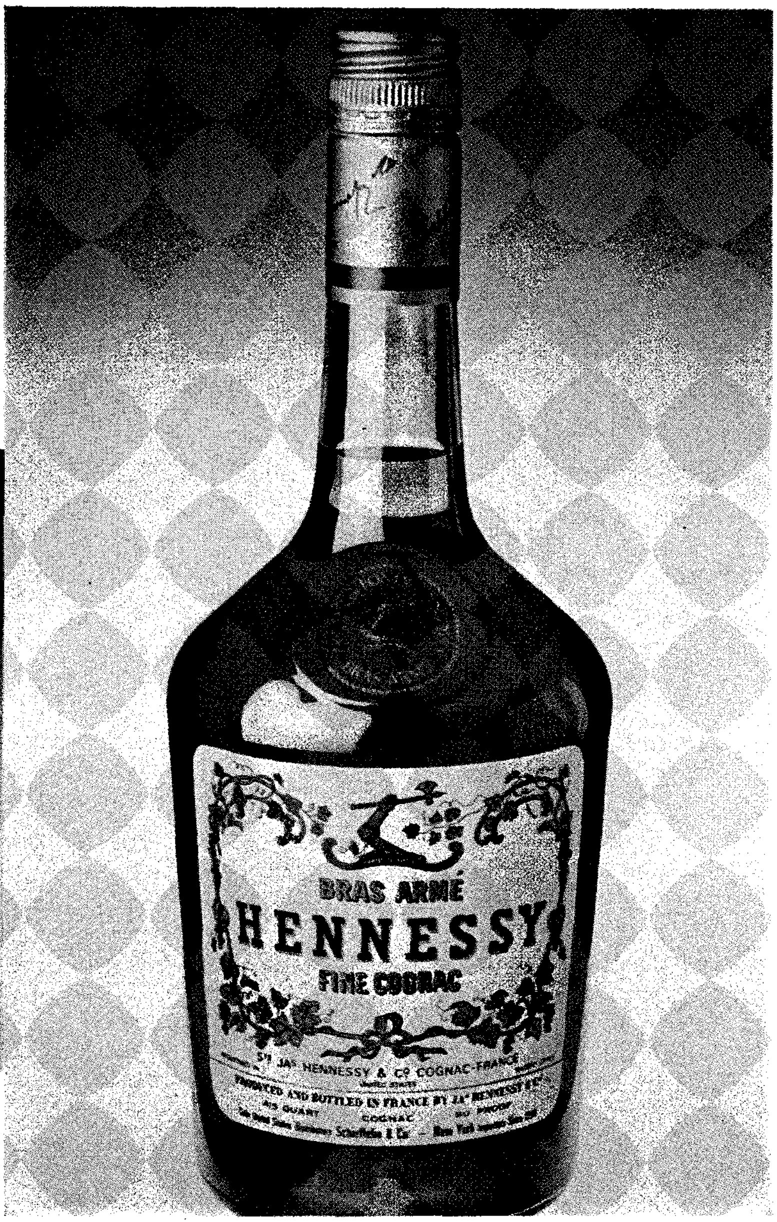
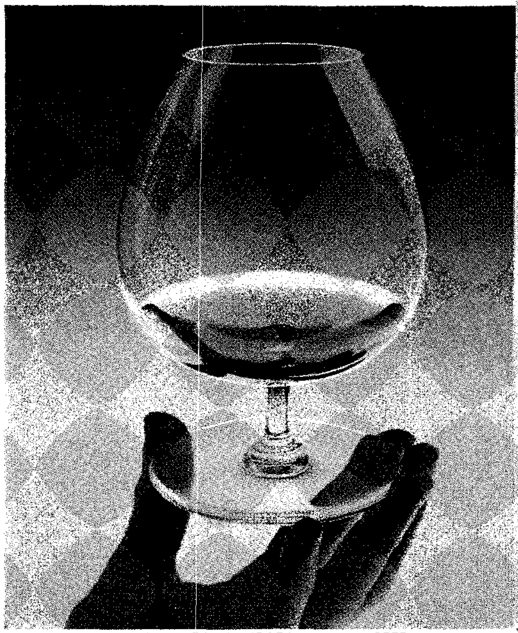

BRAS ARMÉ
HENNESSY
FINE COGNAC
Ste Jas HENNESSY & Co COGNAC-FRANCE



HENNESSY COGNAC, 80 PROOF, IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

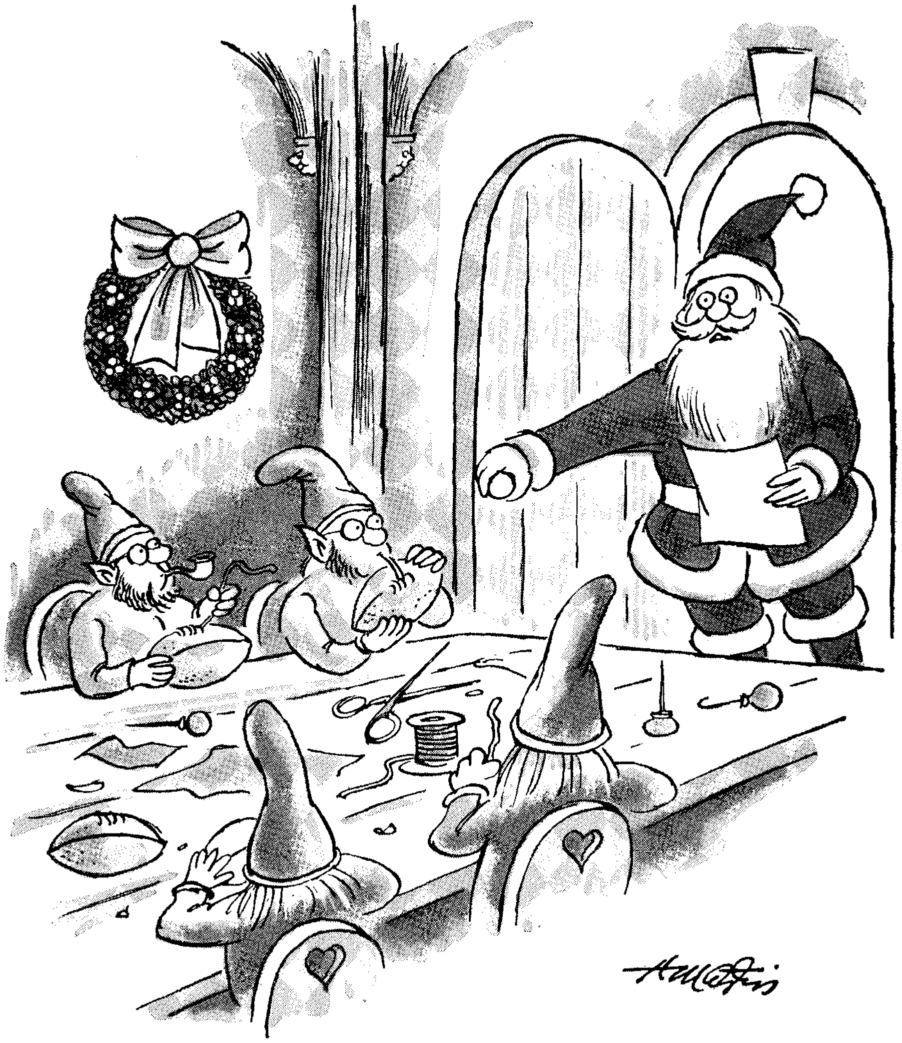
GIFTS FOR MEN

WE have never believed that men are difficult creatures, worthy only of a careless pair of socks at Christmas. On the contrary, we have always found them to be enthusiastic unwrappers of any gifts that demonstrate a modicum of affectionate thought about their particular tastes and ways of life. We suspect that men regard possessions more seriously than women do. They may not have time to browse constantly through stores, but they are passionate students of mail-order catalogues and advertisements, great weighers of decisions, eager dreamers of what wealth might secure, and happy acquirers of the goods that do enter their lives. We have been drawing up a Christmas list of our friends, and are happy to share our ideas.

WE'LL start with one friend who is especially easy to please. He sometimes goes cross-country skiing, and he lives on what is said to be the coldest and windiest corner of Manhattan's West Side. Kreeger & Sons, 16 West 46th Street, is the place for functional clothing to keep people warm outdoors and in. (When the proprietor advises local customers about warm clothing, he often ascertains whether they live on the frigid West Side or the softer East Side of town.) The store carries down jackets ($70) and vests ($42) from Sierra Designs of California, as well as Sierra's mountain parka of a highly water-repellent and wind-resistant cotton-and-nylon mixture called 60/40 cloth. The design of the parkas is exceptionally practical: seven roomy pockets, a jumbo front zipper, and Velcro-lapped bellows cuffs that will encompass bulky sweater cuffs or mittens. The basic parka, in navy or green, is $72; with an insulating lining of quilted goose down it is $113. Watch caps ($4.50), socks in three different lengths ($5.85 to $10), and crew-neck sweaters ($18.95) are all made of a heavy Norwegian yarn called Ragg. This is a mixture of wool with a little nylon, tightly loomed—to keep shape in and drafts out—in a gray-and-white flecked tweed mixture. Kreeger mufflers include some in downy camel's hair, for $22, and others in a choice of tartans—including Black Watch, Dress Gordon, and Hunting Fraser—in Scottish lamb's wool, for $12. Kreeger's chamois shirts are actually of a brushed cotton that gets even softer and more comfortable as it is washed; in a choice of red, navy, or tan, they are $12.95. Cotton-flannel shirts in plaid patterns are $9.95. For slightly less rugged sorties, and perhaps for wear under a sports jacket, there are crew- or V-neck sweaters in finely knit alpaca, colored either chestnut or a paler leaf brown; $45. And Kreeger's new storm coat, which may be worn over a business suit, is of tan poplin, with a goose-down-filled lining and a lustrous mouton collar; $125.

Macy's first-floor sports-shirt department has a wide array of wool-flannel shirts by Pendleton, in solid red, green, or navy, for $30, or in an assortment of plaids, for $32.50. Some of these, which might not pass a clan authenticity test, are in attractively muted combinations of coffees, blues, and grays. Nearby is a plain but cozy knee-length robe by Jonathan Richard, of Dublin, in a soft, lightly brushed wool fabric in a choice of wine, navy, or camel; $80. Close to the Seventh Avenue doors are some hand-sewn leather gloves from England which are laudably flexible and unbulky as well as snug. Saddle-colored hogskin gloves lined with knitted cashmere are $55; black or chestnut capeskin strapped at the inside wrist and lined with lamb's wool are $45.

But our friend's needs are more various than mere calorification. Like many other men we know, he sometimes cooks—either whipping up solo specialties or being pressed into onion-slicing or parsley-chopping duties as *sous-chef*. We looked somewhat bemusedly at a choice of ten different electrical food-processing machines on view in Macy's Cellar (they range in price from $49 to $225) and finally concluded that the plastic-based Cuisinart, for $165, is still the best investment. The International Wine Society has recently published "The World Wine Almanac," a comprehensive reference work by Grace Treber, available at Brentano's, Scribner, and Doubleday; $30 for two volumes. And we thought of getting this particu-

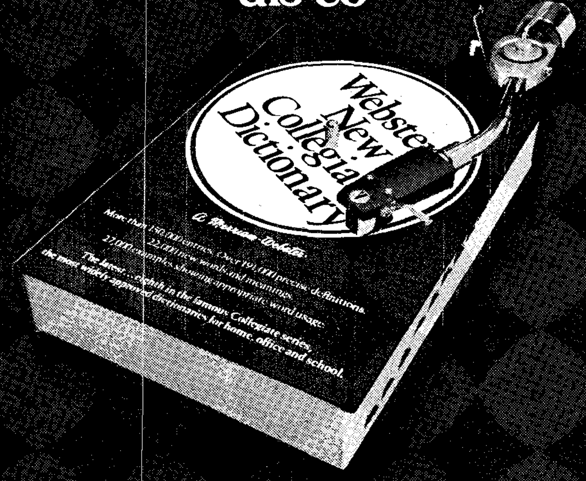


"Gentlemen, I want you to stop making footballs and start turning out soccer balls!"

lar man some champagne. Morrell & Company, 307 East 53rd Street, suggests branching out into the two new champagnes of Domaine Chandon, from California's Napa Valley; $8.99 a bottle.

We're sure that this friend, like a lot of other men, could use a pair of lightweight, 8 x 20, Zeiss binoculars; $199.50 from Rensay, 49 East 58th Street. (He'd probably use them to watch boats and flying geese go by his window overlooking the Hudson.) He'd also enjoy a pair of tickets to the opera for some date a month or so after the Christmas rush has passed. (The tickets might be secured by simply telephoning 580-9830.) And we're getting him a gift certificate for a ten-dollar annual membership in the library of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, which is at 20 West 44th Street, conveniently near his midtown office. (The subscription would be $5 if he were a senior citizen.) The library, founded in 1820, is one of the city's oldest, and it is housed in a comfortable, clublike eighteen-nineties building. It has an always immaculate collection of most of the latest releases in fiction and nonfiction, and its stacks are bulging with out-of-print works of biography, history, and fiction. There is, for example, the virtually complete œuvre of P. G. Wodehouse. It is not uncommon for subscribers to be issued early editions of nineteenth-century works which have not left the shelves in seventy-five years.

ANOTHER friend finished among the first four hundred of the thousands who ran in the recent New York City Marathon, and he—as well as those who are mere novice joggers—can always use some extra togs for circling the reservoir in Central Park. Probably the most functional attire for running in, even when temperatures fall toward zero, goes on in fairly thin-looking layers. The first layer might be an insulating T-shirt of cotton-and-polyester string made by Scandinavian Knitters, of Bennington, Vermont. It comes in a choice of colors which includes fire-engine red, and may be found, for $6.95, at Paragon, 867 Broadway (18th). The second and final layer of torso clothing for the runner comprises two layers in itself. The inner is absorbent cotton, and it is fused to an outer skin of a silk-and-wool mixture to form a long-sleeved T-shirt. This is made by Duofold, of Mohawk, New York, and may be found at Paragon, for $14.50. It comes only in an unbleached hue, but, because



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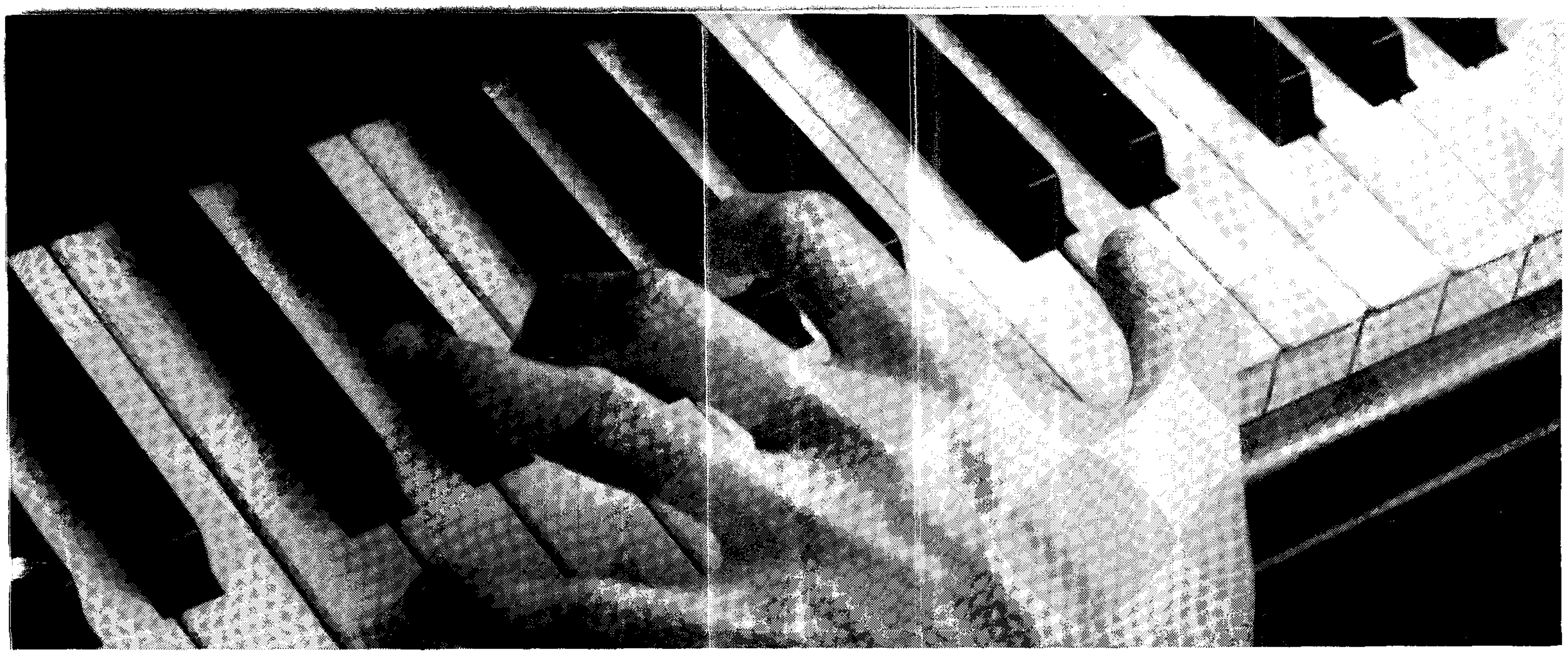

1

Piano lesson.

How well you play the piano depends very much on the piano you play. If there's genius built into your instrument, it's easier to bring out the same in you.

Much about a Steinway piano is genius, and has been patented for that very reason. Here are but 4 of over 100 different examples.

Accelerated Action (1) If the touch of a Steinway® seems somehow more responsive, if it reacts more quickly than other pianos, and produces more subtle shadings of tone, there's a reason. The patented Steinway Accelerated Action®

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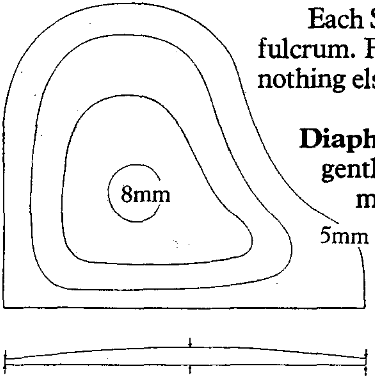

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Diaphragmatic Soundboard (2) The thickness of a Steinway's soundboard gently tapers from 8mm at the center to 5mm at the edge. The result is a freer, more unified vibration all across the board.

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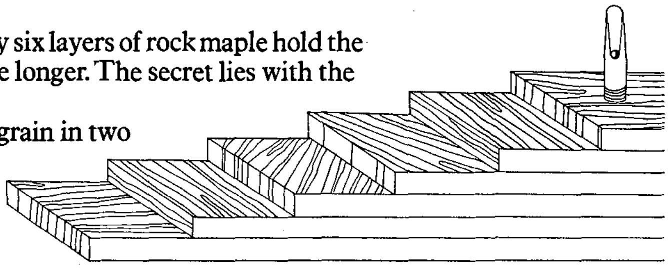
The grain of each layer is positioned at 45° to the grain in two other layers. As a result, the tuning pins are exposed from all sides to the tenacious grip of the maple's end-grain. And the tighter the grip, the longer the piano stays in tune.



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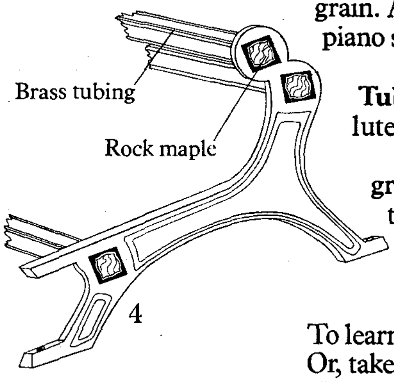

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Tubular Metallic Action Frame (4) This Steinway exclusive does absolutely nothing. Which is precisely what an action frame should do.

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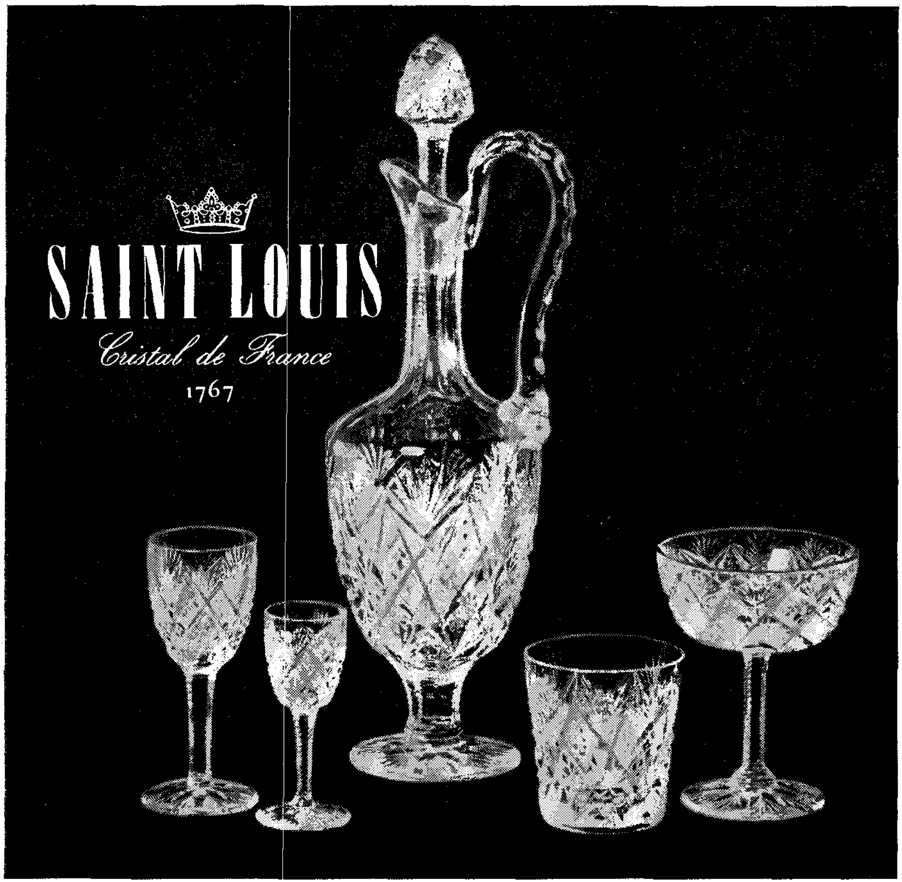
To learn more about the Steinway piano, visit a place where Steinways are sold. Or, take the correspondence course. Write to John H. Steinway, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Steinway & Sons



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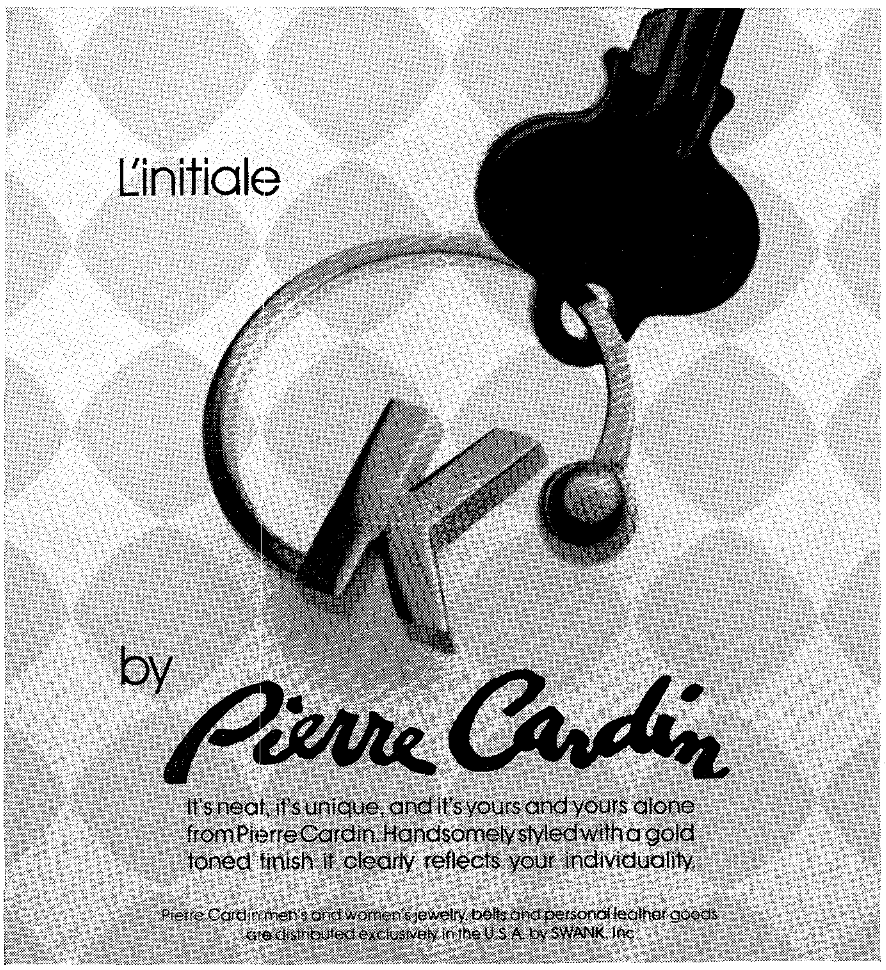

It's neat, it's unique, and it's yours and yours alone from Pierre Cardin. Handsomely styled with a gold toned finish it clearly reflects your individuality.

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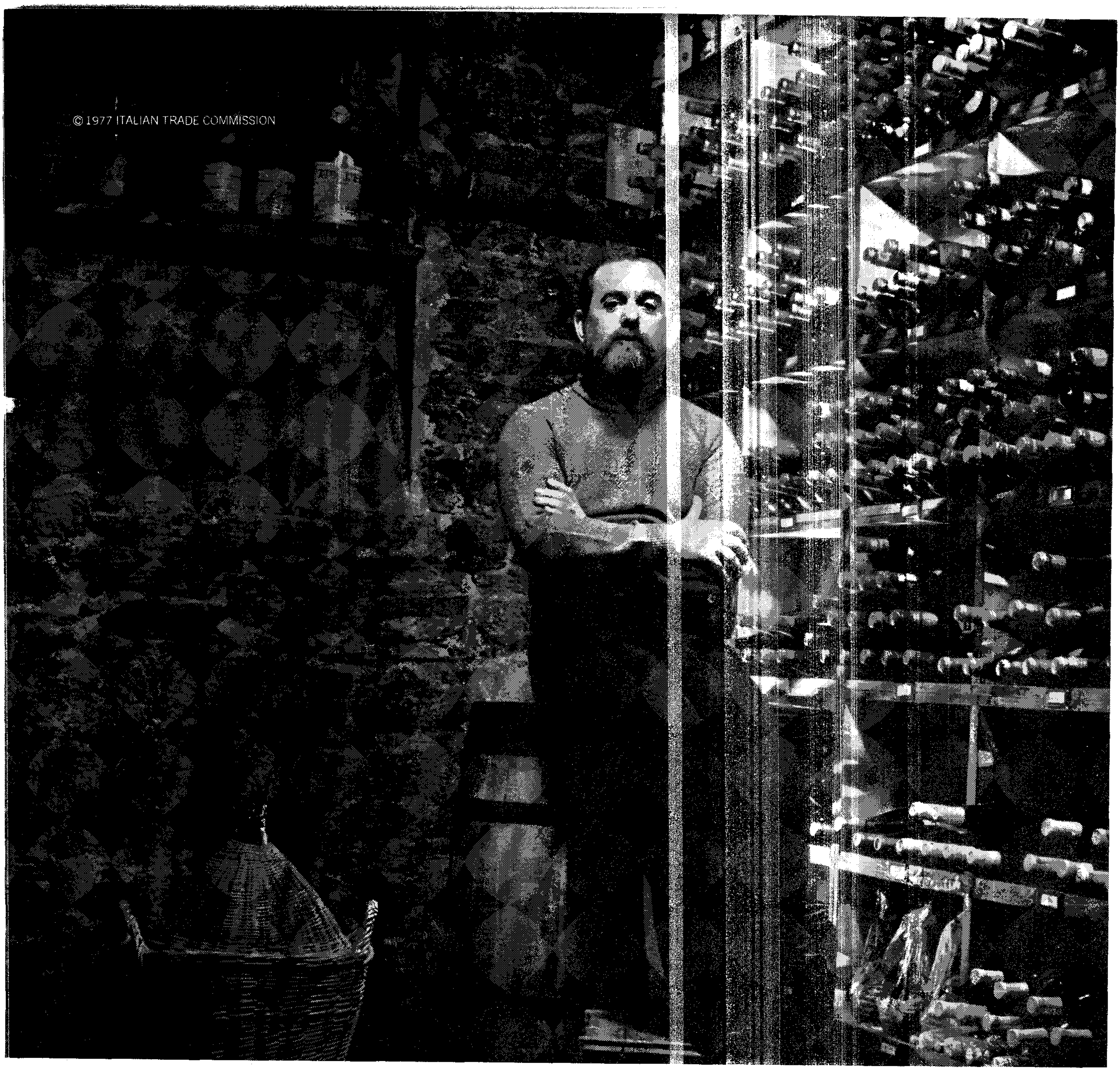
our friend is a stylish as well as a serious runner, we are considering dyeing it a more interesting color than long-johns natural. A third layer of insulation, for very inclement weather, might be a lightweight nylon shell from L.L. Bean, Freeport, Maine 04033. In navy, yellow, olive, or red; $12.75. Our runner's hands might sport a pair of fleece-lined cotton work gloves; $4.99. These are available in a choice of several colors at the Unique Clothing Warehouse, 718 Broadway (8th). Were our friend in need of running shoes, we would get him a gift certificate from The Athlete's Foot (which has four branches around town) or from Runner's World, 275 Seventh Avenue (26th). "The Complete Book of Running," by James F. Fixx, is published by Random House and is available in most every bookstore for $10. And a year's subscription to the monthly magazine *Runner's World* may be obtained by sending $9.50 to Box 2680, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

Being in such fine shape, this man is fond of fashionable clothes. We can readily picture him in any of the styles by the Italian designer Giorgio Armani which are on view in International Designer Furnishings on the main floor at Barney's, Seventh Avenue and 17th Street. There is an Armani shirt of ivory cotton with a texture that seems at first touch to be lightly brushed or perhaps handwoven and then, on close inspection, reveals itself to have a faint self check of drawn threads. The shirt is fly-fronted, and cut so full as to be blouson when tucked into pants. Two flapped pockets sit not on the chest, as one might expect, but at rib height; $45. Armani's sure and imaginative touch with colors and textures is also in evidence in some alpaca-and-wool sweaters. These have a feel (and a look) that falls between a cobweb and a loofah, and they mingle beautiful two-tone hazes of colors such as gray with beige, pale blue with gray, or gray with dusty red. There is a choice of two styles. One is a sweater that begins with a V neck, descends to rib height as a buttoned cardigan, then goes on in a plain sweater front to the hem; the other is a crew-neck sweater. Both versions are cut quite generously, involve delicately craftsmanlike cross-stitch or semi-cable knitting effects at the yoke, and cost $80. And Barney's fourth floor has examples of the work of the impressive young American designer Alexander Julian. Here are his suits and his soft-shouldered, narrow-hipped sports jackets in unusual Harris tweeds, which he commissions express-



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ROBERT JOFFREY
Choreographer, Oenophile

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"To this end, I realize what pleasures I can.

"A rewarding performance, even a beautifully executed passage, is cause for personal celebration.

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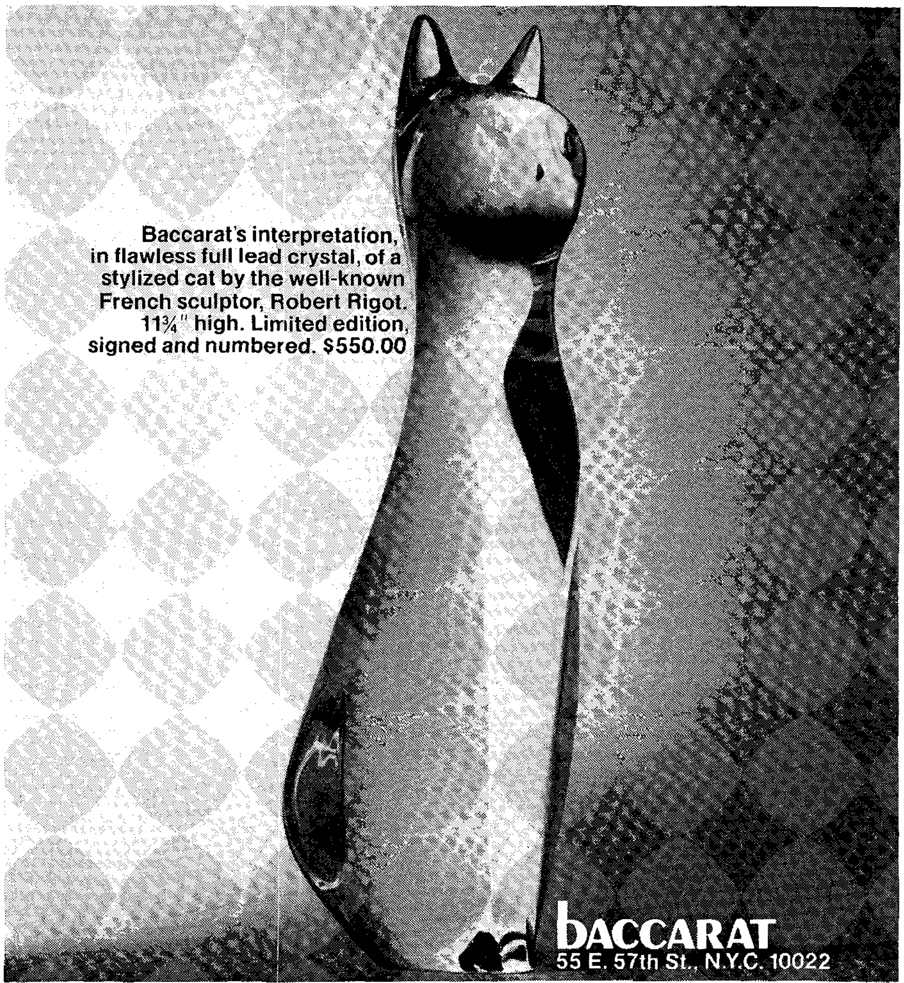

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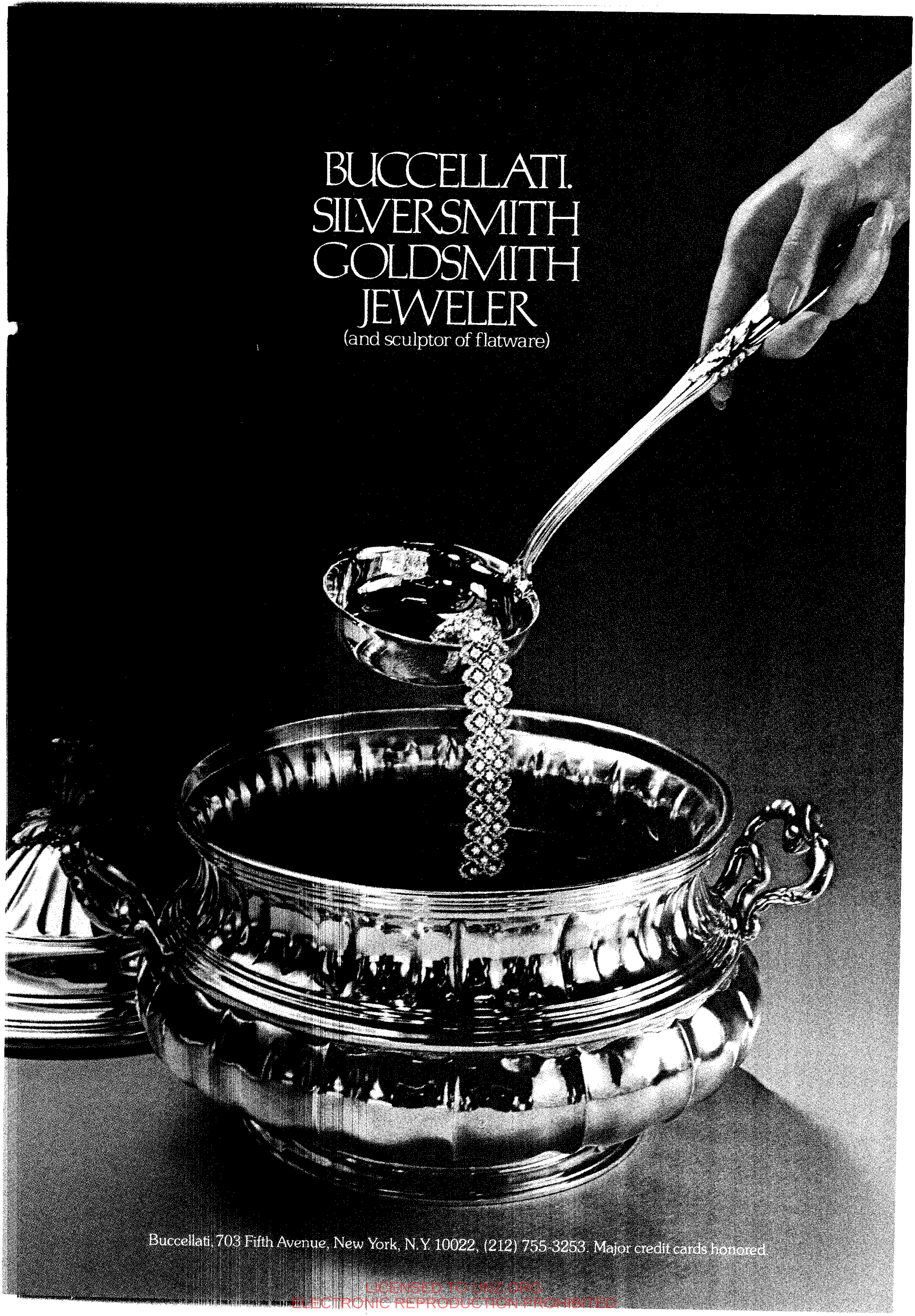
ly in Scotland, and here, too, are the sweaters he designs. A Shetland-wool sweater with a neckline called a cowl—it is actually more like a turtle with ample breathing space—comes in either gray or natural and is $47.50. A gray lamb's-wool semi-cardigan, designed by Julian for the firm of Pringle, has braided leather chestnut-colored buttons. There are triple sets of these at the sweater's cuffs: like those on all the designer's tailored jackets, they actually unbutton; $75.

Like many physical-fitness buffs, our friend favors light and wholesome foods, and he goes in for Chinese cooking. Kam Man Food Products, 200 Canal Street (Mott), has a wok of elegant shape and design, from Hong Kong. It has a scarlet baked-enamel exterior and lid and a Teflon lining, and it may be placed directly on a gas flame; $18.50. For those who do not have gas burners or sufficient space on them, there is an electric wok, of similar design, in Macy's Cellar; $30. Kam Man has the three basic sizes of Chinese cleavers, and so does Macy's Cellar, for around $10. (Anything remotely reflective of contemporary modes of cooking can be found in Macy's Cellar. Its cookbook department, which has three shelves of Chinese cookbooks to one shelf of French, was filled exclusively with browsing businessmen when we visited it recently.) This man rarely drinks spirits, preferring apéritifs and wine, but he enjoys an occasional glass of cognac. Morrell's has a special cognac called Camus Napoléon, for $24.52 a bottle. Because our friend is already living with a hundred and fifty foliage plants, we know he could handle some flowering ones. John Scheepers, the bulb merchants at 63 Wall Street, will ship a gift package of enough winter-flowering bulbs—from amaryllis and gloxinia to calla and Sprekelia—to fill sixteen pots; $57. A gift-wrapped package of twelve lily-of-the-valley pips, together with a planting medium and a pot, is $10.

ONE friend works hard for a big corporation in Manhattan all week and plays hard in the country all weekend. He plays tennis, paddle tennis, golf, and Ping-Pong; he makes models from kits and does chores around the house and yard; he tends his lawn, his rose beds, and his vegetable garden; he makes quenelles; and he goes for long walks and bicycle rides with his wife and dog. Kreeger has some warm sweaters that are stylish and practical for the early stages of a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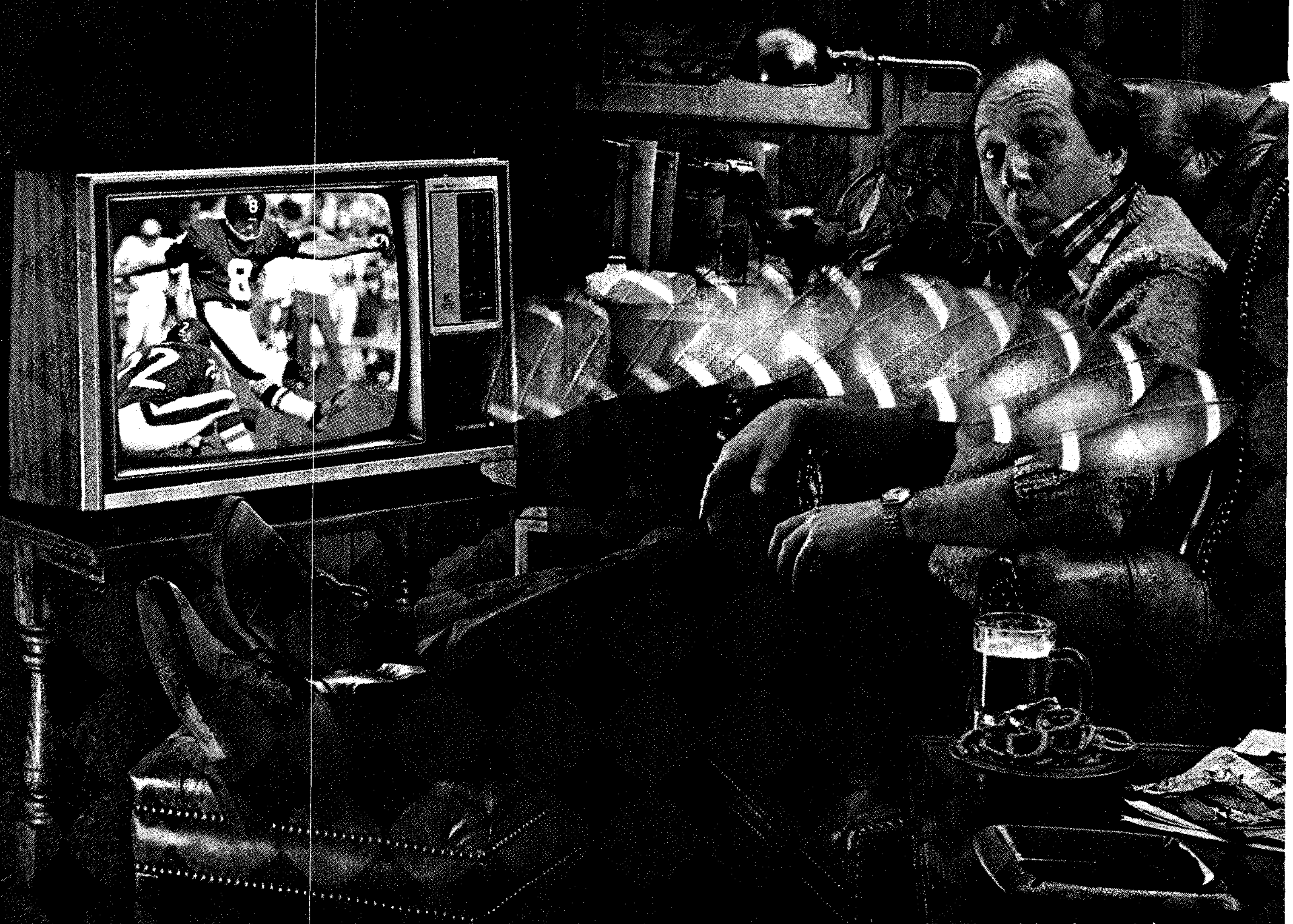
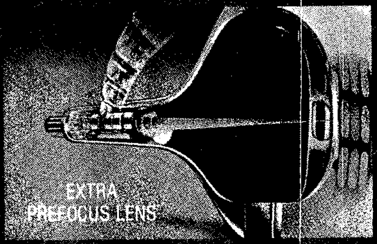


The team's set. Signals called. The ball is snapped. The kicker kicks. The ball sails through the uprights...and into your arms.



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paddle-tennis game as well as for more general cold-weather wear. They are made of the sturdy, hairy wool of the Swaledale breed of sheep, and are hand-loomed in that remote and chilly Yorkshire dale. They have crew necks, and come in a choice of bone, hunter green, navy, or gray. In a version with elbow patches of matching suède, they are $54; in one that adds suède shoulder patches in the manner of British Army sweaters, they are $55. Good for paddle tennis, too, are some particularly supple gloves in pale-tan leather, with removable wool-knit liners; $22.50, also at Kreeger. Charivari, 2339 Broadway (85th), has what is probably the most luxurious possible version of the classic crew-neck Shetland sweater. It is hand-framed—which means that it has no restrictive seams joining sleeves, back, and front but is knit in a continuous shape, as socks are. In a choice of brown, Saxe blue, beige, or camel, the sweater is $35.

To add interest to our friend's vegetable plot and his cooking pot, we are ordering some seeds for him from the J. A. Demonchaux Co. (225 Jackson Street, Topeka, Kansas 66603). This firm specializes in French varieties for the gourmet gardener, and can provide the germ of such delicious eating as haricots verts, petits pois, flageolets, mâche (corn salad), cornichons, merveille-des-quatre-saisons lettuce, and a variety of herbs. Most of the seeds are fifty cents a packet, but beans and peas are slightly more. This man is a gadget lover as well as a gardener, and we have found what must be the aristocrat of soil testers, to enable him to determine the pH level of his lawns and beds. The device is cone-shaped, with a point to stick in the ground and a needled dial on its flat top. Its design and a chestnut-colored leather case make it the most elegant of soil testers: it is also among the simplest and most efficient. It is sold, together with a book about soils for the home gardener, at the shop in the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx, New York 10458. The price for the pair is $62.50, and, if you want to send for it, there is a charge of $1.50 for postage and handling. Hoffritz, which has a number of branches around town, is a great source of gadgets. A pedometer, to let a man know how far he has walked or jogged, is $13; a map-measurer, to roll across a map and let him know the distance involved before he sets off, is $12.50; a box-shaped black leather tape measure that also serves as a level and as a means of marking circles is $16.50; and an illuminating magnifying glass,

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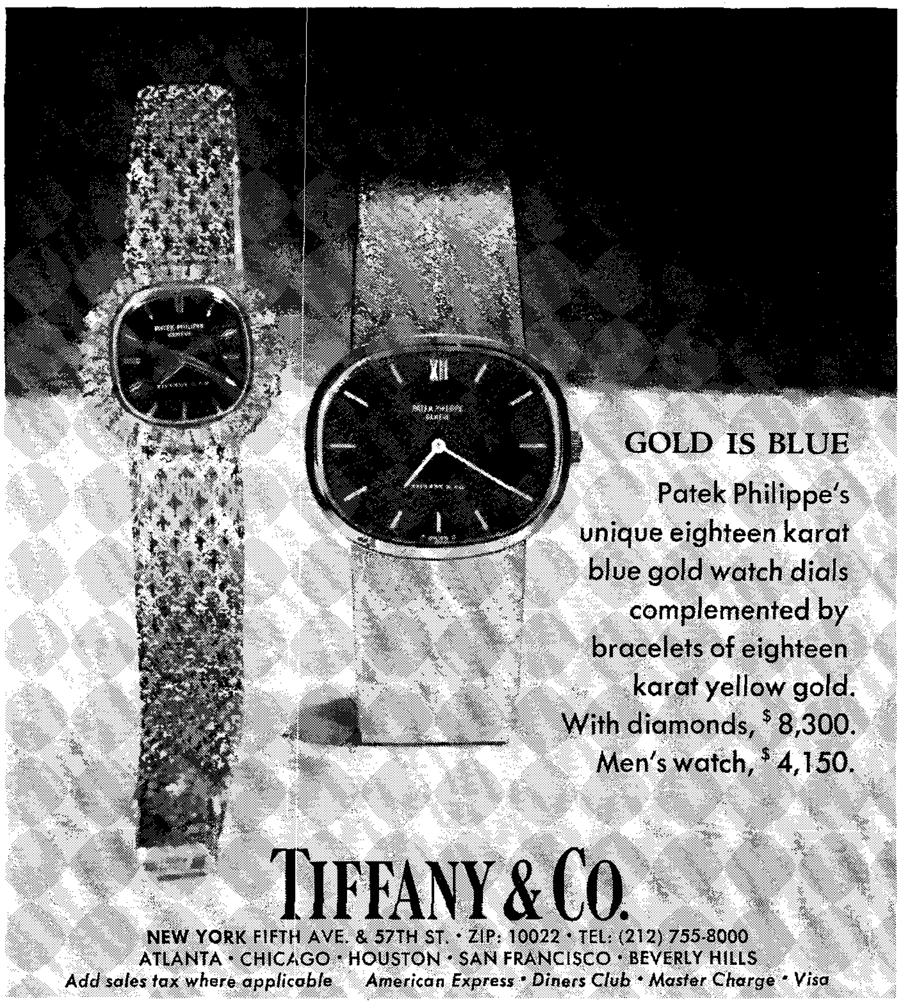

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Large, as shown, 1750.00. Fur Salon,
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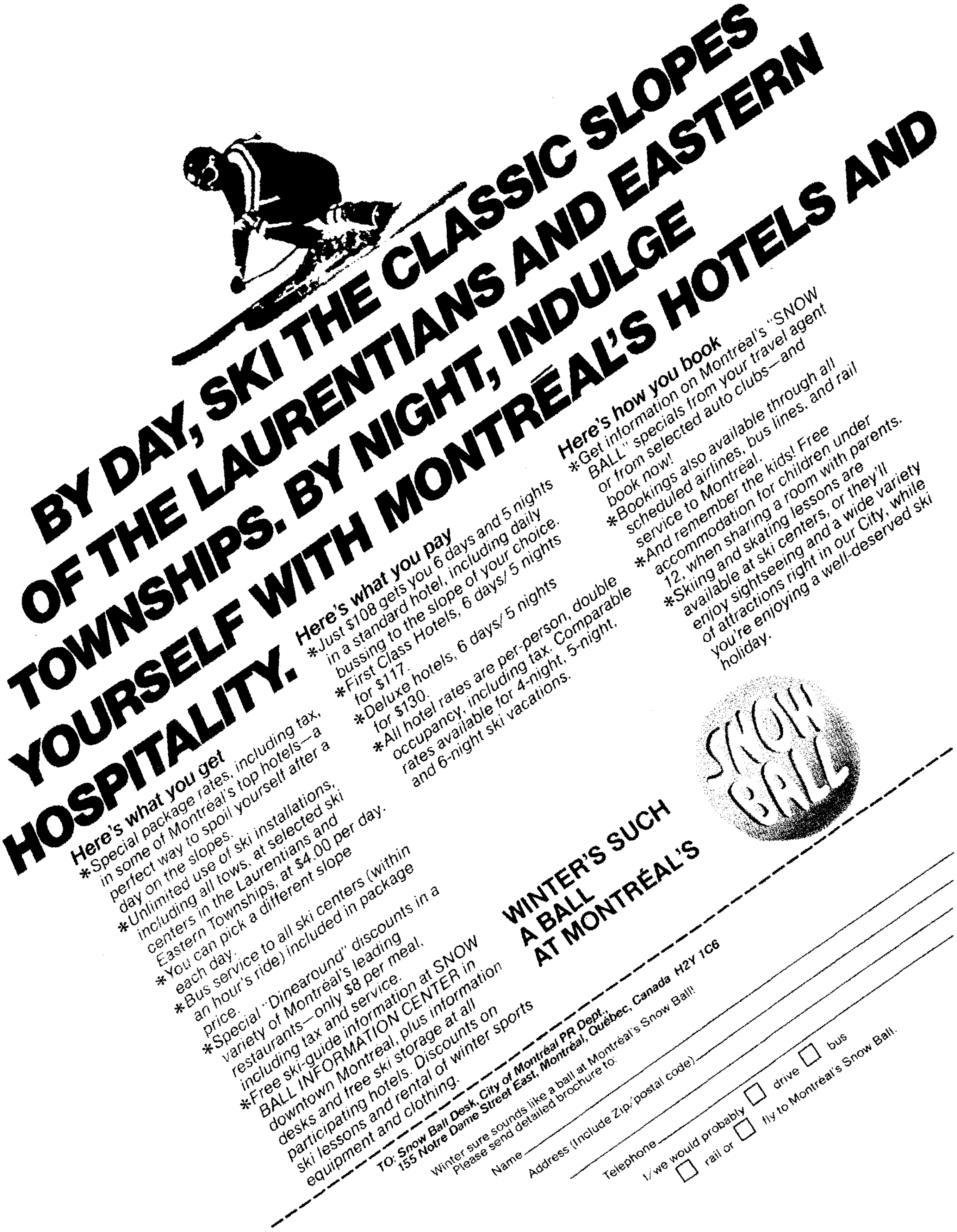
for reading maps, contact sheets, or theatre programs, is $6. And a humble but practical new gadget comes from Stanley Tools. It is called the Handyshear and is an eight-inch-long pair of shears with canary-colored plastic handles and stainless-steel blades strong enough to cut leather, shrubs, lobsters, and even light metals; $3.69 at Baumrin Brothers, 303 West 10th Street, among other hardware stores.

Coach Leatherware, whose products have a sympathetic feel that, like the feel of baseball gloves, gets even better with maturity and wear, makes a handsome handled portfolio that measures eleven and a half inches by seventeen and has a two-and-a-half-inch gusset. B. Altman has it, in a choice of light brown, dark brown, or black, for $74. And Barney's has a range of rugged and manly-looking luggage made of belting leather that starts out in the color of new harness but is sure to darken and look better and better as it gets battered about through the years. A three-suit garment bag with a mail-pouch pocket concealing two roomy compartments for shirts and things is $250.

The Tycoon/Fin-Nor spinning reel is the sort of luxury a fisherman might not get around to buying for himself, but it could scarcely fail to improve his luck. We were going to pop into Abercrombie & Fitch for it, but that store, sadly, is in its final weeks of business. We've tracked the reel down to Capitol Fishing Tackle, 218 West 23rd Street, though, where the No. 4 reel, for surf-casting with a twelve-to-twenty-pound-test line, is $200. The shop called Darts Unlimited, 30 East 20th Street, has a wide array of professional-quality English darts and dart boards. The Nodor board—a best-seller among the proprietors of English pubs—is made of sisal "bristle" and has wire section-dividers and numbers; $40. For serious cooks, a sturdy cotton apron from England has capacious pockets, and comes in navy-and-white butchers' stripes; it is to be found near the Chinese cookbooks in Macy's Cellar, for $8. Men who sometimes have to cope with the problems of hotel laundering, and many of those who stay home, too, might appreciate an oxford-cloth button-down shirt by Gant. This comes in standard oxford-cloth colors, with a collar deep enough for a fairly wide tie, and it is made of a polyester-and-cotton mixture that never needs ironing or looks as though it did, even when it comes directly from the washing machine. It is $19.50 at Altman's, among other

Big Package Discounts with Montréal's Snow Ball Combination



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Here's what you get

*Special package rates, including tax, in some of Montréal's top hotels—a perfect way to spoil yourself after a day on the slopes.

*Unlimited use of ski installations, including all tows, at selected ski centers in the Laurentians and Eastern Townships, at $4.00 per day. You can pick a different slope each day.

*Bus service to all ski centers (within an hour's ride) included in package price.

*Special "Dinearound" discounts in a variety of Montréal's leading restaurants—only $8 per meal, including tax and service.

*Free ski-guide information at SNOW BALL INFORMATION CENTER in downtown Montréal, plus information desks and free ski storage at all participating hotels. Discounts on ski lessons and rental of winter sports equipment and clothing.

Here's what you pay

*Just $108 gets you 6 days and 5 nights in a standard hotel, including daily bussing to the slope of your choice.

*First Class Hotels, 6 days/5 nights for $117.

*Deluxe hotels, 6 days/5 nights for $130.

*All hotel rates are per-person, double occupancy, including tax. Comparable rates available for 4-night, 5-night, and 6-night ski vacations.

Here's how you book

*Get information on Montréal's "SNOW BALL" specials from your travel agent or from selected auto clubs—and book now!

*Bookings also available through all scheduled airlines, bus lines, and rail service to Montréal.

*And remember the kids! Free accommodation for children under 12, when sharing a room with parents.

*Skiing and skating lessons are available at ski centers, or they'll enjoy sightseeing and a wide variety of attractions right in our City, while you're enjoying a well-deserved ski holiday.

SNOW BALL

WINTER'S SUCH A BALL AT MONTRÉAL'S

TO: Snow Ball Desk, City of Montréal PR Dept.,
155 Notre Dame Street East, Montréal, Québec, Canada H2Y 1C6

Winter sure sounds like a ball at Montréal's Snow Ball!
Please send detailed brochure to:

Name

Address (Include Zip/postal code)

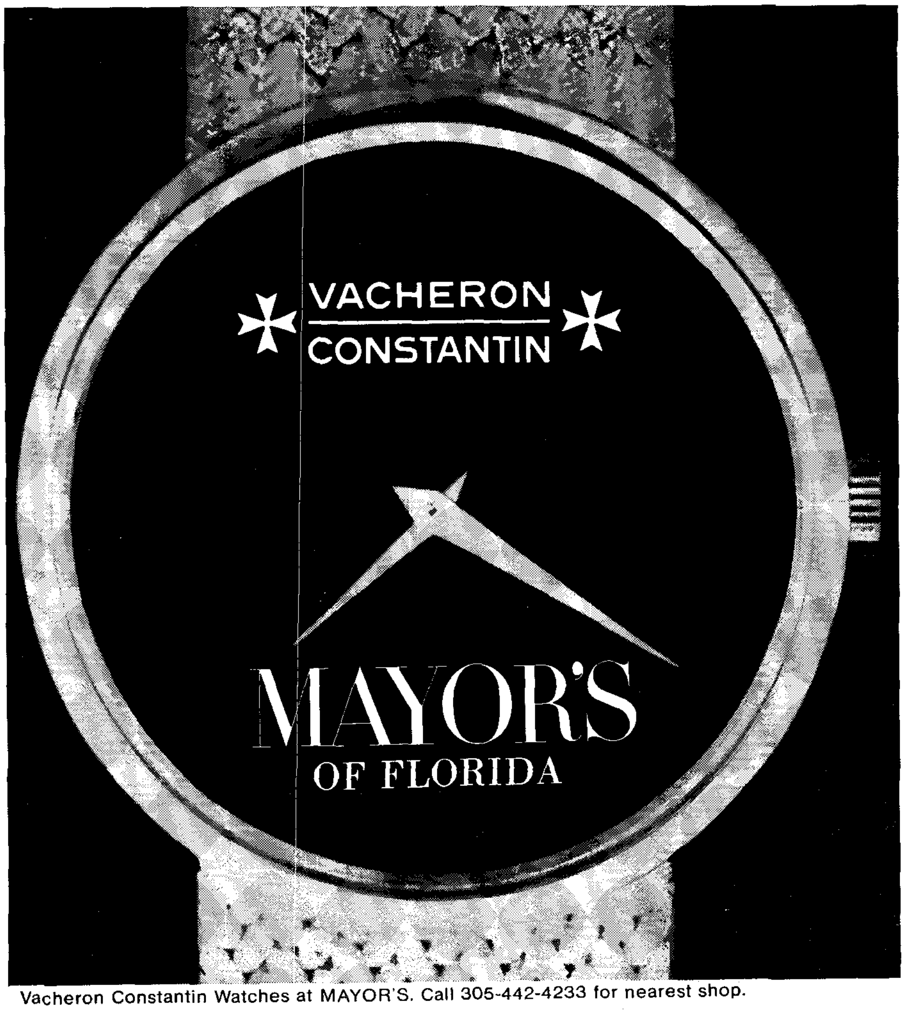
Telephone

I/we would probably ☐ drive ☐ bus
☐ rail or ☐ fly to Montréal's Snow Ball.

Alan Paine

The BARTON, lordly cardigan of 4-ply camel hair. Made by Alan Paine in England. About $95.00. The companion V-neck pullover, ASHFORD. About $72.50.

Paul Stuart, New York. Marshall Field, Chicago. Nordstrom, Seattle. For other fine stores, write Frank L. Savage Inc., 17 E. 37 St., NY 10016.



Vacheron Constantin Watches at MAYOR'S. Call 305-442-4233 for nearest shop.

places. With all his activities, our friend finds time to read. He says that one of the best presents he has ever received was a basket stuffed with a grab bag of small gifts including a dozen paperback books, which he finds handy for taking on business trips. He happens to be an Anglophile, so when he is at home in the country he might enjoy perusing the glossy pages of the magazine *Country Life*. This has many photographs illustrating articles that are written with gentlemanly ease on subjects ranging from birds, moths, and cattle to antiques, gardens, and sporting pursuits. There are also the famous real-estate advertisements, with illustrations of craggy Scottish hunting lodges and Palladian stately homes in Wiltshire. An annual subscription may be arranged by sending $94 to British Publications, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, New York 11101.

FOR a man who lives in a penthouse, we're getting a chestnut pan ($4, from Hoffritz), so that he can roast chestnuts in his fireplace, and a rather special watering can for use on his terrace and in his hothouses. The can comes from Mädderlake, 816 Madison Avenue (68th) and 131 Seventh Avenue South (10th), a shop whose stock of plants, trees, flowers, and horticultural accessories is always rather special. (One of its owners is a former architect, and the firm deliberately seeks out plants with unusual forms or in uncommon varieties, and it delights in tricking nature by displaying plants that are half a year out of season.) The watering can is a classically shaped model of galvanized iron, with a shiny brass rose, or spray. A little medallion, like a letter seal, has a pattern of twining leaves and the maker's name—the old firm of Haws Elliott, of Walsall, England. A hefty two-gallon size is $50, a one-gallon size $40. Our friend already has a papyrus plant and the conditions to grow it in, so we're mulling over some of Mädderlake's other choices of unusual plants for indoor water gardens—perhaps water lettuce, floating ferns, or cypress. Among the interesting shapes and species in stock when we dropped in recently were a crown-of-thorns plant that had been trained for some twenty years to grow in the sort of skeletal globe shape that a statue of Atlas might hold aloft ($500) and a rare clerodendron, with a canopy of straplike dark-green leaves sheltering dripping, grapelike clusters of white flowers that resemble moth orchids ($45). This man is an orchid lover, so

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you wear.

Finally there's a pen designed to take its rightful place in your wardrobe.

Targa by Sheaffer.

Like a good suit, it has trim lines. Like a good shirt, it has fine details. Like good jewelry, it has a beautiful finish.

And like any good fashion, it has an uncompromising amount of attention paid to the making of every line. Every detail. And every centimeter of it.

Targa comes as a ballpoint, fountain pen, marker, pencil or gift set. All refillable. From $10.00.

Look for it in the best dressed hands this season.

Targa by Sheaffer

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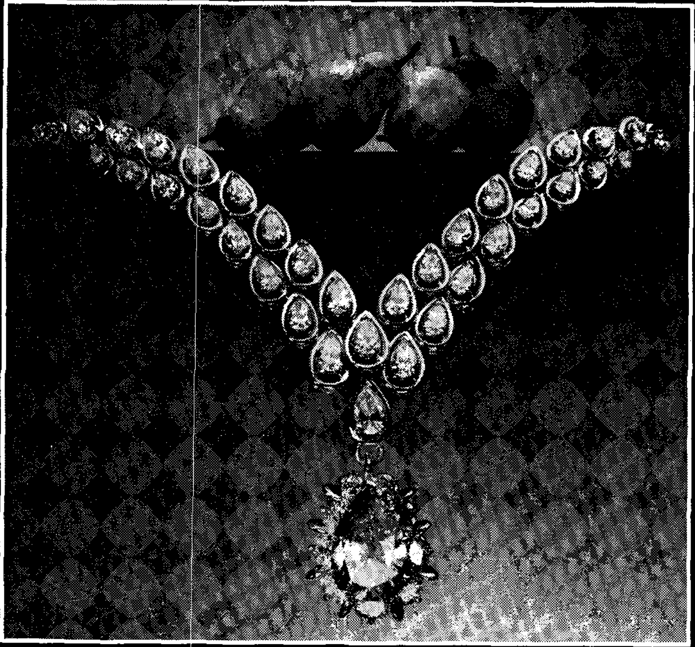
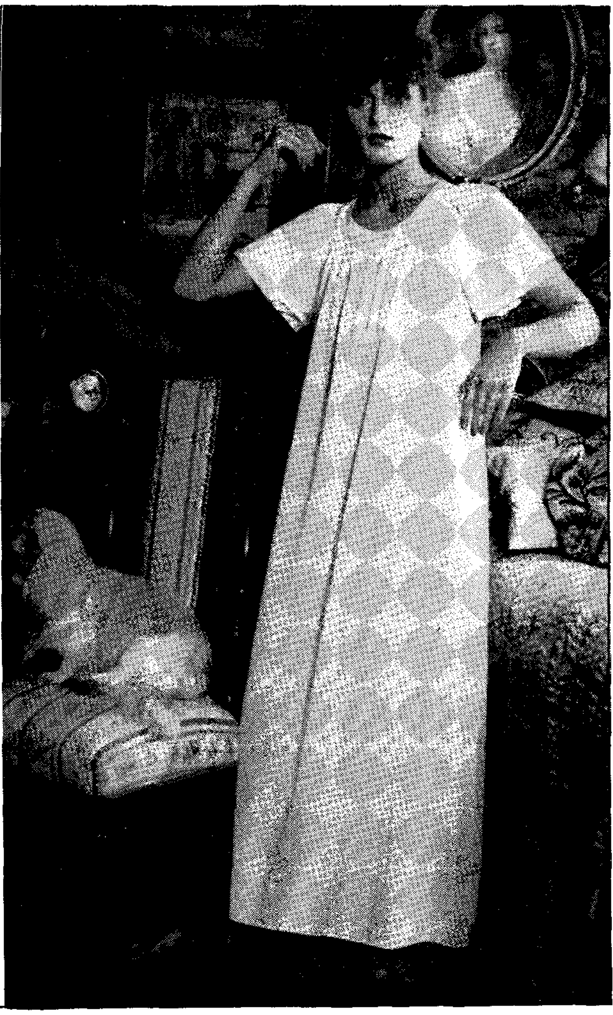
Sheaffer Eaton Division of Textron Inc



She never could resist pears.

Eighty pear-shaped diamonds totaling 16.55 carats, beautifully set in an 18K gold necklace. The detachable pendant, a flawless 6.81 carat champagne diamond pear, clips onto the necklace or snaps into the ring mount. Can be viewed at the downtown store only. Necklace, $36,000* Ring/pendant, $44,000* Tempting.

SHREVE & CO.
200 Post Street, San Francisco, 421-2600 *Sales tax not included.



BROWNSTONE STUDIO

HAPPY DREAMS—

in a pretty,sleeping beauty of a nightgown by Character. Soft and full in nylon tricot with delicate hand-embroidered flowers on its satin-banded neckline. Satin placket, too, and fluttery cape sleeves. Palest cream or yellow. P(6-8), S(10-12), M(14-16), L(18). $26.00.

"UPSTAIRS"
the Brownstone Boutique
on the 22nd floor at
342 Madison Ave. Dept. 53
New York, N.Y. 10017

If you prefer shopping from home, write or call for our **FREE HOLIDAY BROCHURE**

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800-221-2468

Add $1.00 handling.
N.Y. residents add sales tax.
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we're going to send away for something spectacular from Kensington Orchids, Kensington, Maryland 20795. Patrons of this nursery, which specializes in cattleyas, cymbidiums, and lady's-slipper orchids, have rarely known failure with the plants it ships as buds-in-sheath. Cymbidiums are usually around $25, and their miniature forms start at $15. Since he can supply all the basic conditions for growing various orchids—cold and bright, warm and bright, and warm and dark—a fine present might be an orchid shipped every month for a year, so that he would have something in bloom continually, and, with luck, in subsequent years, too. Such a gift would be about $250. The New York Botanical Garden shop has an up-to-date edition of "Home Orchid Growing," by Rebecca Tyson Northen, for $22.50. The Canterbury Book Shop, 1045 Lexington Avenue (74th), has a civilized stock and ambience and also some rare editions from the Basilisk Press, in London. A beautiful volume called "Tulips and Tulipomania" covers the lively history of the tulip from the sixteenth century to the present, and comes with eight large unbound prints of the flowers. The store has three copies of the set, which is priced at $590.

This friend could use a good electric juice extractor—$110 to $190 from World Health Center East, 1431 Third Avenue (81st)—and also a machine to make real Italian espresso or cappuccino coffee. Zabar's, 2245 Broadway (81st), has the Cremina, a Swiss-made machine of distinguished design. It brews up to eighteen demitasse cups, and is made of stainless steel with baked-enamel sides, in a choice of brown, orange, gold, or red, with a pull-down black handle; $225. Tiffany has specially commissioned from the Casio company a combined calculator and alarm clock. This measures five and a half inches by two and a half, and performs subsidiary functions, too, by serving as a calendar, a stopwatch, and a record of the day of the week for any given date in the twentieth or twenty-first century; $55.

Barney's now has a range of Sulka dress shirts, in fine cottons and with such luxurious details as single-needle tailoring and real mother-of-pearl buttons. A French-cuffed shirt is elegant in dove gray, pale blue, or faint tan, striped with a thin white line and in a delicate chevron weave; $30. The Piattelli corner of Barney's has shirts styled like dress shirts but with a greater than usual informality by way of casual

Wedgwood Irish Crystal

Wedgwood Dark Blue Runnymede Bone China and Old Galway Irish Crystal.

The same unhurried skills that make our china famous, make our crystal fabulous.

Wedgwood® tableware—the finest of its kind for over 200 years—has an Irish Crystal so magnificent, it's carrying the family name. It is, perhaps, the best ever to come out of Ireland.

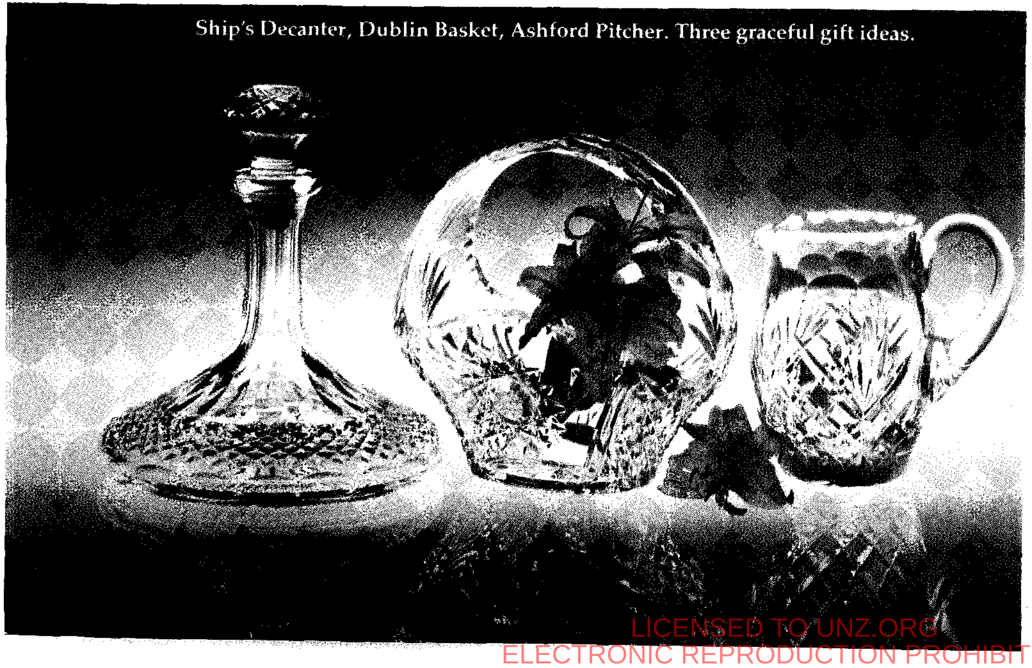
Each piece is blown by mouth, and meticulously cut by hand, exactly the way it's been done for generations. In the ancient city of Galway, time passes slowly. So slowly, it takes days to craft a single goblet.

When a piece is finished, it is repeatedly examined for flaws by skillful Irish hands and knowing Irish eyes. So if you purchase—or give—a piece of Wedgwood Irish Crystal, you know it is the best. Or it wouldn't have our name.

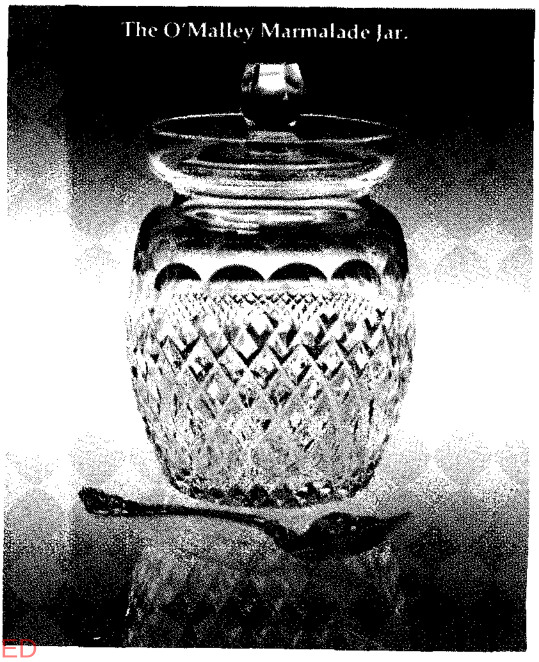
Stemware in 13 graceful patterns from $17 to $42 a goblet. Countless gift accessories from $10 to $650. At selected fine stores. Send for free brochure.

Wedgwood
Irish Crystal
from Galway

41 Madison Avenue, New York 10010



Ship's Decanter, Dublin Basket, Ashford Pitcher. Three graceful gift ideas.



The O'Malley Marmalade Jar.

EASTERN
SERVATIONS
"If you don't like the way we treat you on the phone, we know what you'll do."
Frank Borman, President, Eastern Airlines

It's understanding how passengers think that's helping us get more of them.

When you call Eastern Airlines Reservations, we know you want pleasant helpful service, and we know you're in a hurry.

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Your call to Eastern Reservations is our first chance to take care of you, and that's exactly what we're going to do.

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Reservations is a big job. It's not just to sell seats. It's to answer questions about airfares, hotels, car rentals. It's to get you on the right flight even if we have to put you on another airline.

Simply said, Eastern Reservations people are there to help you.

It's this kind of attitude that helped win us 2 million more passengers last year than the year before.

Look, there are a lot of airlines out there you could fly besides Eastern. So if we want you to fly Eastern all the time, and we do, we have to earn our wings every day.

Every day. On the phone. At the airport. On the plane.

"The Wings of Man" is a registered service mark of Eastern Air Lines, Inc.

EASTERN
THE WINGS OF MAN

colors, patterns, and weaves. A wool blend with a tiny brown-and-white dog's-tooth is $35; a white cotton with a discreet blue check has hand-sewn buttonholes, and is $65. Piattelli's silk neckties are always sybaritic, in a tasteful way. A glen-plaid self pattern quietly textures silk crêpe in a choice of ten colors; $17.50. And the Kilgour, French, & Stanbury counter has cashmere sweaters in a choice of V, turtle-, or crew necks. They are in an uncommon and substantial weight of two-ply cashmere, and come in oxford gray, vicuña color, Bordeaux, black, pale blue, or chocolate, for $80.

ALSO on our list is a family man who lives in the suburbs. He already has the Peterson field guides—the bird-watcher's most serious form of reference—but we've been looking at the new Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Birds, and we're going to get him the volume for the Eastern region, to supplement the Petersons. The book, like its companion, Western-region, guide, is distinguished from most other field guides by the use of color photographs (five hundred and eighty-four of them in this volume) instead of paintings, and it is a delight to look at in the abstract as well as for identification. The books are sized for the pocket of a parka, have flexible green plastic covers, and are published by Knopf; $7.95. (They are so popular that they may be hard to find at the moment. But Knopf is shipping out more copies, which will be available in many bookstores in a matter of weeks.) The new, good-looking, lightweight 35-mm. camera by Minox is described by the makers as being no bigger than a pair of sunglasses, and it takes sharp photographs, with unusual depth of field, of nature or of anything else. It may be found at many camera stores, including the several branches of Camera Barn, where it is $169.95. People familiar with an amateur photographer's needs and his make of camera can always please him by getting him some extra lenses—a wide-angle one, for instance, or a telescopic one.

Smolin Prints & Posters, 1215 Lexington Avenue (82nd), has a wide variety of memorabilia, much of it suitable for giving to men. Cassette tapes of old radio shows are $5; a collection of sheet music of popular songs from 1890 to 1940 is mostly in the one-to-two-dollar range; campaign buttons from Franklin Roosevelt onward are from $3 to $10; sporting prints are from $2.50 on up; old movie posters are $15, with smaller lobby

"What I didn't know about tonearms could fill a book."

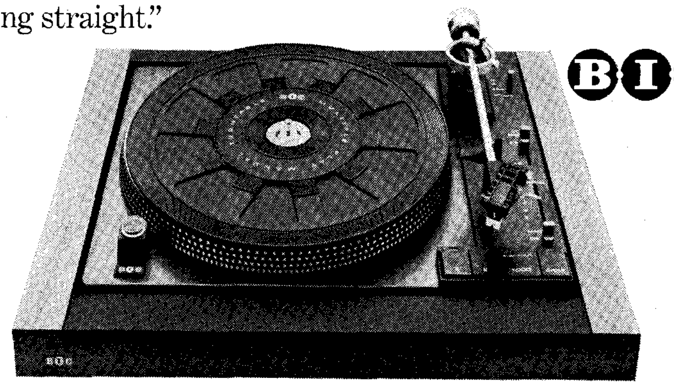
"So naturally I was influenced by the gossips who said a tonearm on a manual turntable has to be better.

But I've always been curious, and when I looked them all over I found that the B·I·C tonearm is better in many ways than some of the gimmicked-up tonearms on manual units. It tracks a SHURE V-15 MK III perfectly at ¾ gram and will do the same with any high performance cartridge.

There are engineering reasons. But I'm no engineer. All I know is that when you lift it, the straight B·I·C arm isn't as heavy as flashy chrome plated 'S' arms. (Lighter is better I'm told.) And it doesn't have any counterweights hung off it to compensate for the imbalance created by the curve in an 'S' arm.

The published figures say the B·I·C tonearm's tracking error is so low that for practical purposes it's not there at all.

No more 'S' tone arms for me. From now on I'm going straight."



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"BEE-EYE-CEE" TURNTABLES SELL FROM ABOUT $85 TO ABOUT $289. FOR DETAILS AND SPECS GET OUR "5 TURNTABLES" FOLDER FROM YOUR DEALER OR WRITE US, B·I·C, WESTBURY, L.I., NY 11590.
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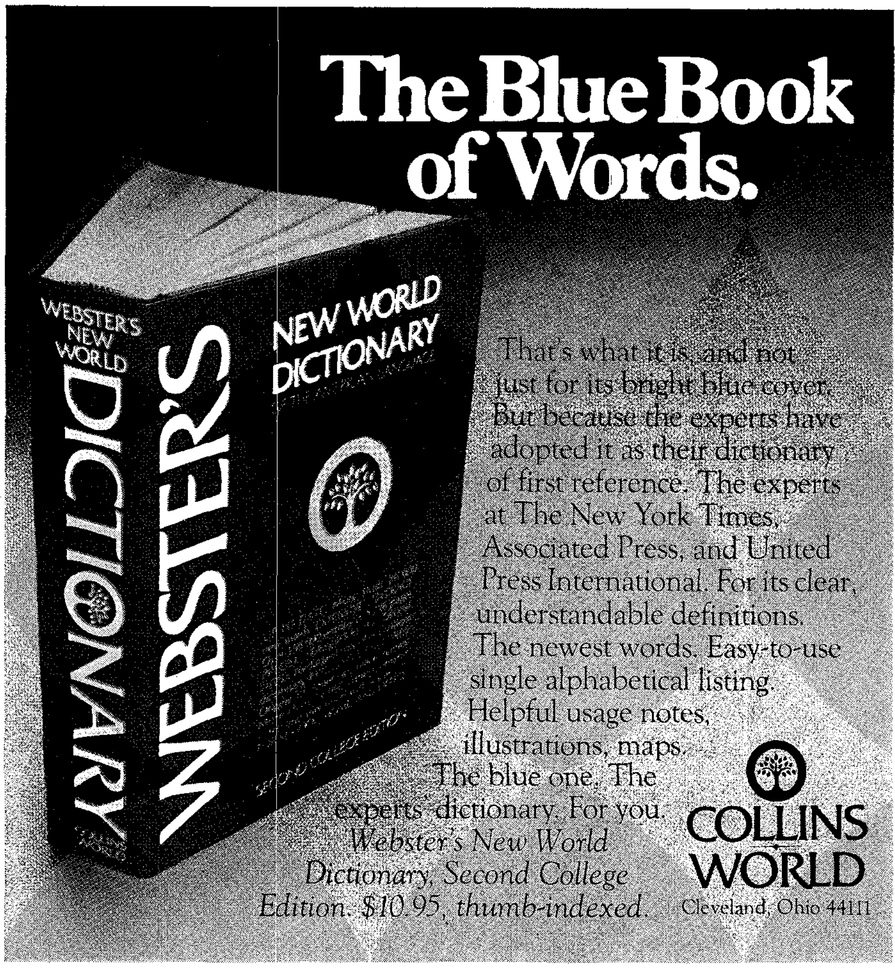
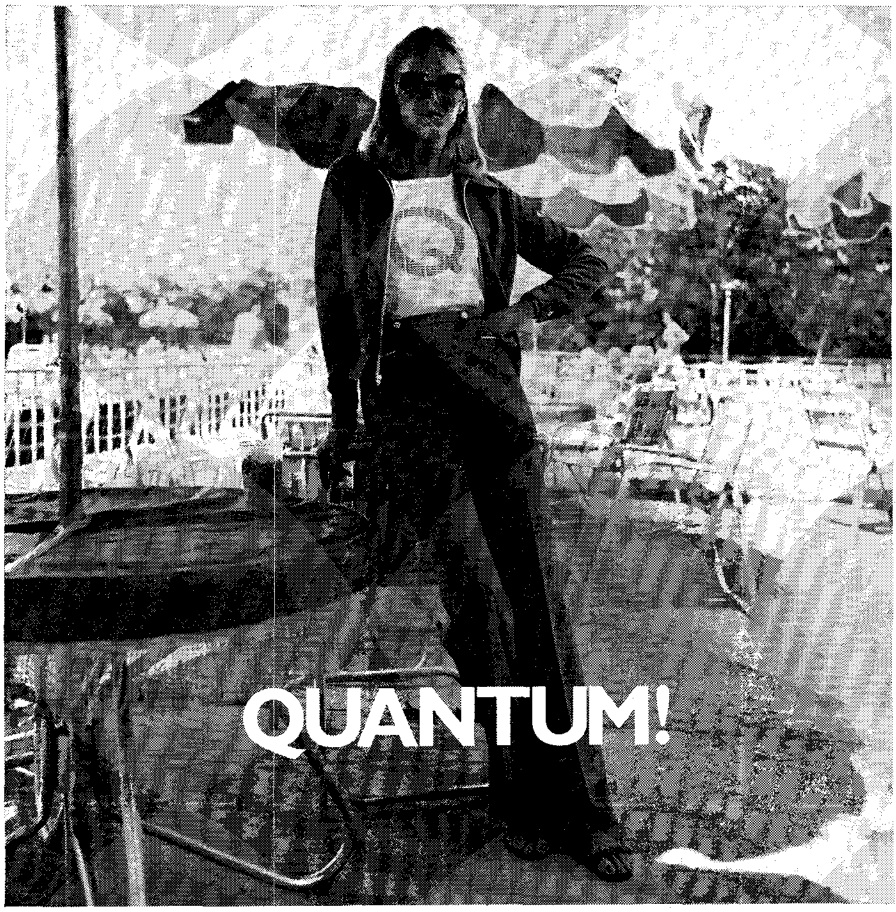


The Blue Book of Words.

That's what it is, and not just for its bright blue cover. But because the experts have adopted it as their dictionary of first reference. The experts at The New York Times, Associated Press, and United Press International. For its clear, understandable definitions. The newest words. Easy-to-use single alphabetical listing. Helpful usage notes, illustrations, maps. The blue one. The experts' dictionary. For you. *Webster's New World Dictionary, Second College Edition. $10.95, thumb-indexed.*

COLLINS
WORLD
Cleveland, Ohio 44111



Sports clothes for when you're not hitting a ball. Zip front shirt jac, slick pants with elastic waistband. Quantum "Q" shirt. Available wherever fine sports clothes are sold. Or write Quantum! (A Roxanne Company) 1411 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.

cards at $1.50; political cartoons from *Puck* and *Judge* are $5 to $10; and pre-war covers of *The Saturday Evening Post* are $8.50.

Macy's Cellar can furnish the small-plant-pot-size deep fryer known as the Fry Baby, for the man who likes to make a serving or two of shoestring potatoes or some quick tempura; $24. A rectangular version of the same minifryer idea, made by Hamilton Beach, has more Japanese-looking lines, and is the same price. Also down in the Cellar are some handsome pottery coffee mugs from Italy. They are a highly glazed terra-cotta color in the inside, and the outside is glazed over a lightly herringbone-textured choice of blue, stone, brown, or green; $3.50. The store's sixth floor has man-sized bath sheets and terry-cloth robes whose cheerful colors hold their own against the brilliance of some Marimekko designs across the aisle. Bright awning or rugby stripes go into a Belgian bath sheet ($25), and blocks of stained-glass colors go into one from Finland ($18). Next to the bath towels are terry-cloth bathrobes that also combine colors in unexpected ways. Full-length hooded monks' robes—not, we concede, for every man—involve such schemes as buttermilk with rust, gray with scarlet, or emerald with cream; $55. Any of the robes, and perhaps a matching bath sheet, may be inscribed with monograms, or even more personal messages, for a charge of $2.

ONE acquaintance is a lawyer, a jogger, and a discothèque habitué. There are many fashionable clothes at Charivari which we can envisage him in. Some aviator-style leather jackets by Armani are of a kidskin-soft quality and an elegant style that knock most other leather jackets into a cocked hat. A version in dove gray, with two flapped chest pockets and two vertical ones, and with a triangle of leather to button the collar against the wind, is $550. Another is in pale coffee, with knit trim, and costs the same. Both jackets have removable fleece linings. A silk shirt from China has a small collar and a big shape and comes in cream, tan, or black; $50. A wing-collared shirt, good for wearing in the evening with a square-ended knitted-silk tie and a velvet blazer, comes with either a white piqué bib front ($60) or a tucked gray-and-white striped one ($65). Silk bow ties from England are $10, and are accompanied by instructions for tying them, in case any of their recipients should be too young to have mastered the art the last time bow ties were in vogue. A generally interesting assort-

"We are advertis'd by our loving friends."—King Henry VI, Part III, Act V, Sc. 3.

"The Americans are most gracious. Their reaction to Glenfiddich's recent availability in the States says more than any advertisement."

–from a 1977 interview with David Grant, Director, Wm. Grant & Sons Ltd., Scotland.

"Having acquired a taste for Glenfiddich while abroad, I was delighted to learn I will be able to enjoy its marvelous taste while at home . . . "

—J. Wollison, Delaware

Now for the first time, many better spirit shops in America have original Glenfiddich Unblended Single Malt Scotch Whisky available in limited supply. For those who have not yet tasted Glenfiddich while traveling abroad, you are invited to take advantage of this new opportunity. A select few will find as has Mr. Wollison that " . . . *nothing spells success more than a tumbler of Glenfiddich on the rocks in front of a crackling fire in one's own study. This time for contemplation and enjoyment seems to say, 'Life is really worthwhile'.*"

" . . . I had never cared much for Scotch Whisky having tasted only blends. Several years ago, an exiled Scotsman introduced me to a 'wee dram' of Glenfiddich. Like the Rolls-Royce, I don't have one every day, but when I wish to reward myself with one of the finer things in life, Glenfiddich comes quickly to mind."

—Lt. Col. L.J. Hildebrand USAF (Ret.), N.C.

Glenfiddich provides a singular taste experience no blended Scotch Whisky can match. The reasons are quite genuine. Glenfiddich is termed unblended because it is created from very expensive malted barley. Conversely, most blended Scotch Whiskies use a large proportion of grains and are generally not aged as long. (Several of the better blended Scotch Whiskies actually use a touch of Glenfiddich to enhance their flavor and dry fragrance.) Therefore you may find unblended single malt Scotch more mellow to the palate as well as to the nose. In fact Glenfiddich's dry fragrance is often enjoyed in a brandy inhaler after dinner; no doubt a secret Colonel Hildebrand wishes to share even with non-Scotch drinkers "*. . . If you aren't a Scotch drinker, it is worth it just to savor the aroma.*"

"Please do not advertise the Glenfiddich 'secret' because I know it can only be produced in limited quantities and I am having a relatively difficult time finding it already."

—R.M. Dunlop, Illinois

We do, in actual fact, create only very small batches in handcrafted copper stills first designed over four centuries ago.

As with the Continent's finest chateau wines where perfection is maintained by the family's personal supervision, Glenfiddich is the only distillery in all the Highlands of Scotland that continues to bottle its creation on the premises. It is the only way we know to ensure perfection in every special drop you savor. This costly dedication to perfection and virtual handcraftmanship has justly earned Glenfiddich the right of comparison with the famous Rolls-Royce* motor car.

If by chance your favourite Spirit Shop does not presently have Glenfiddich, please write directly to me for the addresses of those shops most convenient to you.

"Please send me an application form for The Academy of Malt Scotch Whisky. You may count me among those who already appreciate the taste of Glenfiddich."

—W.D. Shea, Massachusetts

The Academy of Malt Scotch Whisky was founded to preserve and propagate amongst connoisseurs everywhere the superior taste of Scotch the way it was first created in the 1400's. If you also appreciate the unique taste of Glenfiddich, I extend my personal invitation to apply for a complimentary membership in The Academy of Malt Scotch Whisky. As a member you receive, a personalized 11" X 14" membership scroll with your name handsomely hand-lettered upon its face . . . recognition that you are one of those knowledgeable individuals whose discriminating taste demands the finest.

You can obtain an application for complimentary membership by writing directly to me at my American offices,
c/o The Academy of Malt Scotch Whisky,
1271 Avenue of the Americas,
Suite 3572N
N.Y., N.Y. 10020.

David E. Grant, Director
William Grant & Sons, Ltd.
The Glenfiddich Distillery
Banffshire, Scotland

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
UNBLENDED
Glenfiddich
Scotch Whisky

"My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer"—Robert Burns
(Glenfiddich; Gaelic for "Valley of the Deer")

*Rolls-Royce is the exclusive registered trademark of Rolls-Royce Motors, Limited.

Funds for this advertisement and support of The Academy of Malt Scotch Whisky are provided by William Grant & Sons, Inc., New York, New York 10020, U.S.A. Sole importer of Glenfiddich—the world's best-selling Highland Unblended, Single Malt Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. © 1977 WG&S.

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IMITATED BUT NEVER EQUALLED

The Dunhill Tailors' cut and trim look. Just try on one of our blazers and the difference will be obvious. Our exclusively woven all wool hopsack in navy, red, brown, beige and green. You will recognize our famous 24 kt. Gold plated checkered buttons. **$245.**

Single breasted 2 button model. **$235.**

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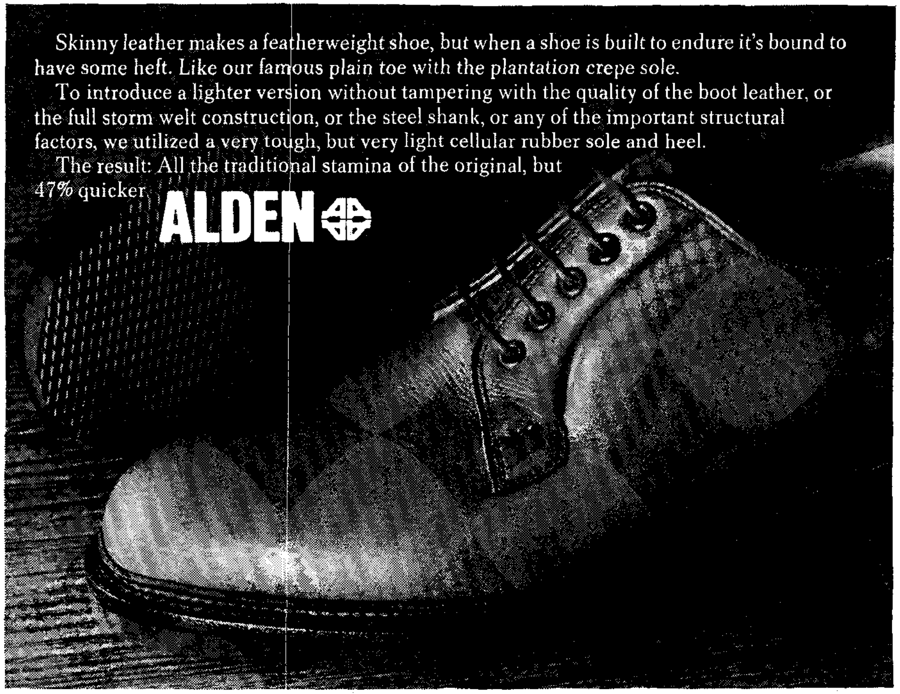
DUNHILL TAILORS

NOT UNDERWEIGHT, JUST WELTERWEIGHT.



Skinny leather makes a featherweight shoe, but when a shoe is built to endure it's bound to have some heft. Like our famous plain toe with the plantation crepe sole.

To introduce a lighter version without tampering with the quality of the boot leather, or the full storm welt construction, or the steel shank, or any of the important structural factors, we utilized a very tough, but very light cellular rubber sole and heel.

The result: All the traditional stamina of the original, but 47% quicker.

ALDEN

Alabama: Richards of Mt. Brook, Birmingham. **California:** Huggins, Pasadena & La Jolla/Vaughns At Stather Gate, San Francisco. **Washington, D.C. and Chevy Chase:** Arthur A. Adler. **Georgia:** Spencer's, Ltd., Atlanta. **Indiana:** Roderick St. John, Indianapolis. **Maine:** Dunham's, Waterville. **Minnesota:** Sims, Ltd., Minneapolis. **New Jersey:** MacHugh's, Ridgewood/Brophy's, Princeton. **New York:** Whillock Bros., Rochester. **Ohio:** Bunce Bros., Cleveland/Woodhouse & Lynch, Columbus & Worthington. **Oklahoma:** Brenners, Tulsa. **Pennsylvania:** C. J. Crego & Son, Harrisburg. **Tennessee:** M. S. McClellan, Knoxville. **Texas:** Marvin Brown, Dallas. **Virginia:** Bart Garland, Richmond. **Wisconsin:** MacNeil & Moore, Milwaukee & Wauwatosa. And other fine stores. For information and a free illustrated brochure, write: Alden Shoe Company, Dept. 12N, Middleborough, Mass. 02346.

ment of four-in-hands includes many with unusual textures and subdued tweedy effects. Almost all of them are Italian, and are in the narrow, seven- and eight-centimetre widths. A gray-brown moquette or bouclé tie by Raphael is $15; a diagonally striped gray-and-beige wool with a handwoven look is $20; and square-ended knitted alpacas, in either maize or bright blue, are $30. Cableknit V-neck cashmere sweaters are in cricketers' cream or in camel, brown, or gray; $85. A sweater by the Italian designer Cerruti is of an airy mohair-mixture yarn and reverses from navy to brown—one of the few successful demonstrations of reversibility we've seen. Whichever side is worn outward, the wisps of the reverse yarn show faintly through to give depth and contrast to the color; $95. Georges Rech, a Frenchman, is responsible for a turtleneck sweater in heavy Irish wool knit with a honeycomb texture and with contrasting bands of stone and lovat; $110. And Cerruti is the designer, too, of some unlined sports coats, at $185 to $275, and unlined topcoats that exemplify the new unstructured brand of tailoring and the new silhouettes—snugger around the hips and with squarer yet not angular shoulders. The topcoats are in either brown herringbone tweed ($325) or solid-brown wool ($375); a low-slung set of double-breasted buttons does not prevent the coats from having the ease of bathrobes.

Zabar's own electric coffee grinder is made for the emporium by Philips, in Belgium, and is of stainless steel coated with either white or yellow plastic; $11.95. The Wigomat coffee machine, also found at Zabar's, is a well-designed European model operating on much the same principle (though it uses less coffee) as the generally uglier American machines such as Mr. Coffee. It comes in sizes for making four cups ($21.95), eight cups ($34.95), and twelve cups ($44.95). All the models have glass jugs, and plastic casings are colored red, ochre, orange, or black, depending on the size. This friend already has a hair dryer, but he needs a new hairbrush. Cambridge Chemists, 702 Madison Avenue (63rd), has a good selection of brushes, including a military-style Mason Pearson model with a black Bakelite top and natural bristles; $32.50.

Sea Island, 1295 Third Avenue (74th), has men's cotton shirts with narrow band collars, as though they were detachable-collared styles. In a variety of stripes and solids with white or contrasting collars and cuffs, they are $37.50. A mahogany-colored

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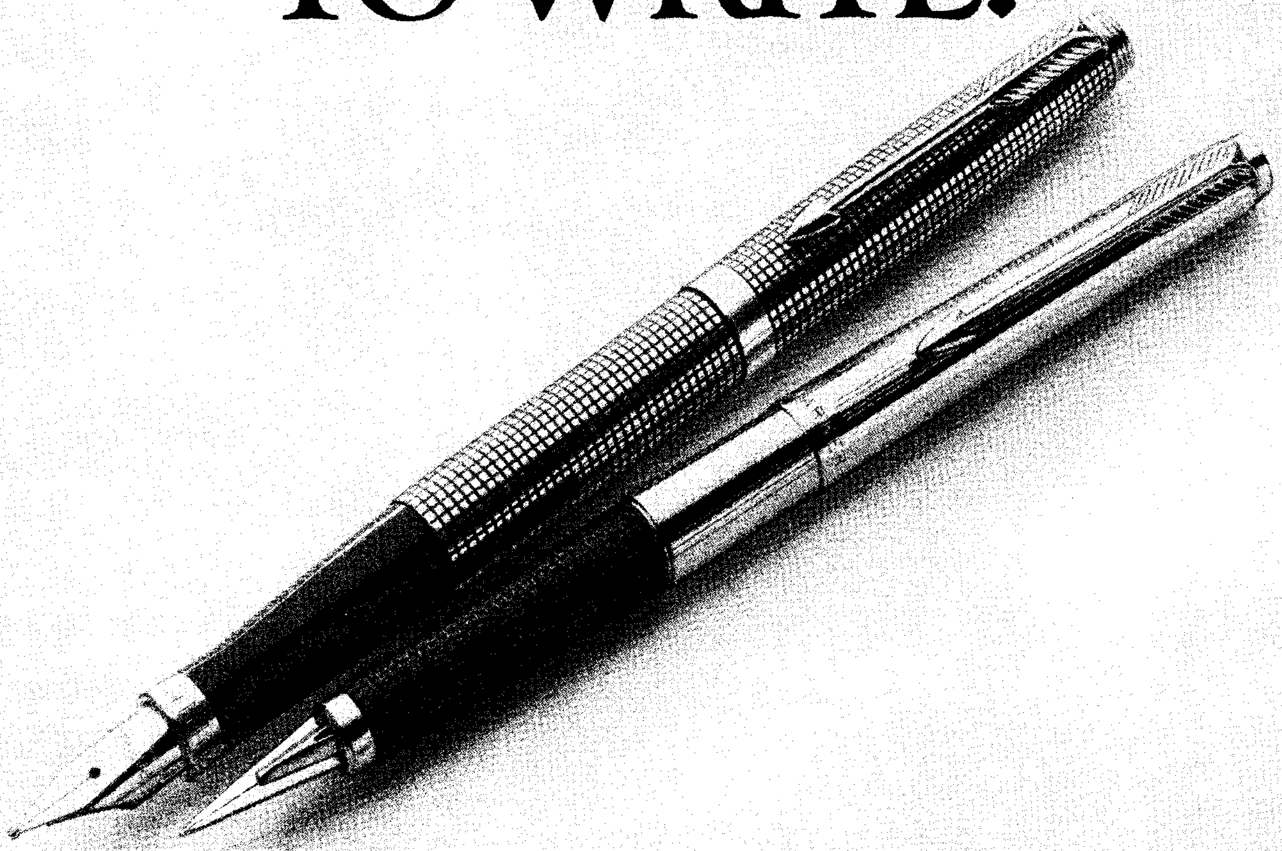
STILL THE MOST ELOQUENT WAY TO WRITE.



For those who insist that nothing writes as expressively as a fountain pen, here's proof in precious metals that we at Parker totally agree.

The fountain pen with generous girth and engraved grid design is the Parker 75. In solid sterling silver, $50. It is made so well the part of its point that touches paper most likely will never wear out.

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PARKER

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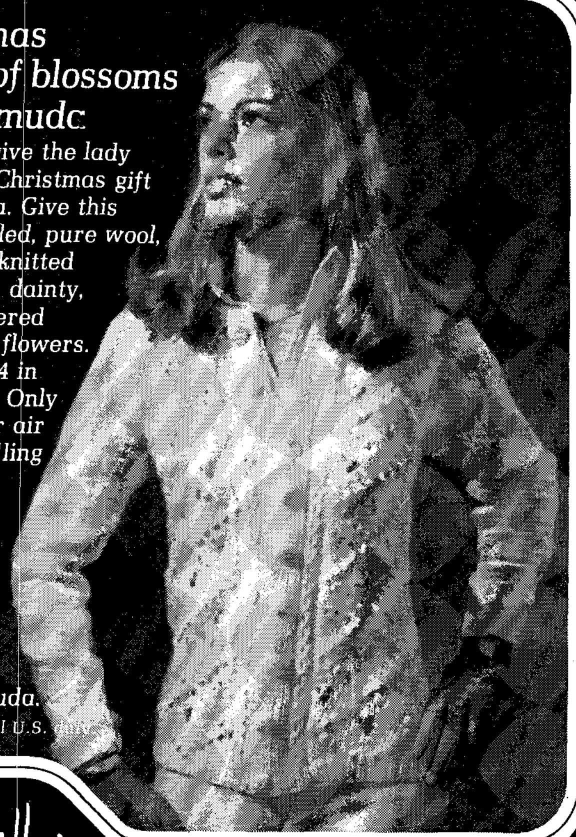
leather belt, an inch and a half wide, has an antique finish and a solid square brass buckle, and would team well with casual pants; $30.

The Scandinavian Ski Shop, 40 West 57th Street, has—in addition to practically everything for skiers—professional skipping ropes, for days when the weather is really too savage for joggers to venture out; $9.95. Skateboarders' helmets, in a choice of bright colors, are $9.95, and chinning bars, to fix in a door frame, are $9.95 and $11.95.

LAST, there is a man who has a country house and multifarious interests, from ice-skating and carpentry to tennis and gardening, and who likes to unwind from his hobbies over a Martini. Morrell's has Great Wall vodka, which is made in the People's Republic of China; $8.99 a fifth. We're getting this man some seeds from the English seedsmen of Thompson & Morgan, whose address in this country is Box 100, Farmingdale, New Jersey 07727. Charles Darwin used seeds from this long-established firm, and we know an old gardener in England who has sworn by them for the past fifty years. There are many unusual items in the attractive catalogue. The *Cycas revoluta*, a plant that covered the prehistoric earth and was a favorite delicacy of dinosaurs, may now be grown as a houseplant; $1.95 for three seeds. Mini-cauliflowers, which bolt less readily than full-sized ones and are said to be as easy to grow as radishes, are $1.29 for approximately three hundred and thirty-three seeds. And mushroom-growing kits, in a tasty choice of either Black Forest ($12.85) or Tree Oyster ($8.75) varieties, come with specially treated "logs," already impregnated with spawn, to grow them on. There are also fine collections of sweet peas, herbaceous-border plants, and herbal remedies. Methodical gardeners keep logbooks of when things were planted and when they came up, for reference in future years. Such gardening records are only one of many possible uses for the Nothing Book, a handsomely bound volume that is in every way like a hardback book except that its pages are blank. This is $2.95 at Rizzoli, 712 Fifth Avenue (56th), and a version with rainbow-colored pages is $4.95. Many engagement calendars have writing spaces too poky to be suitable for a man with bold handwriting, but the Smithsonian Engagement Calendar for 1978 has week-at-a-glance spaces that are well laid out. These adjoin appealing illustrations, mostly in color, of birds and animals—



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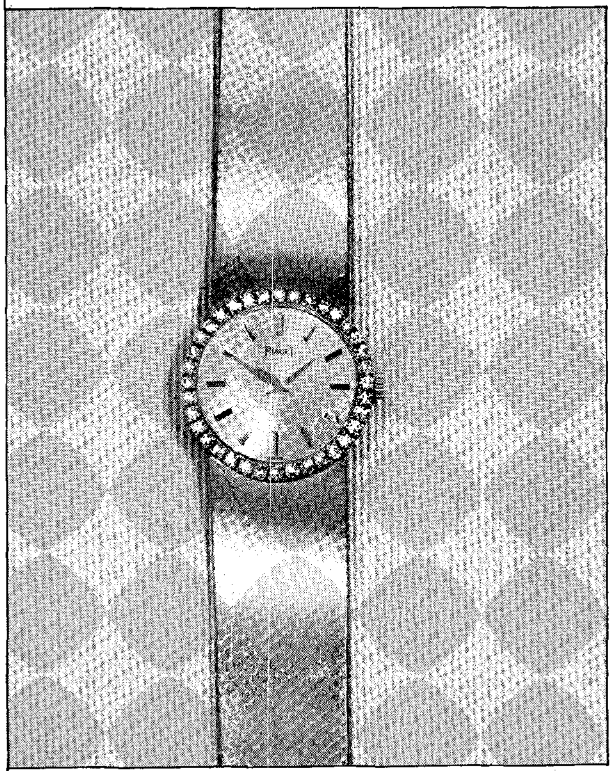

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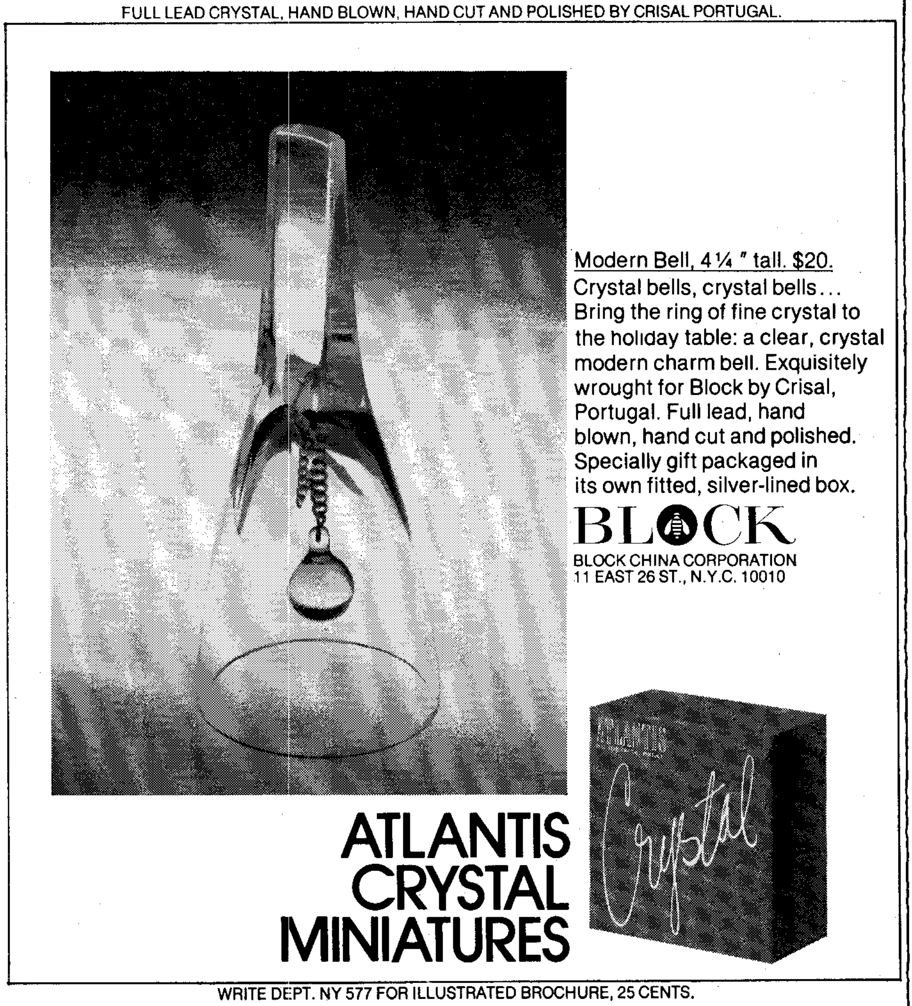

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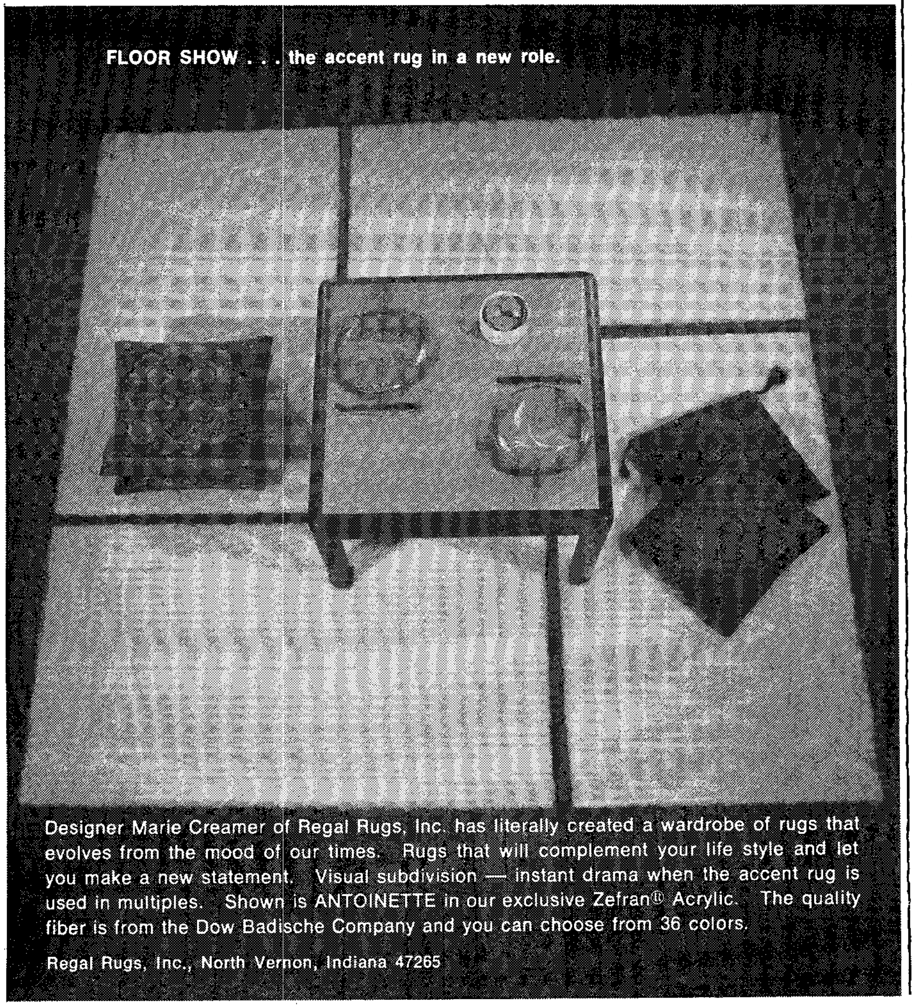

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depicted in many art forms and dating from many periods—from the institution's collections. The agenda is $5.95 at Rizzoli.

This man is a car enthusiast, and he already has a subscription to the magazine *Road & Track*, so we're getting him one for *Old Cars*, a biweekly with a classified section, auction prices, tales of vintage models, and so forth. The subscription costs $7.50 and can be arranged by writing to the magazine at Iola, Wisconsin 54945. Gordon's Book & Magazine Store, 12 East 55th Street, specializes in hobbies of all kinds and can often come up with a book or a magazine dealing with traditionally masculine pursuits. Since our friend is, in general, a great collector and accumulator of possessions, we're going to browse through the stock of out-of-print records at Dayton's, 824 Broadway, which is across the street from the Strand Book Store, at 12th Street. Here are over a hundred thousand old L.P.s of all kinds, including a large jazz collection in which Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Earl Hines, Fats Waller, Charlie Parker, and many other luminaries are represented. Records run upward of $17.50. Our friend likes to relax by building tables and chests of drawers, so we've been perusing the well-produced catalogue of the Garrett Wade Company, which is on the fifth floor at 302 Fifth Avenue (31st). Many amateur carpenters and cabinetmakers could make use of a set of seven wood drills, countersinks, and counterbores ($36.90); a brass-backed dovetail saw ($23.90), which is one of a number of fine-quality specialized saws; a cabinet scraper, which finishes a surface almost as well as sandpaper ($9.90); an English drawknife ($19.90); and a hinged eight-inch bar clamp ($17.20). The Actors' Fund Bazaar, 210 West 44th Street, which is a sort of thrift shop run for the benefit of show people in financial need, is another good spot for Christmastime rummaging for the benefit of men, if they happen to be stagestruck. Here are autographed posters, programs, and photographs, and greater oddities as well. A curious Oriental costume made in Egypt for Martin Beck to wear at home is $200, and $250 secures a pair of boots that trod the boards on the feet of Alfred Lunt.

•

Sgt. Feider remembers a black 1934 Ford five-door coupe they reported stolen in 1967.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.*

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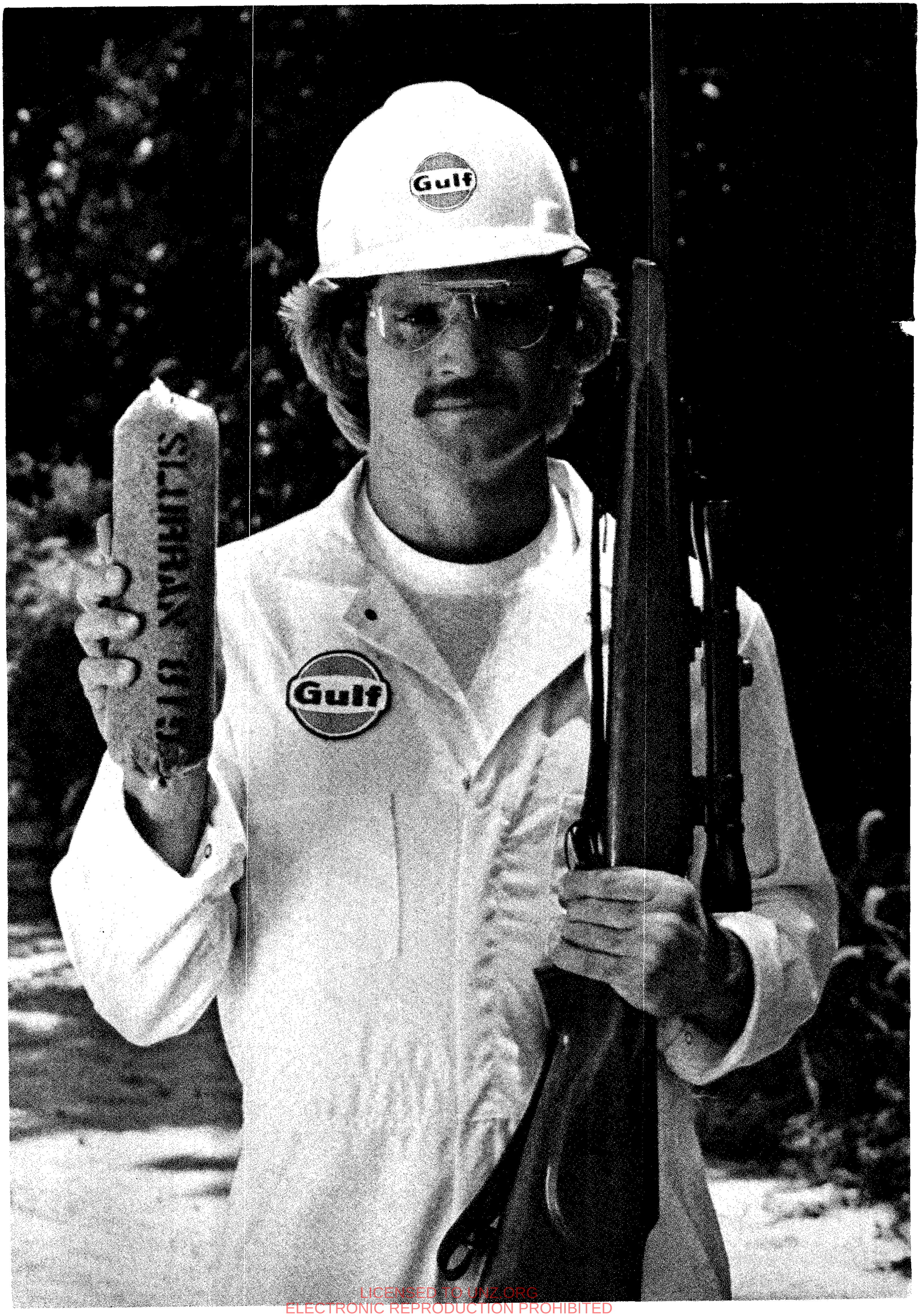
Gulf
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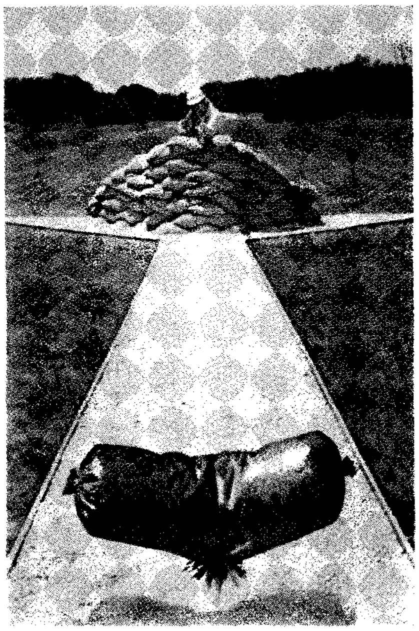
"I shoot holes in explosives with a 30-06 rifle," says Gulf Technician John Starrett. "I drop weights on them, drown them, hammer on them, burn them. Because if shock or heat or abrasion will make an explosive go off by accident, we want to find out here at our test ground, instead of on a job somewhere.



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"For instance, we made this new product, Slurran 819,™ a pourable slurry, to avoid the danger of packing solid explosives into confined spaces.

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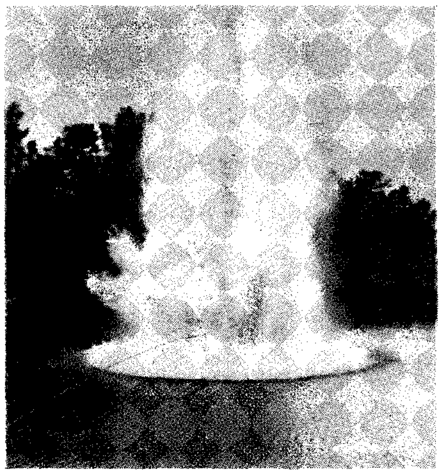
"Every new product has to go through a whole series of tests so we can design out characteristics that would make it hard to handle.

"It's a strange business, when you think about it, fine-tuning an explosive so it'll be safe to handle, but blow something all to pieces when you hook it up right.

"It's a real challenge, but if you don't mind my saying so, I get a bang out of it."



"The best explosive is one that won't go off until you want it to."

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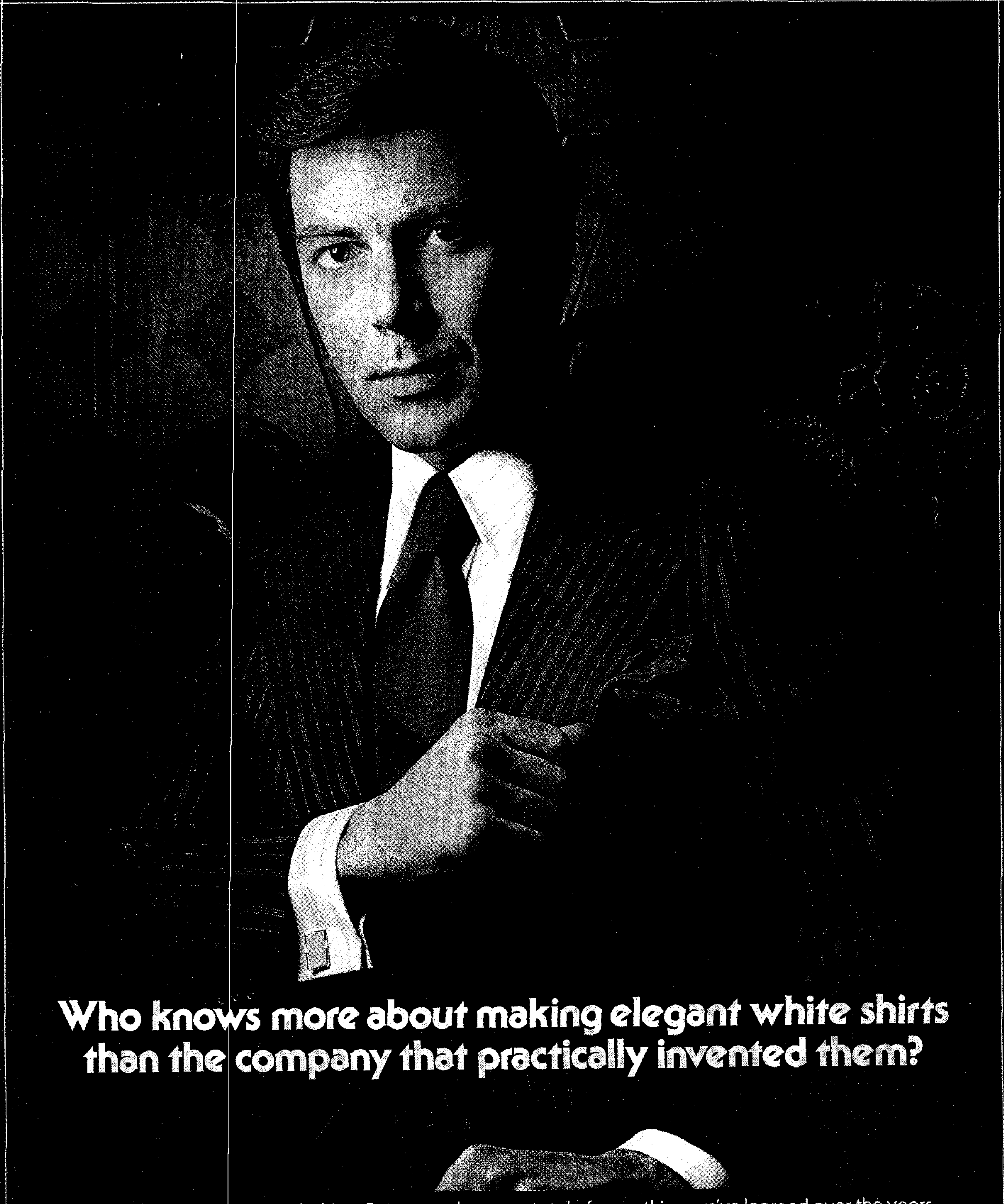

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U.S. JOURNAL: READING, PA.

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY

THERE was a time when the only tourist attraction in Reading was a pagoda. That was four or five years ago. The pagoda was never what people in the tourist game call a big draw; I visited Reading a number of times without knowing about it. It stands on Mt. Penn, overlooking Reading ("610 feet above the city or 1200 feet above sea level"). A man whose stone quarry had gouged a great chunk out of the mountain built the pagoda in 1908—apparently as an act of penance which somehow took on Oriental overtones. A lot of the houses in Reading were built with the light-gray stone that had been ripped out of Mt. Penn by the guilt-ridden quarrier. They tend to be the neat row houses common to Eastern factory towns—decorated with goblins near Halloween, and with holly near Christmas, and with signs for candidates like Mark J. Smolkowicz and Edward (Boo Boo) Leonardziak near city-council elections. They qualify as what a tourist brochure would call "historic" only in that they give some indication that Reading was once the territory of the single most talented aluminum-awning salesman in the United States. Downtown Reading is not unique. Like the downtowns of a lot of older factory cities, it seems to have been modernized mainly by creating a mall and changing the sign on top of the principal commercial hotel to read "Motor Inn." The countryside around Reading, according to the Berks County tourist-development people, is as authentically Pennsylvania Dutch as the renowned countryside of Lancaster County, just to the south, the only difference being that the Pennsylvania Dutch of Berks County happen to be of a less overtly picturesque variety—fancy instead of plain. Tourists crave the horses and buggies used by plain people like the Old Order Amish of Lancaster County. It is difficult to appreciate the European traditions and Germanic syntax of a fancy Pennsylvania Dutchman as he zips past the tour bus in his Pontiac GTO. The closest thing to a tourist guidebook I had ever encountered in Reading was a booklet called "A Beer Drinker's Guide to the Bars of Reading," by Suds Kroge and Dregs Donnigan ("Dedicated to our wives"). All in all, the tourist attractions of Reading were so well hidden that for some years my wife and I thought we were just about the only people being attracted.

In those days, Reading was known—though not to us—as the Pretzel Capital of the World. Had I been aware of that distinction, I might have had an easier time explaining to people the appeal Reading held for us. The subject would come up occasionally during conversations that reminded me of those discussions that take place on afternoon talk shows when some pop psychologist—the sort of pop psychologist who always appears wearing a turtleneck sweater and calls the host by his first name—expounds the value of married couples' picking a favorite weekend spot to dash off to now and then without the children. "Reading," I always said when it came my turn to mention the special getaway weekend spot chosen by my wife, Alice, and me. The choice was never easy to explain if the group included one of those people whose tastes run strongly to exquisitely restored country inns with authentic eighteenth-century details and noisy nineteenth-century plumbing.

"You must be joking," the doctrinaire aesthete would say. "Isn't Reading just a grimy factory town?"

"Not particularly grimy, as far as I know."

"Is there some sort of country inn near there?"

"There's a motor inn between a cornfield and a shopping center in the suburbs. On weekends, it has what amounts to a private glassed-in swimming pool. The Sunday *Times* can be reserved at the desk."

"Is there something special about the buildings? What does Reading look like?"

"At night, it looks rather like Union City, New Jersey. To be perfectly honest, I've never seen it in the daytime."

It was our nocturnal approach to Reading that kept us in ignorance of both the pagoda and the pretzel factories. We tended to spend most of Saturday in Lancaster County—just the sort of thing the Berks County tourist people dread—and head straight for our suburban motel in the evening. On Sunday morning, the route we customarily took to the Dutchman's Diner, near Adamstown, happened to bypass the city. At the Dutchman's,

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the breakfast specials include such local delicacies as country scrapple—cooked crisp, at Alice's instruction, with a poached egg on top—and creamed chipped beef on home fries. The Dutchman's has the added attraction of a twenty-cent surcharge on any breakfast that is ordered after eleven-thirty in the morning—meaning that someone who feels guilty about *not* getting around to breakfast until some of the morning church crowd is drifting in for Sunday midday dinner is given the opportunity to pay the wages of sin, but at well below union scale. Ordinarily, the only time we spent in Reading itself was on Saturday night, when we had dinner at Joe's—making our way there by a route that permitted me to be sure that one of my favorite American restaurant signs ("Hof Brau Cafe—Italian Cuisine, Seafood") was still in place. Joe's is a restaurant that specializes in dishes made with wild mushrooms. One taste of its mushroom soup ought to be incontrovertible proof that people who go to Reading for the weekend are not joking.

Having assumed for years that we were just about the only tourists in town, we were surprised to learn not long ago that on many Saturdays thousands of out-of-towners visit Reading. For the past few years, it turns out, chartered buses—more than a hundred chartered buses on a good Saturday—have been carrying people to Reading from Washington and Baltimore and the New Jersey suburbs and Brooklyn and even Connecticut. Apparently, nobody on the buses had any interest in seeing the pagoda. Nobody was in Reading to eat Joe's mushroom soup. The busloads of out-of-towners were spending the day in Reading strictly for what has been called Adventures in Bargain Hunting. Completely without our knowledge, Reading had transformed itself from the Pretzel Capital of the World into the Factory Outlet Capital of the World.

WHEN I finally realized that Reading had become what the travel writers call a tourist mecca, I was curious enough about the circumstances to make a trip to Reading in the middle of the week—even though I realized that on a weekday my private pool might be chock-full of travelling salesmen. Part of what had happened in Reading, I learned, was that Kitty Solomon, who runs the Reading-Berks County Pennsylvania Dutch Travel Association, had in 1973 nearly run out of businesses to approach about joining the association—meaning she had nearly run out of ways to increase its budget, the source of funding for such associations in Pennsylvania being corporate memberships and state matching funds. Having learned from a woman who publishes a bargain-shopping newsletter that outlets had increasing appeal for travellers, Mrs. Solomon suggested membership in the tourist association to a few outlets in Reading. Industrial cities in the East have, of course, had factory outlets for years—formerly small, plain rooms at the factory which were used to get rid of irregulars or overruns by selling them cheaply to the locals. Reading had been dominated by textile manufacturers even when it was known as the Pretzel Capital. Most of the textile companies had long since moved South, but a couple of those that remained—Talbott and David Crystal—did have outlets, mainly for women's clothing. By the early seventies, of course, it was no longer unusual to find factory outlets in a factory building that had nothing to do with manufacturing the goods that were being sold. The huge factory complex once used by the Berkshire Knitting Mills just outside of Reading, for instance, is now used by the V.F. Corporation as an outlet for Lee clothes that it makes in other parts of the country. When Kitty Solomon started making her pitch, a new sort of outlet had already been formed in Reading by Roger Rachman, a former garment-trade contractor, who began using abandoned factory buildings to sell overruns of dozens of manufacturers, operating for a percentage of the gross. Three outlets joined the travel association, and Kitty Solomon eventually started ordering larger and larger printings of a brochure she called "Shopping Spree." Rachman's company carried on an aggressive campaign to lure women's clubs and church groups and credit unions to Reading in chartered buses. The Reading-Berks County Pennsylvania Dutch Travel Association now has among its membership forty-one factory outlets.

Some of the people who live in the row houses on, say, Moss Street, near Rachman's Great Factory Store, reacted to the hordes of Saturday visitors

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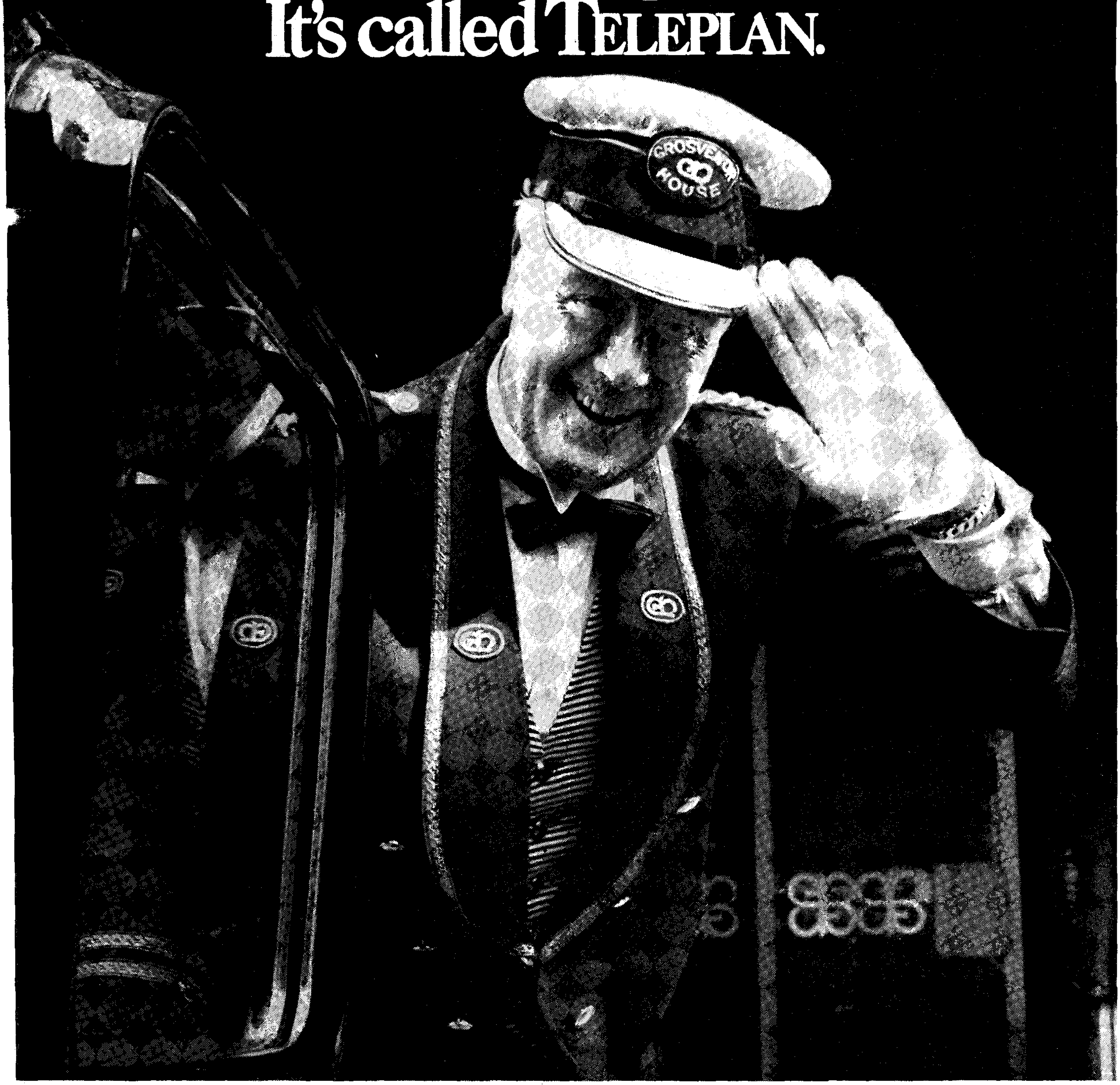

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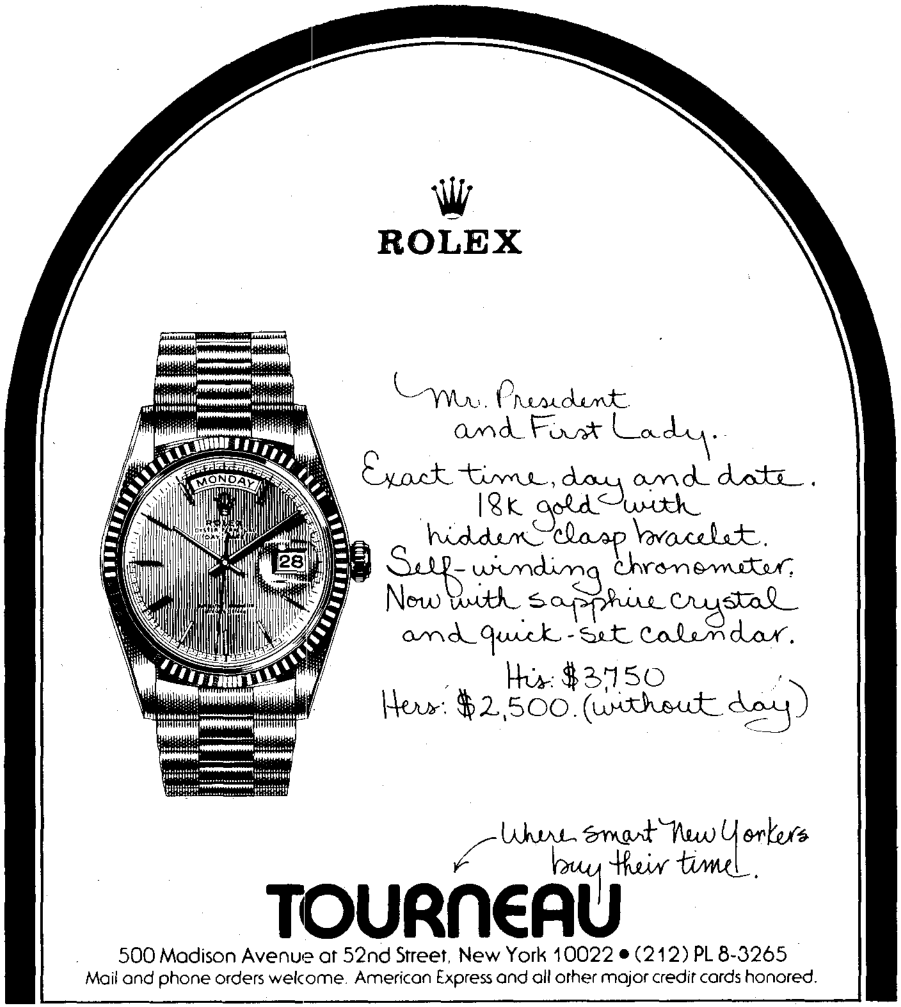
by complaining to the city council about the traffic and then putting up signs saying "Keep Off, No Sitting or Eating on the Steps." Some of them reacted by complaining to the city council about the traffic and then putting up signs advertising outlet stores of their own. The presence of outlet customers attracted more outlets, and, one outlet executive told me, "Maude's Dress Store just became Maude's Dress Outlet." Technically, an outlet—as opposed to a discount house, for instance—sells goods that belong to the company that manufactured them. In Reading, though, the phrase is now used even more broadly than "Pennsylvania Dutch." One of the local potato-chip wholesalers decided to eliminate his Reading routes and merely sell from his storeroom—labelled "outlet" for the occasion. A store on one corner of Moss Street started calling itself Ice Cream and Sandwich Outlet.

Shopping has, of course, always been an important element in American tourism. The pleasures of looking around for souvenirs or specialties of the region have been accommodated to the point where the Boardwalk in Atlantic City offers beachgoers several opportunities to buy a fur coat, and restored gold-mining towns in California do a regular business in Pennsylvania Dutch candy. Once Reading had enough outlets to proclaim itself the Factory Outlet Capital of the World, though, its brochures did not advertise shopping as an adjunct to touring the pagoda or photographing the county's covered bridges; they advertised thirty- to seventy-per-cent reductions and the absence of a sales tax on clothing. Instead of calling attention to the availability of some specialty of the area, the Reading outlets emphasize that they carry precisely the same merchandise that is available everywhere. Brand names are not just on the clothes but on the racks and on the walls. The women who come to Reading on Saturday in chartered buses do tend to talk about the trip as an outing or a chance to get away or an entertaining way to spend a Saturday, but what they shop for may be as mundane as stockings or dungarees or even frozen vegetables. Reading, I told Alice when I returned from my weekday trip, may have made the final distillation of pure shopping as entertainment. That in itself was almost a tourist attraction. Watching women snatch clothes off the counters at Filene's Basement, after all, has been one of the tourist attractions of Boston. I suggested to Alice that on our next weekend we spend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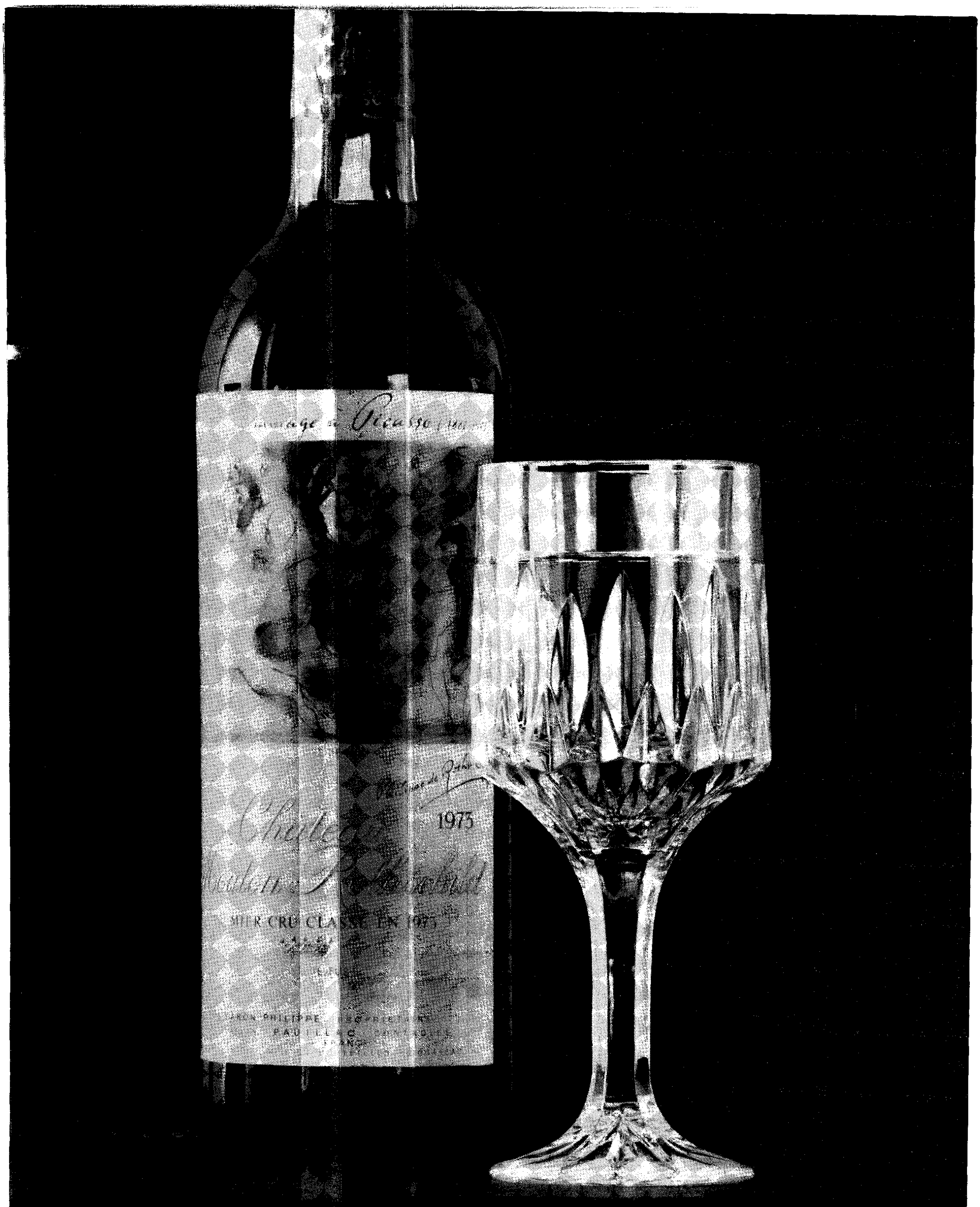
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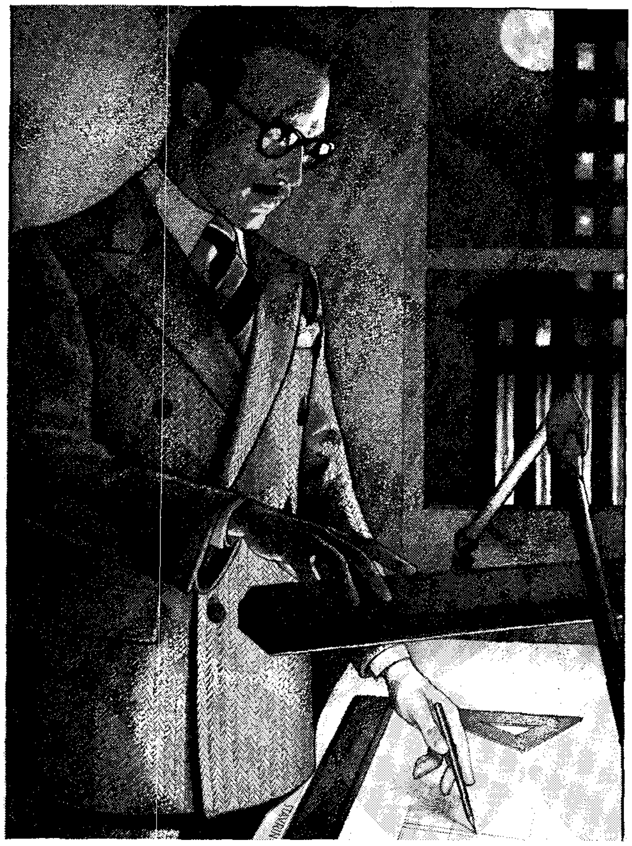

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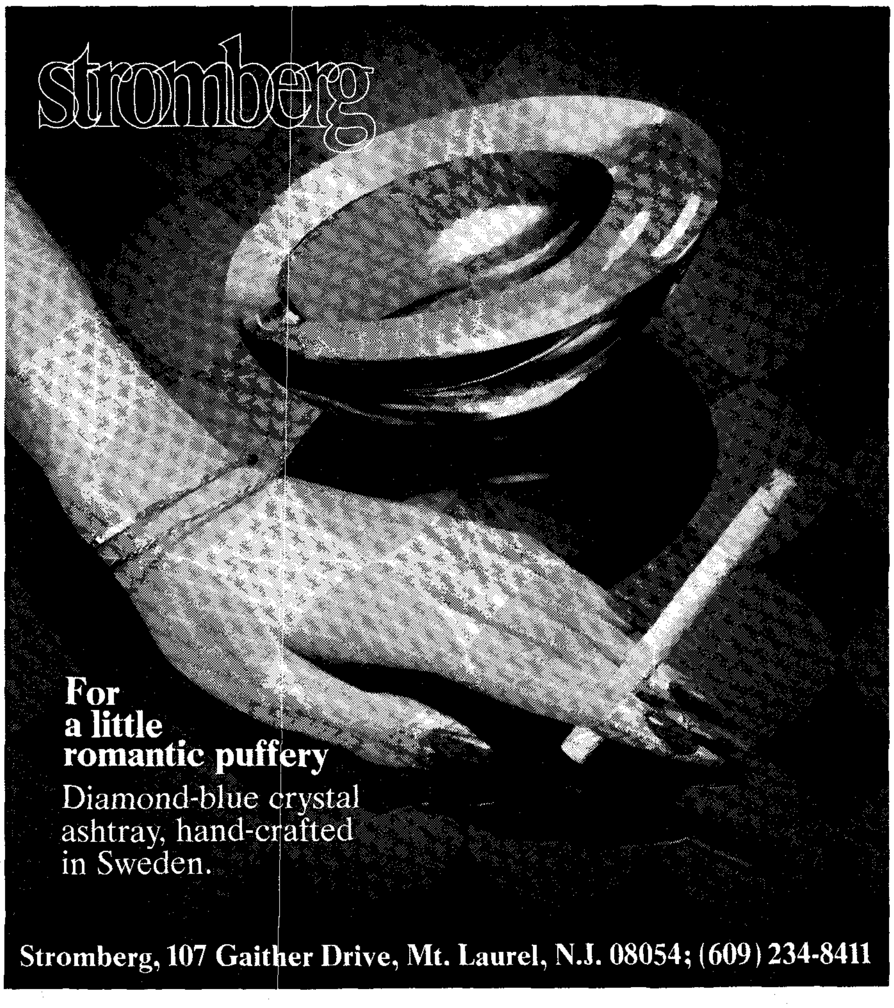

stromberg

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Saturday in Reading instead of Lancaster County—just as the Reading travel association intended us to. We were, after all, more or less in the position of people who had gone to Las Vegas for years because they'd found a bungalow that was convenient for early-morning walks in the desert and then discovered that thousands of other people were visiting the place regularly for a completely different reason. Without necessarily wanting to play roulette, we would have at least been curious about the scene in a casino on a Saturday night.

ON the Saturday we chose to watch the shopping in Reading, I learned from the advertising man at the Great Factory Store, buses were expected from, among other groups, the Herndon Women's Club, of Herndon, Virginia; La Belle Femmes of Brooklyn; St. Ann's P.-T.A. of Lawrenceville, New Jersey; the Lovely Ladies Social Group of Richmond, Virginia; and the Lehigh Valley Mothers of Twins Clubs. Having been warned about the buildup of the crowd as more and more buses arrived on a Saturday, we arrived in town on Friday night. We were so intent on getting an early start in the morning that we even made do with the motel's inferior scrapple instead of taking time for the drive to the Dutchman's.

As it turned out, we must have arrived at our first stop, David Crystal's, before any of the buses had made it off the turnpike. The place was almost deserted. There were racks of women's clothes and children's clothes and even men's suits. There were signs saying "Polo" and "Charlotte Ford II." There were rows of empty changing rooms.

"We seem to be a bit early for the action," I said.

"This is really very interesting," Alice said, starting to work her way methodically down a rack of little girls' dresses that had tiny alligators on them. Every so often, she would pull out a dress and tuck it under her arm.

"We're really here to observe," I told Alice, peeking over the next rack, where she was sliding hangers holding women's sweaters down the rack one by one with a quick motion. "It's the phenomenon I thought you might be interested in."

She was a couple of rows away. "When you go to the pagoda, for instance, you're not meant to make them an offer on it," I said, but she was apparently too far away to hear me. Then I didn't see her at all. I had been concerned about the possibility of losing her in a crowd, but I hadn't expected to

Many aspire to owning an S.T. Dupont lighter. Few know how to use one properly.

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An S.T. Dupont lighter can be a psychological club.

So, like other things powerful, it must be used sparingly. It should neither be flashed nor waved about. A glimpse of an S.T. Dupont lighter can upend an opponent.

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An S.T. Dupont lighter is a symbol of your ability to get what you want. And power is, baldly stated, an aphrodisiac. There are, of course, other important qualities one should have. But an S.T. Dupont lighter isn't bad for openers.

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When you have a lighter from S.T. Dupont, the door to a small club is open. It's a club that anyone can buy their way into, of course, but few people have taste enough to do it.

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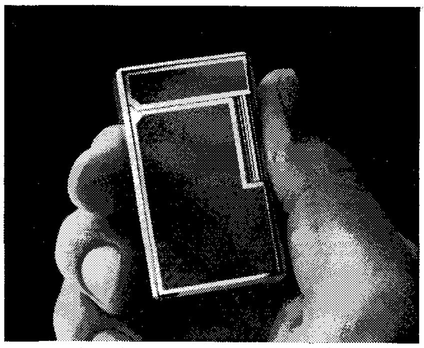
On days when life is too much with you, there is a certain amount of pleasure in simply touching your S.T. Dupont lighter and knowing that there are very few things of consequence in the world ...and you own one of them.



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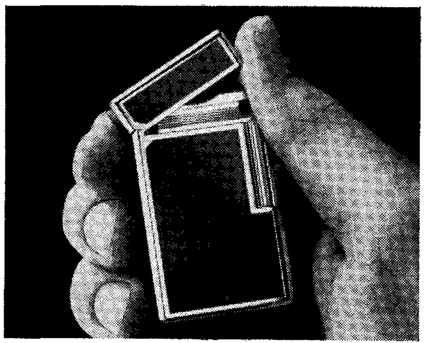

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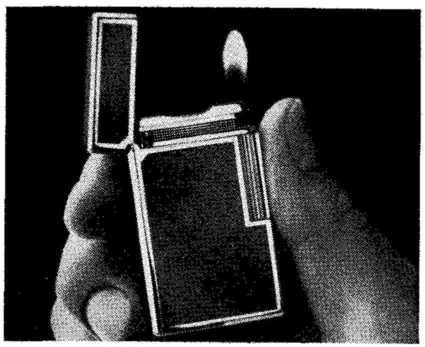

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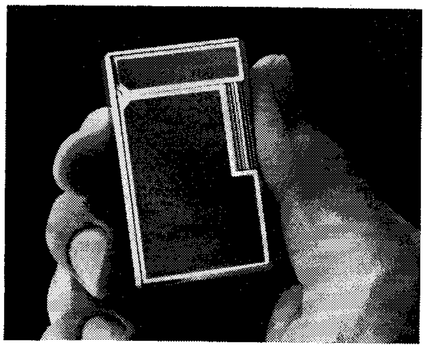

The lighter's top fits so perfectly to its body, that you can hardly see the separation.

As a gift

An S.T. Dupont lighter has a curious effect, when given. It works. It brings people to whom you want to be close... close. And it will permanently affix to your heart people to whom you are already close.

To give one, without owning one yourself, may indeed be the greatest gift of all.

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During World War II, certain members of British royalty preferred that the people with them carry S.T. Dupont lighters. Not just to light cigars and cigarettes, but as an indefatigable source of light during blackouts.

An S.T. Dupont lighter does a fine job of producing fire. So does a book of matches. For this reason, it may be judged an extravagance. But it is an extravagance that apparently defies reason. Think about it. And as you do, you'll realize that you desire this extravagance more than any lighter in the world.

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PARIS

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lose her without a crowd. I wandered through some racks of tennis clothes looking for her, and found myself in front of men's sports coats. They seemed awfully cheap, even before I thought about the absence of a sales tax. It might be interesting, I realized, just to see if they had my size.

THE crowd started catching up with us around noon. We may have had an early start, but we had lost a lot of time standing at cash registers while our purchases were being added up. Moss Street between the Great Factory Store and the Reading Outlet Center, another collection of outlets in old red brick factory buildings, was filled with women, most of them carrying packages and some of them wearing name tags that began "Hi! My name is . . ." By the time we reached the V.F. outlet, the place was jammed. V.F. has a series of buildings, some of them leased to other outlets or even other factories. The buildings are separated by wide lawns, and on a sunny Saturday a stroller could get the impression he was on a college campus, except that the sign he expected to say something like "Raymond G. Fosburgh Science Building" says "Black & Decker Power Tool Outlet" instead. The number of people interested in buying bluejeans for half price had forced us out toward some of the smaller buildings. Across the street from the V.F. complex, we found ourselves at a building marked "Bachman Foods"—a working factory, judging by the noise of machines and a huge tank just outside the door which was marked "Corn Seed Oil Only." Bachman, it turns out, makes pretzels. We were at a pretzel outlet.

"It's good to see there's some historical continuity here," I said to Alice.

The pretzel outlet included a small snack bar featuring freshly baked soft pretzels of the sort New Yorkers buy from venders in subway stations. They cost fifteen cents—a dime less than the subway variety. The savings on two pretzels was enough to cover one breakfast surcharge at the Dutchman's Diner. —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

The preliminary report of the experiment by the state Justice Department disclosed that 22% of the 291 blood samples drawn from suspected drunken drivers contained varying amounts of marijuana.

"That's high," Asst. California Highway Patrol Commissioner Lloyd Sellers commented about the findings.—*Los Angeles Times.*

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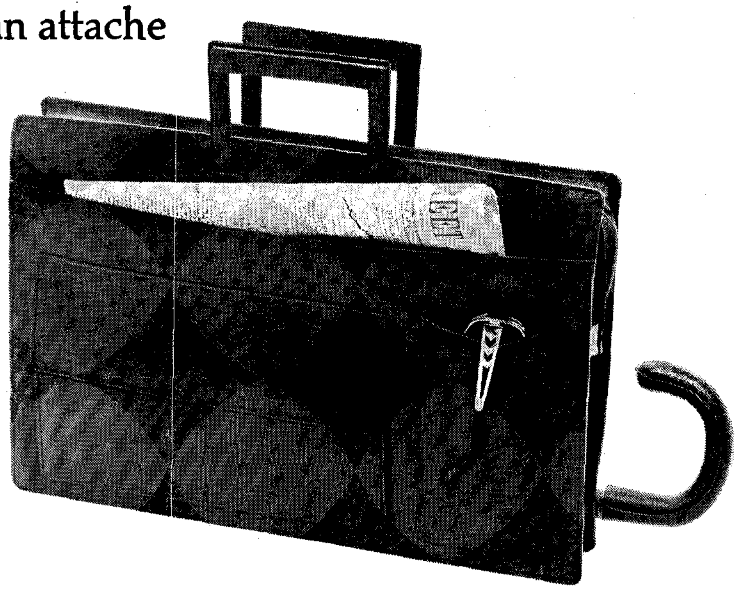

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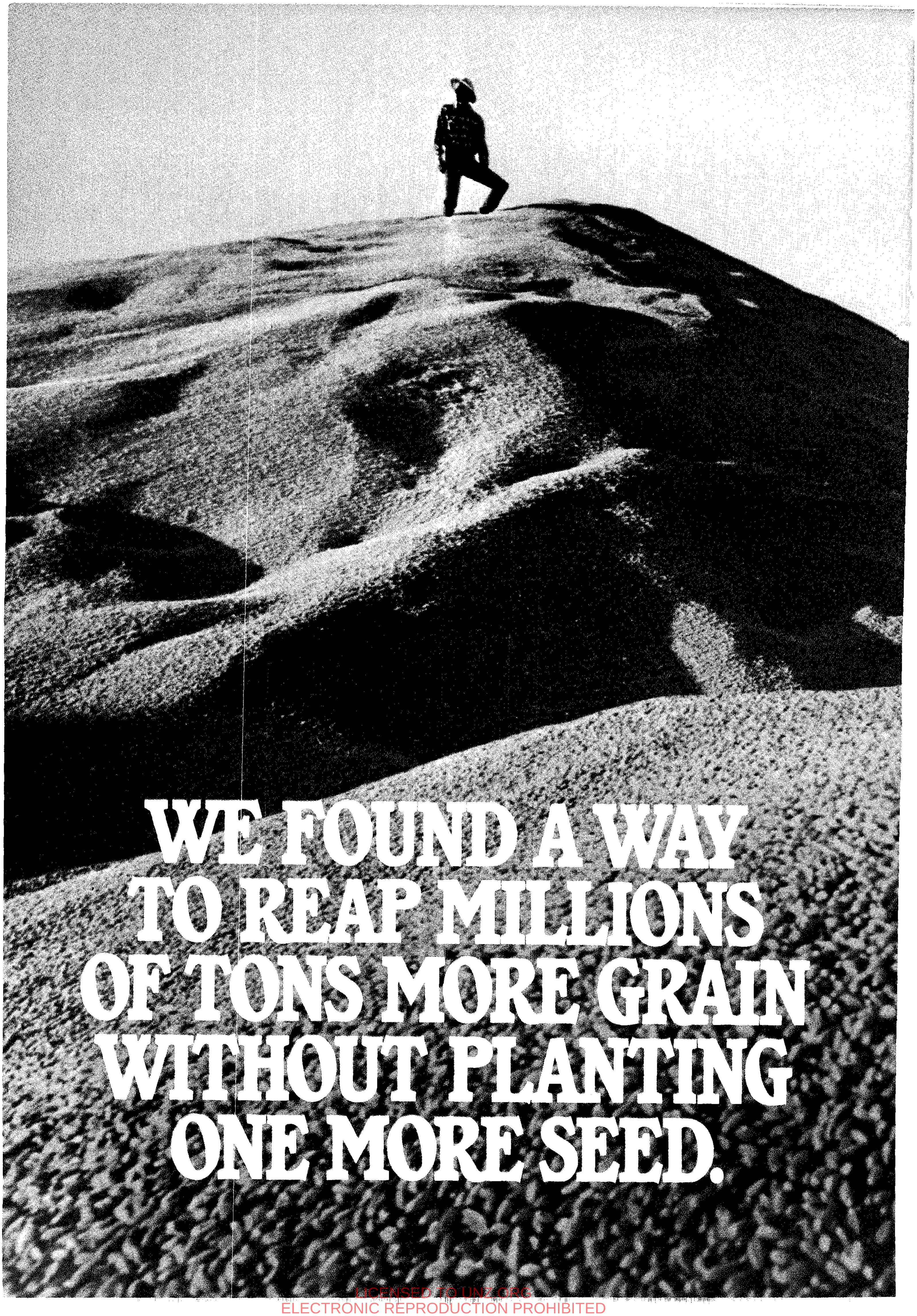
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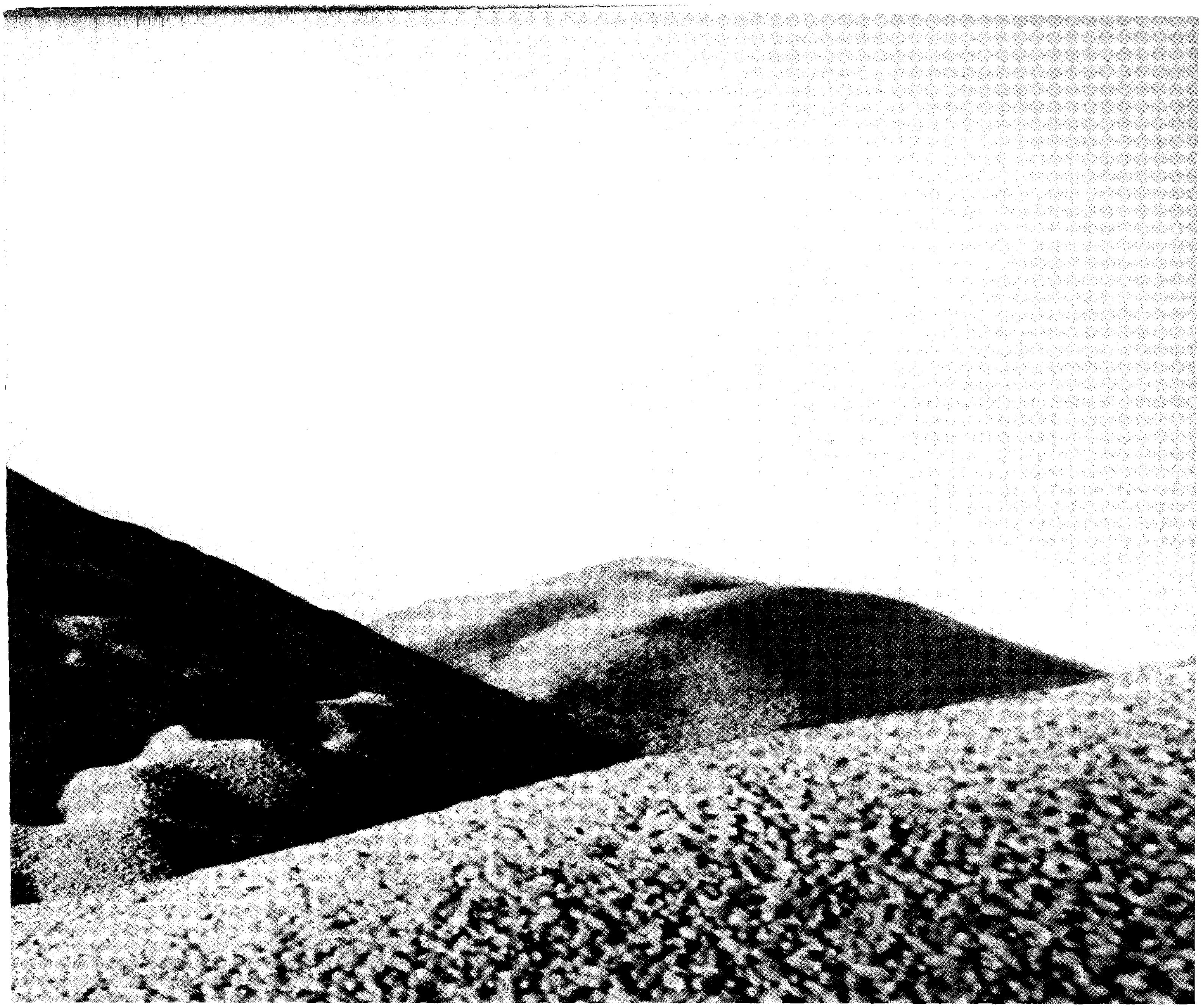

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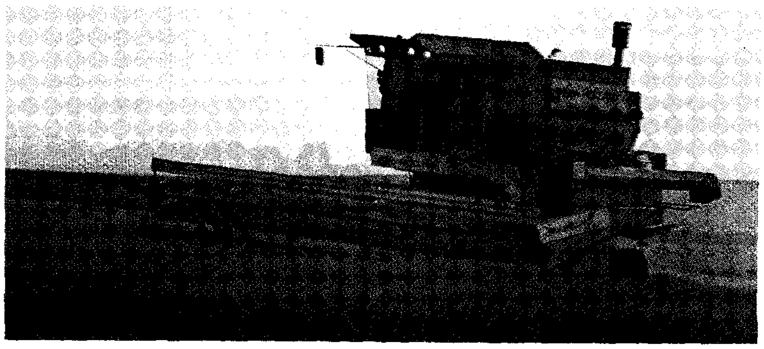

SPERRY

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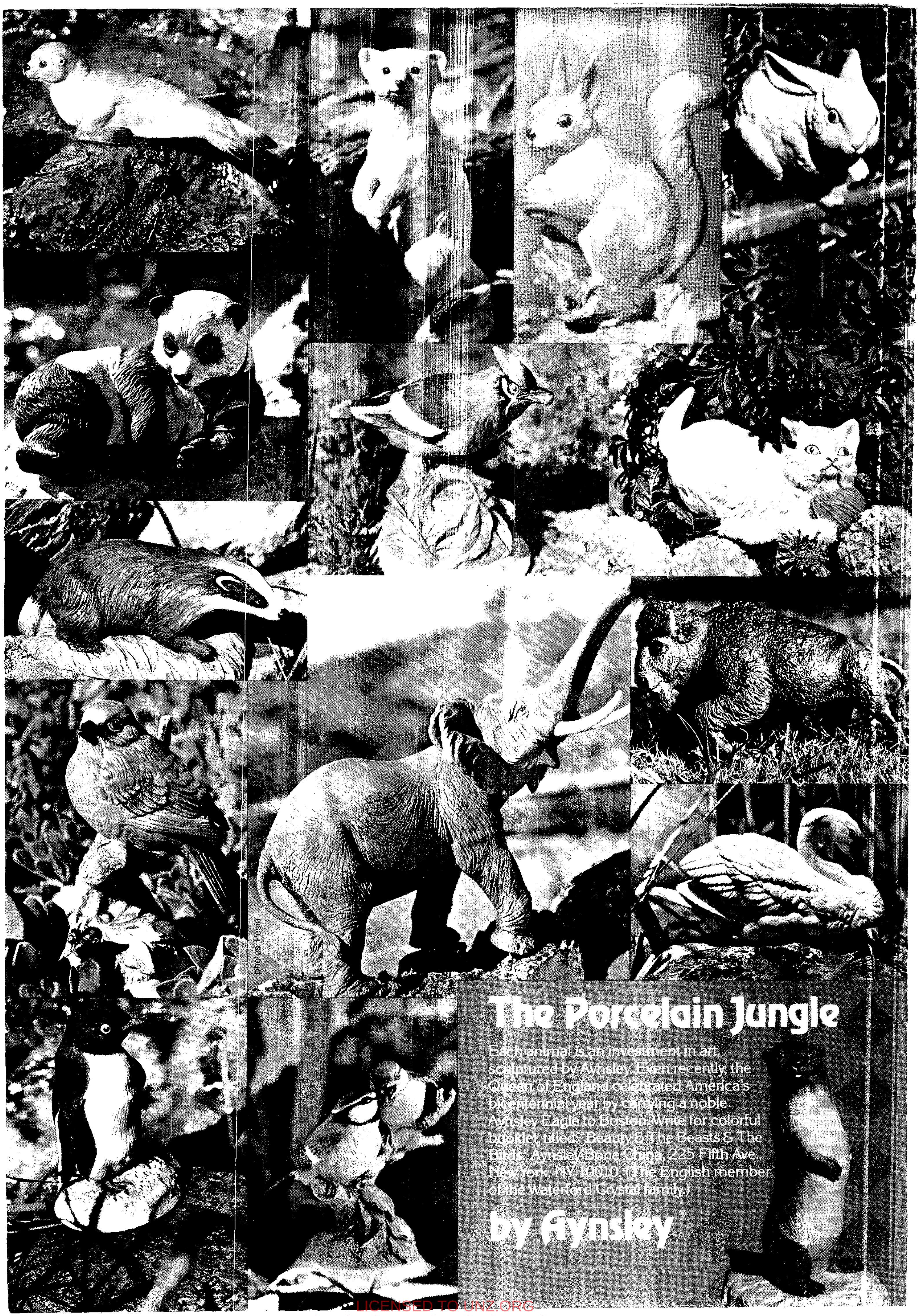

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The Porcelain Jungle

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THE THEATRE

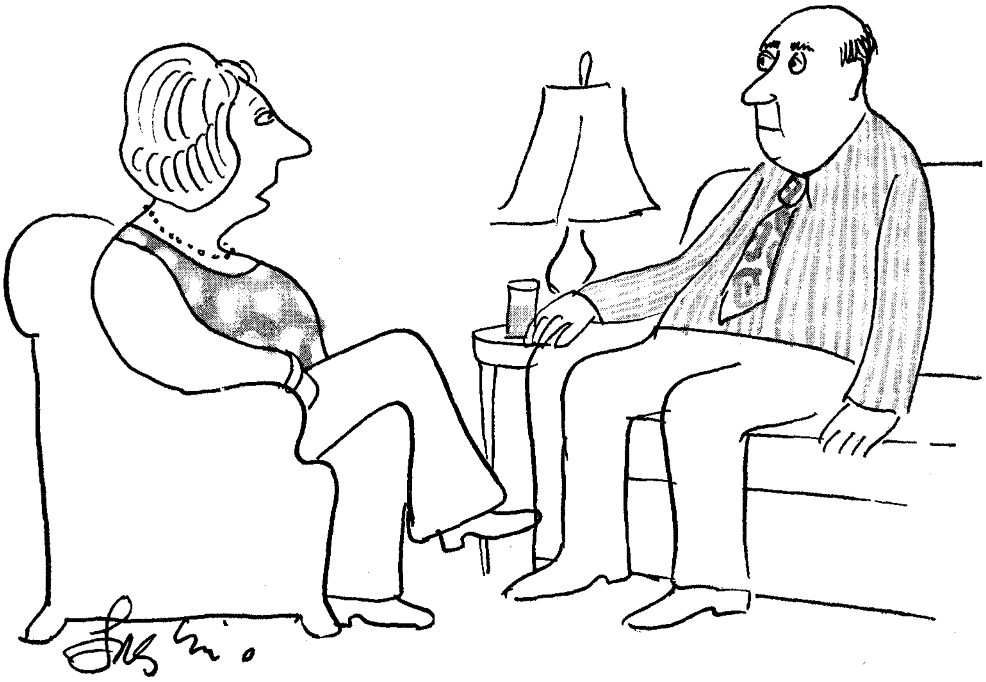
OFF BROADWAY

"UNCOMMON WOMEN AND OTHERS," Wendy Wasserstein's funny, ironic, and affectionate comedy (a Phoenix Theatre production playing at the Marymount Manhattan Theatre through December 4th), is about five seniors—close friends—at Mount Holyoke College, and about their prissy housemother; a deadpan, silent freshman; a former friend who has more or less left the clique; and a square type who combines cheerful rhymed chatter about elves and Piglet with practical arrangements for fixing other girls up with Yale men for weekends. That these satellites—the "Others" of the title—may indeed be more uncommon than the women of the constellation is just one of many jokes in this refreshing show. It opens with a prologue set in a restaurant, where the five heroines meet for the first time since their graduation, six years earlier, and where, amid hugs and shrieks and kisses, each of them reports on her activities up to now. Under the laughter there is in almost every instance a feeling of bewilderment and disappointment over the world outside college, which promised so much, and with their own dreams, which seem to have stalled. "When we are forty, we will be *incredible*," says Swoosie Kurtz, as Rita—the bold one, the ringleader, the buccaneer. (During their undergraduate years, the age of incredibility was first twenty-five and then thirty.) But so far none of them has children, only two are married, and only one has taken the first steps into a career. For some reason I've forgotten, they clink glasses and sing a song that has a special meaning for them, and then we are back in college and in the dormitory, where (except for an epilogue, also set in the restaurant) all the action takes place.

The action is a collage of small scenes (there is no play, or, if there is one, I couldn't find it), and many of them are preceded by the voice of a man making a speech about the attributes of a liberal-arts college and the uncommon women it produces; the pompous voice-overs punctuate the show and give it much of its ironic point. In the episodes, the girls appear in twos and threes, and sometimes all together, to talk of men and sex and men's colleges and ambitions, as girls have always done, but these girls live in the new time of the Liberated Woman, and there are allusions to Germaine Greer and Simone de Beauvoir, to *Ms.* and "A Room of One's Own" and "The Group." These are their touchstones. In spite of their bluntness and candor in talking about their feelings and, above all, about sex, there is some confusion and underlying sadness as they try to cope with the times and with what is expected of them. Miss Wasserstein is always aware of these feelings, yet they never impede her wonderful, original comedy. It is the girls and the games they play and their conversations that make the show, and every moment is theatrical. "We are all allowed one dominant characteristic," somebody says. That is not entirely true. The characters are never allowed to become types, and, for all their funny talk and behavior, they are sympathetically drawn.

The acting, under Steven Robman's direction, is in every instance as right and satisfying as the script, and it more than makes up for any dramatic lapses. Miss Kurtz has never been funnier or more in command as she presides over many of the games and conversations, and never more touching as she lets us see her confidence beginning to crack at the end. Jill Eikenberry gives a sensitive performance as a Phi Bete worried about getting into law school, and even more worried about the sort of woman she may turn into if she does. Ann McDonough plays a girl who falls in love with one man, is content to marry him and take care of him, and is delighted to announce her pregnancy to her friends at the end. Josephine Nichols is the housemother, who is given to small talk and recitations of Emily Dickinson's poems (as the girls mimic her behind her back), but who reveals, in one speech, a remarkable streak of independence in her past, and some quite unorthodox behavior. Alma Cuervo is a Jewish girl at her most appealing when she finally gets up the courage to make a long-distance call (which comes to nothing) to a young doctor whom she met for one moment in the Fogg Museum. Anna Levine is the freshman, oblivious of all the chatter, whose ambition is to "get Wittgenstein on film," and who crams for her typing exam to the Hallelujah Chorus—very funny character, very funny acting. The others, just as good, are Ellen Parker, Cynthia Herman, and Glenn Close. Miss Wasserstein is an uncommon young woman if ever there was one. Jennifer von Mayrhauser's costumes are exceptionally witty, too.

—EDITH OLIVER



"Yes, I have to admit you've always been nice to me, but you're nice to everyone."

MUSICAL EVENTS

Letters, Numbers, and Notes

BACK in the sixteenth century, Josquin des Prez wrote a mass for Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, on a theme whose notes in solmization have the same vowels as "Hercules dux Ferrariæ": re ut re ut re fa mi re. In the seventeenth century, melodic methods of enciphering verbal messages were common. In the early eighteenth century, if the numerologist-musicologists are to be trusted, Bach must have counted, counted, counted while he set notes to paper. If $A=1$, $B=2$, etc. (I and J counting as the same letter), his own name is a mystic network of sevens, woven with a doubled profession of faith (Credo$=43$, and Sebastian$=2\times43$) and a dedication to God (at the end of his scores he abbreviated Soli Deo Gloria to S.D.G., $=29$, which is the sum of J.S.B., and half that of Johann). Johann Sebastian Bach$=158$, and $1+5+8=2\times7$. Bach$=2\times7$, or 14, and J. S. Bach$=41$, its reversal. In one of the latest essays on the subject, Gunno Klingfors's "Number Symbolism in Bach's Cantatas," included in Volume 17 of "Das Kantatenwerk," the recording-in-progress of all Bach's cantatas, the author declares that "it is not unbelievable that Bach looked upon this as a sign that he was 'a born musician.' " He goes on to count numbers of parts, of measures, of notes in the fugue subject, of entries, of notes in the oboe and continuo parts in Cantata No. 50, and to find significance in them.

In the nineteenth century, Schumann devised a musical cipher that enabled him to thread the name of his beloved Clara into composition after composition and, when setting about the composition of a "Hermann und Dorothea" overture, to turn those two names into notes that could provide a starting point for his music. In the twentieth century, Berg used the musical letters in the three names Arnold Schönberg, Anton Webern, and Alban Berg to make themes for his Chamber Concerto—in three movements, the measure counts of which are divisible by three and by forty, Berg's age on the day he completed the piece. For the extramusical determinants of the notes, tempo, and duration of Berg's Lyric Suite, see George Perle's "The Secret Programme of the Lyric Suite," in *The Musical Times* for August, September, and October this year. In 1969, Olivier Messiaen composed his "Méditations sur le Mystère de la Sainte Trinité" by "translating" sentences of St. Thomas Aquinas into music after a system that allots to each letter of the Latin words not only a fixed pitch but also a fixed duration.

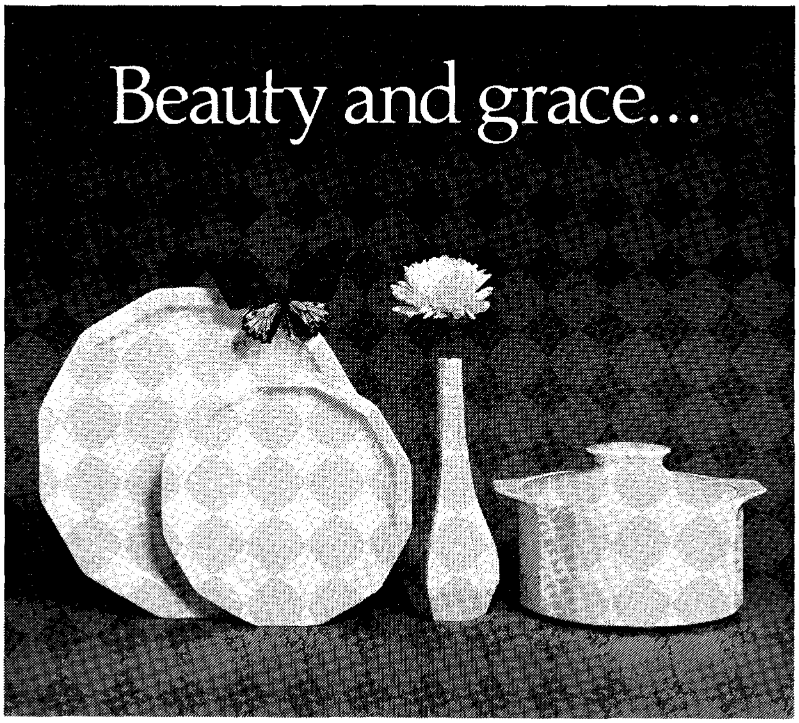
These examples of starting points for composition—readers will no doubt think of many others—occurred to me as I read Frank Lewin's remarks on his "Variations of Greek Themes," a song cycle commissioned by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, given its first performances last week, and broadcast by WNCN. Lewin's texts are eight of the twelve poems, collected under the same title, that Edwin Arlington Robinson appended to the 1915 edition of his "Captain Craig." Eleven of them are paraphrases of epigrams by Greek poets, among whom Sappho is the only familiar name. (The twelfth, "With Sappho's Compliments," is a satire by Robinson and was dropped from later editions.) To find music for them, Lewin allowed all sorts of associations—numerological, historical, musicological, ethnic, ancient, popular—to play upon his imagination. Ancient Greece suggests modes. The lines of the first song, "A Happy Man," are set for the most part in the Dorian and Hypolydian modes on A or E (and so the general effect is of a song in A minor, with antique touches). But lines with the word "death" or "dead" in them shift to the Locrian mode on D-sharp or A-sharp—an "unreal" mode, postulated by theorists in the sixteenth century. (Palestrina once wrote the at the time "nonexistent" note D-sharp to give a special strangeness to his setting of the phrase "Timor mortis conturbat me.") The cycle is composed for contralto and an ensemble of flute, viola, harp, and piano. Chords based on open fifths from harp or piano accompany the first song; a change of instrument marks a change of mode. Between the stanzas, flute and viola play a little refrain, sliding in and out of exact unison or octave in a way that suggests the timbre of folk musicians. Seven-eight is almost the Greek national metre—the classical *epitritos*, the long-short-long-long of popular dances—and the song maintains this gentle, dancing rhythm through its smooth, simple phrases.

The second poem has numbers in it: "The day when Charmus ran with five . . . He came in *seventh*. . . . And with *four* more for company He would have been *eleventh*." They suggested intervals to use. Flute changes to piccolo and evokes a sports-day band. Scurrying figures depict the runners, and canons their successive passages along the same stretch of the course. The third poem deals with twelves—"Eutychides . . . Is going down where he belongs. . . . He is coming with twelve lyres, And with more than twice twelve quires"—and is set in a highly developed twelve-note system. With such a method at his fingertips, Eutychides could obviously pour out his "stuff" by

"Look, I'm a fact, you're a fact. Right?"

the ream. A crazy piano cadenza touches each note of the keyboard once. Baroque word-painting (like Bach's way of setting the "high" of "high priest" to a high note) is employed to make graphic the bad poet's descent, and mocking laughter. The sound of his name may have suggested some rapid ticking figures. The song is difficult to perform; in fact, it was omitted at the Chamber Music Society première.

Its omission disturbed the shape of this carefully planned cycle. One needed more contrast before the fourth song, which returns to modes and to the methods of the first while using them in a denser, more highly developed way. Next, there is an instrumental dance in 7/8, made from a catchy four-bar "circling" tune—a folk borrowing—repeated, over an open-fifth drone, with simple and then increasingly sophisticated variations. The players imitate the timbres of folk instruments. The tune speeds up to become a spinning accompaniment figure for the fifth song, a dry, rather bitter scherzo. The sixth is a Sapphic epitaph—"This dust was Timas"—which Lewin has set as if it were a Sappho fragment. Only a word or two of each line emerges clearly from a background of humming and vocalizing, of passionate but gentle wailing lament (slides and quarter tones): "Timas . . . almost . . . her bri . . . home . . . Perseph . . ."—the rest is to be imagined, to be deduced from a blurred web of sound in which the falling semitones of grief are prominent and a scrap of a traditional Greek threnody takes shape for a moment. After an epitaph all but lost, one fully preserved: the next poem is a sonnet, a memorial to Doricha, beloved of Sappho's brother. The two quatrains are gravely declaimed, and then the sestet moves into full-throated, affirmative song proclaiming, in effect, that "in eternal lines to time thou growest." The music of the final song, "An Inscription by the Sea," recalls, line by line, the earlier songs, one by one, in reverse order. It is a summation and an envoy. The two principal metres of the cycle are here combined: harp and piano play in 7/8 while voice, viola, and flute move in 2/2. A steady, deep ripple from the piano suggests the ever-moving, cradling sea. In the composer's words, "the opening pedal on A-flat in flute and viola suggests a lonely immensity and the unvarying distant horizon; the harp picks up this note and scatters it through different octaves, providing flecks of brightness." At the line "My fate, O stranger, was to drown" the instruments well up for



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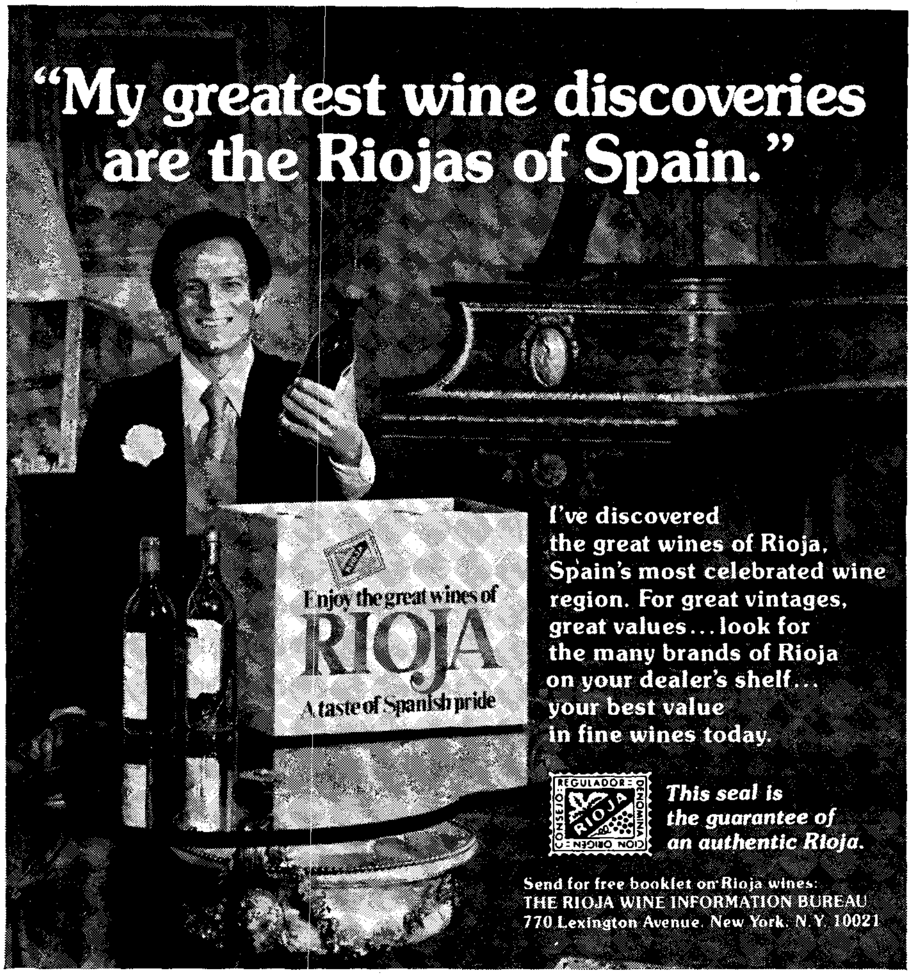
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a moment to engulf the singer. The gap between her voice and the piccolo doubling the chant two octaves higher seems to make manifest distances of time and space.

Music's imagery is formed in many ways. The rumbling of the bass drum in the final scene of "Rigoletto" is simply and directly imitative of thunder, but the sudden streaks from flute and piccolo are a sonic metaphor for lightning. The chromatic humming of the offstage chorus is partly a wind howl imitated but also a regular musical symbol of foreboding. (And the two "derivations" conspire to create a single sense: the moaning of the wind *is* eerie.) Flute and high violins, accompanying Gilda's last utterances on earth, are Verdi's "standard props" for a death scene, and—a more complicated metaphor—he often uses the solo flute to represent a prayer rising to Heaven. High notes to evoke "lassù in cielo" and low notes sounding *de profundis* are satisfactory and self-explanatory symbols. In the patterns of wave and ripple by which composers "depict" ocean and brook, sonic and graphic associations seem to combine. Similarly, when using a long-sustained note to evoke "the unvarying distant horizon," a composer asks a listener's ear to activate his inner eye. Musical imagery of such kinds knows no language boundaries. Aural pictures conjured up by setting one part to pursue another along the same track—in fact, all musical depictions of running, leaping, gliding, spinning, suddenly stopping—can be universally understood. At another pole are what might be called the puns based on the local letter names of notes. A four-note motif on D-E-A-D carries no inherent intimations of mortality. (In transposition, it opens the "William Tell" overture.) If I were asked to compose advertising jingles for brands of *baggage* or varieties of *cabbage*, I would have themes for them ready-made—but they would be in the nature of a private joke, not expressive

symbols. Messiaen referred to his musical ciphering of Aquinas as "a game." Nevertheless, letter-note rebuses *can* be expressively used—as by Bach when signing his "name" to the "Art of Fugue" and by Shostakovich when affixing his "monogram" (D.Sch. in German, corresponding to our notes D, E-flat, C, and B) to some of his most personal music. Similarly, number imagery in music can range from the playful (as in Lewin's cycle) to the profound (honoring the Trinity in threefold statements and perfect triads). The philosopher Leibniz, an ornament of the Hanoverian court while Agostino Steffani and Handel were Kapellmeisters there, declared music to be "a secret numeration of the soul." As far as I know, no one has been busily counting notes in Steffani and Handel scores. I rather hope no one does. The results already produced by counting Bach are dizzying—and, disconcertingly, not quite dismissible. The number 144 is prominent in Revelations. Maybe it is not coincidence that Bach's Cantata No. 50, with a text from Revelations, contains 6,138 notes, and that the product of those four digits is 144.

Lewin's "Variations of Greek Themes" is an anthology of widely various ways, direct and indirect, by which a text may determine a tune, a rhythm, a form, a texture. If it were no more than that, it would be a curiosity. It is more. At the start of his notes on the cycle, the composer remarks, "For the listener, no extensive verbal explanations should be needed, since the musical language draws on our familiar vocabulary of expressive music," and at the end of them he says, "It should be emphasized that, though the devices and techniques described above were employed with calculation, the aim at all times was to be expressive, not formalistic." And his songs make their effect directly. His melodies, timbres, harmonies, rhythms, whatever their source, are evocative and affecting in themselves. One need not be able to name, or even recognize, the Greek modes to respond to the sense of antiquity they conjure up. The lilting beat of slow-quick-slow-slow dance patterns courses through a listener's senses whether he has identified the 7/8 metre or not. "Eutychides," I bet, would sound funny in performance whether or not the twelve-note parodies were appreciated. The voice part is beautifully and gratefully written, with a rare command of the weight, speed, and contour that make fullest sense of the words. It was eloquently sung by

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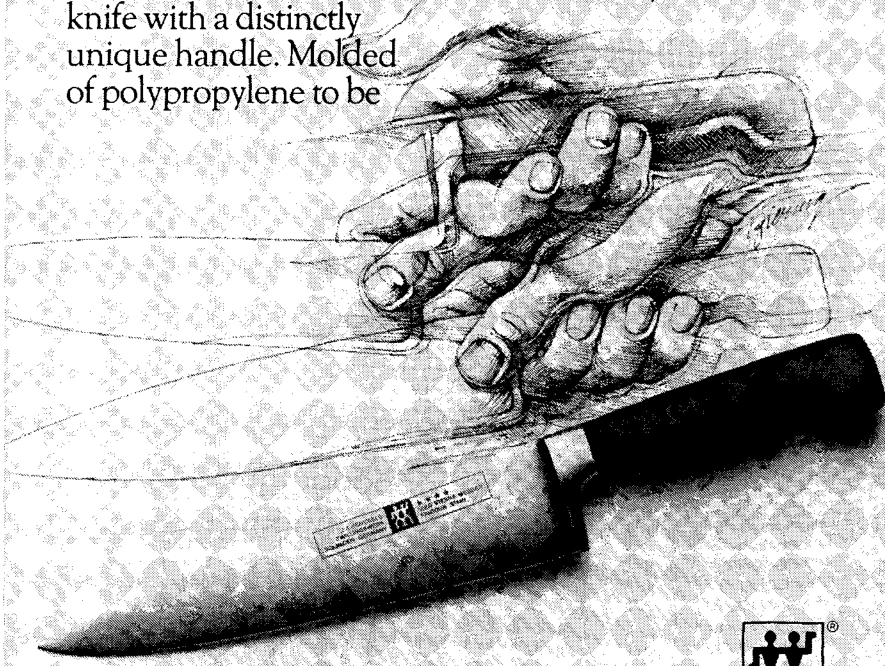

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Maureen Forrester, while Judith Mendenhall, flute, Scott Nickrenz, viola, Heidi Lehwalder, harp, and Charles Wadsworth, piano, made up the virtuoso ensemble. —ANDREW PORTER

•

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Hughes Rudd, formerly of the Kansas City Star, the Minneapolis Tribune and the Rock Springs, Wyo., Daily Rocket, becomes formerly of the CBS morning news anchor team Friday.

He's giving up his anchor job—but not appearances on the show—at his own request. Monday, Dick Threlkeld, who has worked for CBS in Vietnam, San Francisco and Rome, takes over.

Rudd, the amiable, grav el-voiced delegate from Waco, takes over.

Rudd, the amiable, grav el-voiced delegate from Waco, takes over.

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Rudd, the amiable, grav el-voiced delegate from Waco, takes over.

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Rudd, the amiable, grav el-voiced delegate from Waco, takes over.

Rudd, the amiable, grav el-voiced delegate from Waco, takes over.

Rudd, the amiable, grav takes over.

Rudd, the amiable, grav el-voiced delegate from news writer in New York to correspondent in Berlin and bureau chief in Moscow, said he originally asked for assignment back to Western Europe.

But the brass wanted him to continue doing those sometimes sardonic, sometimes whimsical essays with which he ends each day's show.

So he'll do them live the next two weeks and help Threlkeld break in, then appear both live and on tape. He'll stay based in New York, but the deal is, he can leave town occasionally and essay from elsewhere.

"I hate New York and hate being nailed to it," emphasized Rudd, who also will do documentaries now. The first commences in mid-November, the subject being newspapers in America.

—*Sacramento Union.*

Wonder what he'll have to say about *them.*

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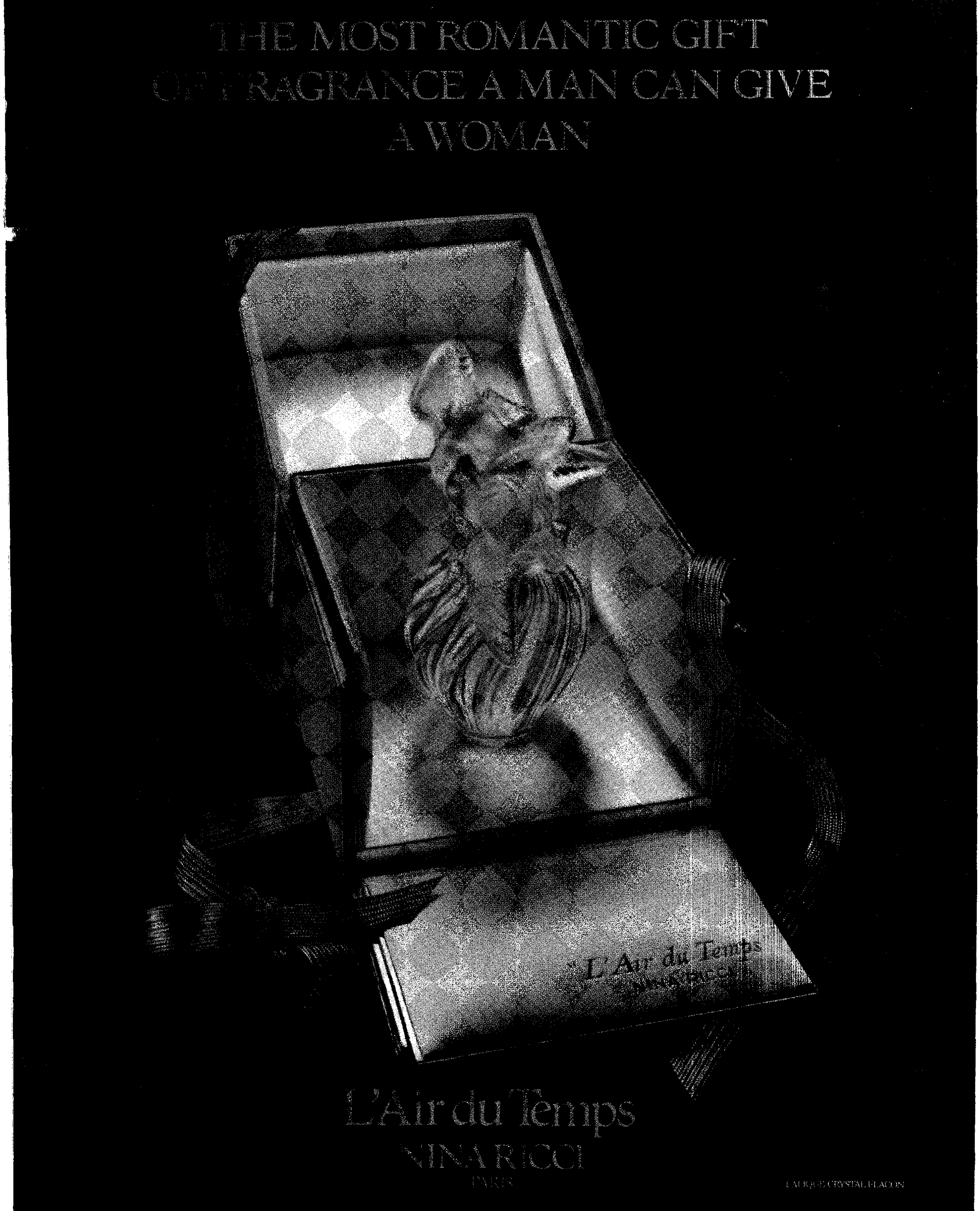
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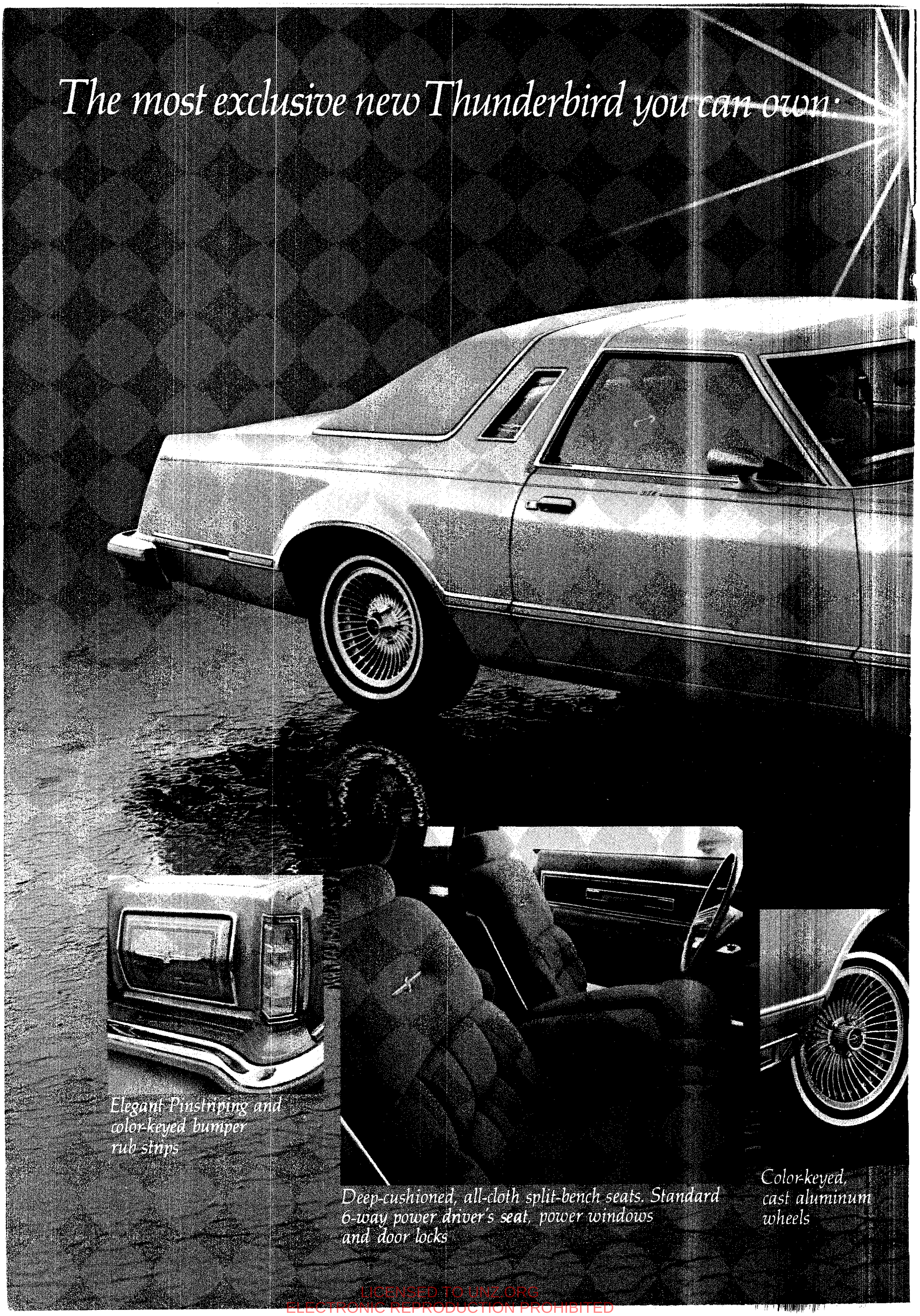
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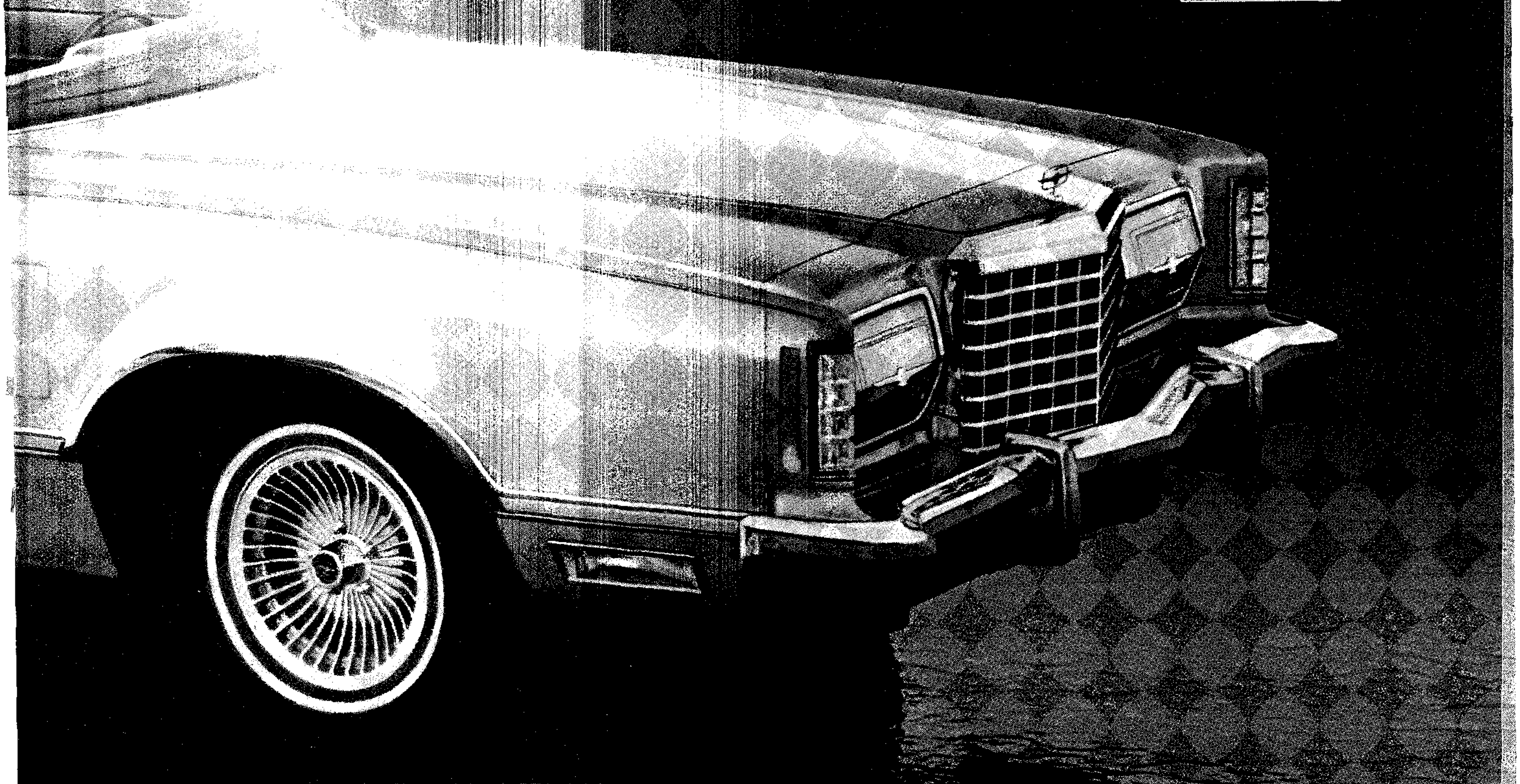

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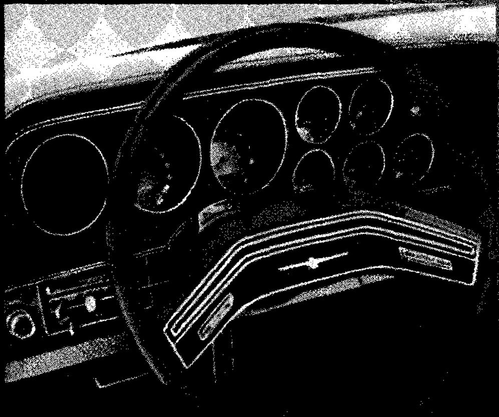
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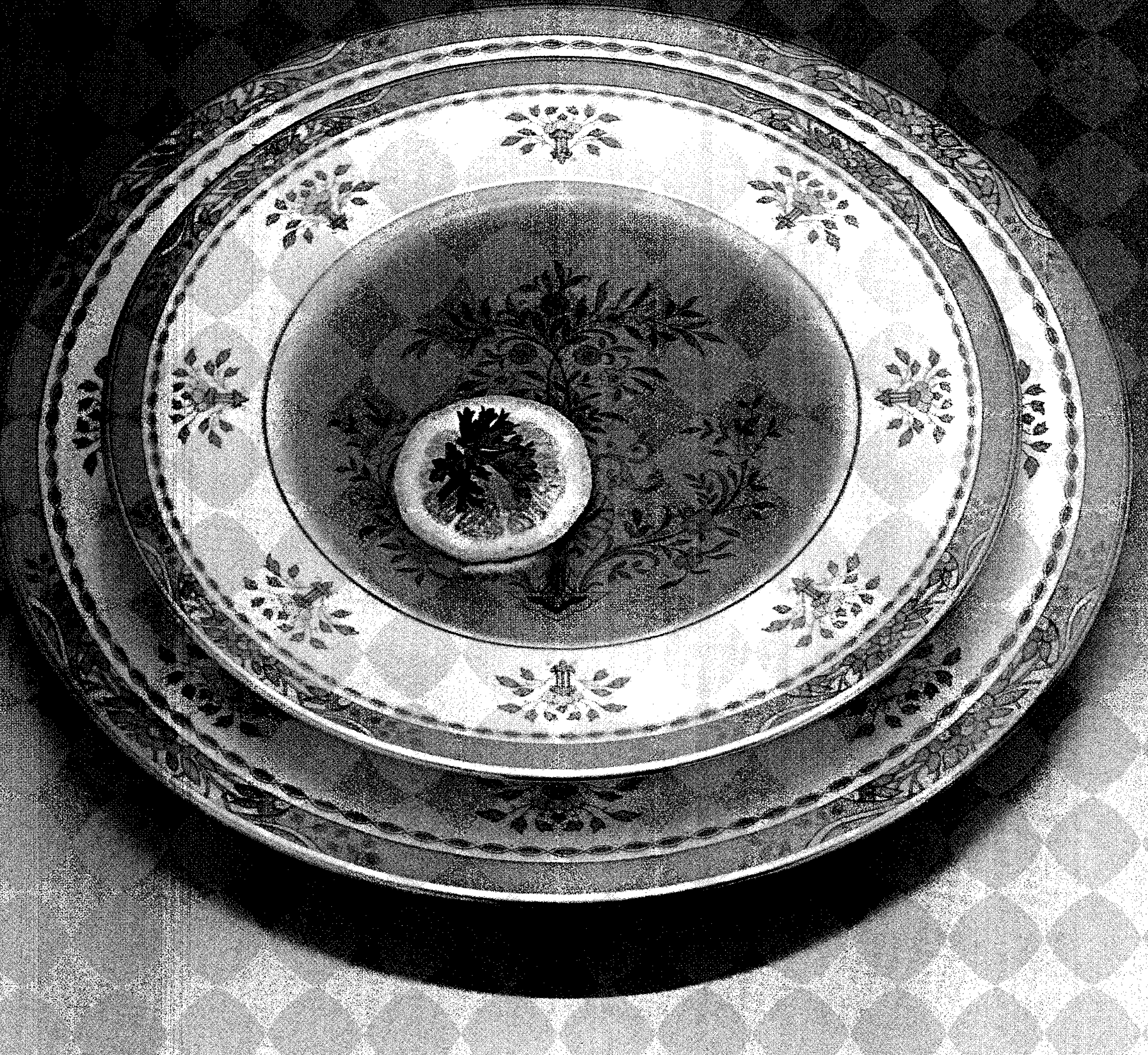

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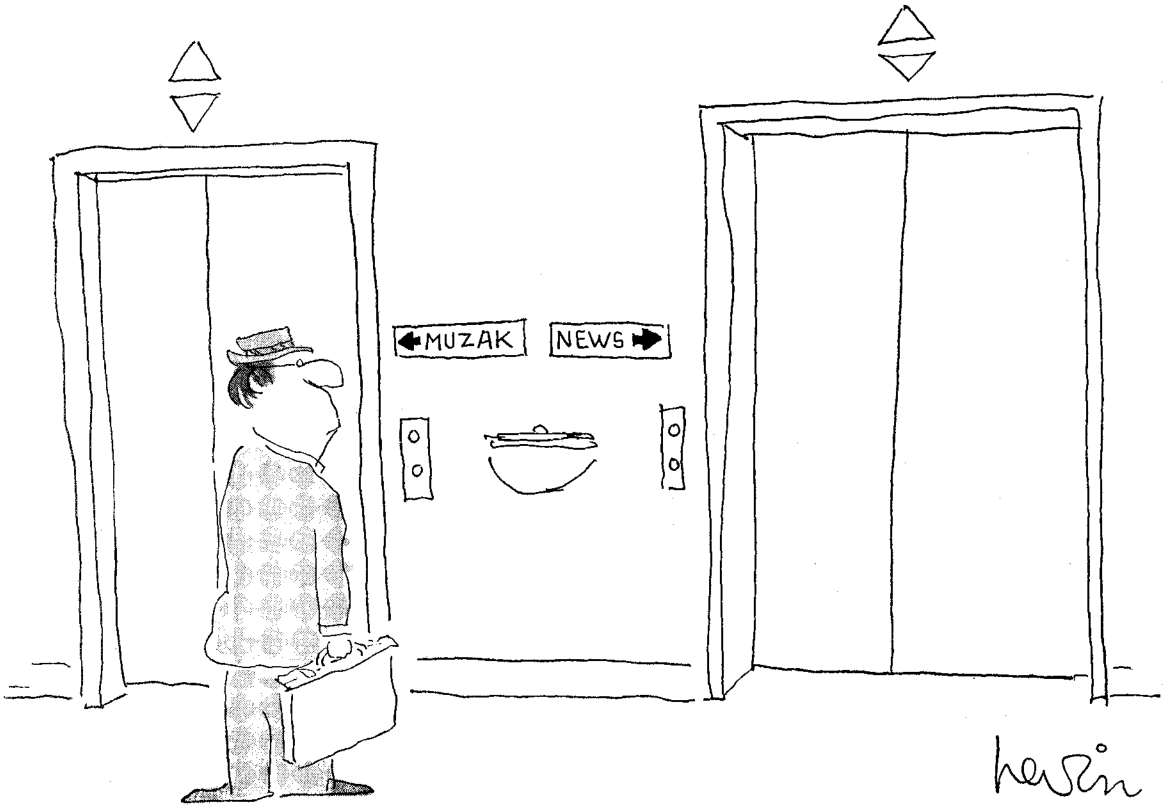
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Unjoy of Sex

FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT'S "The Man Who Loved Women" begins with the arrival of the mourners at Bertrand's funeral: all women, they arrive by ones, an army of attractive, sexy, young and not so young women. When, in flashback, we see Bertrand (Charles Denner), the dedicated skirt-chaser whose lovemaking these women are honoring by their presence, it's a letdown. He's dead even when he's supposed to be alive. An unsmiling man whose basic expression is morose, he has nothing in his existence but his work as an engineer in Montpellier (testing the effects of turbulence on planes and ships) and his compulsive mashing. Truffaut conceived the character Bertrand for Denner, which suggests a trace of his recurrent directorial masochism. Denner is a small man with a bright-eyed hawk face, rather like Jerzy Kosinski's, and in some roles (such as the dropout in Alain Jessua's "Life Upside Down") he has had Kosinski's alert, hallucinatory quality—a willful, rapt solitariness. But in the eccentric character parts he has played in other Truffaut films (for example, the exterminator in "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me") he has been somewhat obtrusive—not quite a movie actor, too deliberate about his effects—and when he attempts a cloud-borne comic style like that of Jean-Louis Barrault in "Bizarre, Bizarre" there's lead in his shoes. As Bertrand, he's playing a man about ten years younger than he actually is, and his face is tight; when he's thinking about how to track down a pair of legs he has spotted, he purses his lips or pinches them. For reflectiveness, for wryness—whatever—he just keeps working his mouth, twisting it around as if he were trying to hold his dentures in. Bertrand is like an elderly, dried-up pederast. There are, of course, joyless compulsive chasers, but Bertrand's chasing isn't intended to be joyless. Although his obsession may look to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks, he's meant to be irresistibly charming.

Bertrand's plight might have been a subject for one of Sacha Guitry's light farces—the absurd story of a roué who carries to extremes the proclivities that other men can keep in balance. And the movie has the structure of a boulevard farce. But it doesn't have a comic spirit. In its gross flippancy, it resembles "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me"—it may be even worse, because of the mixture of evasiveness and obviousness. The script Truffaut wrote (along with Michel Fermaud and Suzanne Schiffman) has plot turns—such as Bertrand's writing a book of confessions—that are feeble, time-wasting contrivances out of Hollywood-factory films of the forties. There's not much visual distinction, either, although the cinematography is by Nestor Almendros, who is a master and Truffaut's frequent collaborator. The comic high point is Bertrand's affair with Delphine (Nelly Borgeaud), a doctor's wife with a panther walk and a cuckoo-nympho gleam. Delphine revels in having sex in perilously public places—a department store, the garage of the apartment building she and her husband live in—and she tears off her clothes while crying out "Good Lord, the things you make me do!" Maybe this picaresque episode comes off with some humor just because it's an escape hatch—it has nothing to do with the film's theme. It's also creepily similar to an episode in Kurt Hoffmann's film "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (Mme. Houpfle tears off Felix's clothes while crying "Oh, how delightfully you debase me!"). And the sex-in-public mania has already been given satirical treatment in the Louise Lasser sketch in Woody Allen's "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex." Bertrand's chance encounter with Vera (Leslie Caron), whom he loved years before, and whose leaving him is supposed to indicate why he can't have an ongoing relationship, is so cryptically weighted with pauses, gulps, and shining eyes, and is so fundamentally uncommunicative, that it ranks with the flattest moments in all of Truffaut. In Bertrand's memories of his childhood with his promiscuous bitch of a mother, he recalls her use of the word "*insondable*"—"unfathomable." Is this meant to be the clue to the movie—that Bertrand wants each woman he sees because he couldn't fathom, couldn't get into, his mother? This, though, is Freud's clue to every man, and Bertrand's uncontrollable philandering suggests a special case. If a Freudian explanation is intended, wouldn't he be drawn to women who reminded him of his mother physically, or emotionally, by being bitchy and unloving to him, as she was? Psychologically, one of the least plausible aspects of this movie is

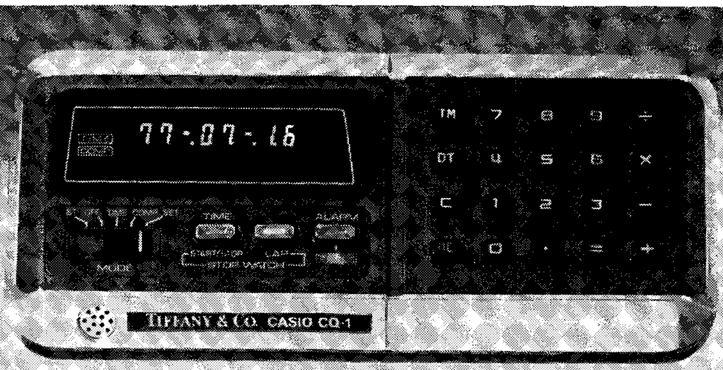


that he's supposedly drawn to *all* women—he's an equal-opportunity fornicator.

If Bertrand were a highly respected, honored man—a man with children and friends, possibly a man with a deep commitment to his work (an artist, perhaps?)—and if he were split between other drives or goals and this, to him, shameful, somewhat incomprehensible compulsion, then there'd be a comic horror in his plight. Truffaut, however, doesn't set Bertrand's chasing in conflict with other aspects of his character; he isolates it. Bertrand is such a loner that he doesn't even hang out with men to talk about women. And what pleasure can he get? The women are so willing and compliant he can't get anything resembling the thrill of conquest. There isn't as much as a whiff of gunpowder from the sexual war. The film has a frosty, tony-swinger mentality: nobody's hurt, nobody pays. Can a man race from one affair to another the way Bertrand does without disrupting the women's lives, and without their interfering in his? Bertrand's existence is so smooth he seems programmed rather than sex-crazed; the film has the pacing of an industrial movie—one task after another.

Bertrand's book editor is played by Brigitte Fossey, who is one of the most beautiful young women in movies. At five, she was the lost child in "Forbidden Games"—blond, porcelain perfection; now her perfection is sensuous and she has a Carole Lombard antic funniness about her. In this movie, she is supposed to fall in love with this sterile dummy Bertrand—a cross between a Jesuit and a harlequin. The film's tone becomes slickly self-congratulatory when the editor suggests to Bertrand that he change the title of his confessions from "The Skirt-Chaser" to "The Man Who Loved Women." Truffaut's having her make this switch is a way of reaching around the corner to pat himself on the back. The film begins with a halfhearted indictment of Bertrand—the suggestion that he's "sick"—and then the editor gives him a phony acquittal. We're actually asked to believe that he brought a little light into each woman's life.

IT is reported that when the James Ivory film "Roseland" was screened at the New York Film Festival it received a seven-minute standing ovation. Did those people stand up and cheer to get their circulation going again? Set in the famous, still functioning dance hall on Fifty-second Street off Broadway and using actual



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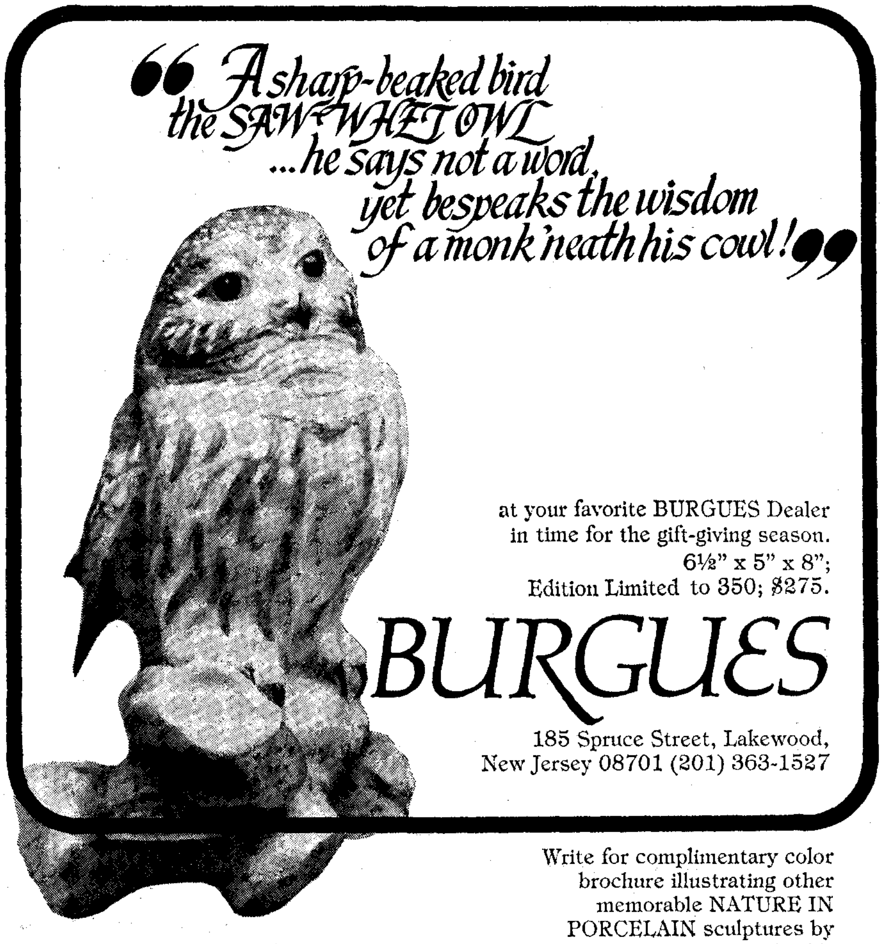

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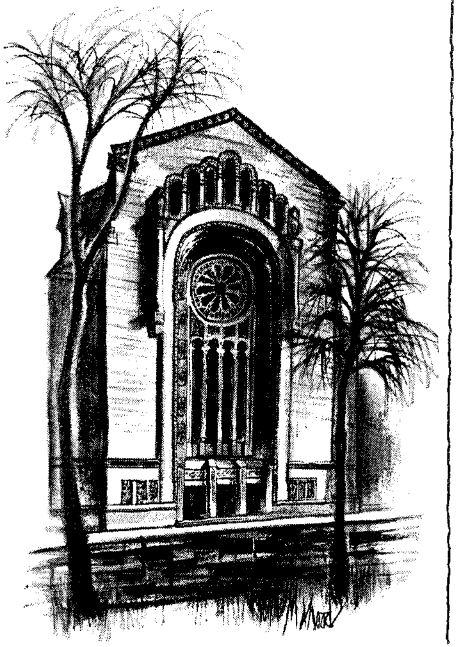
patrons in the crowd scenes, "Roseland" has three casts in three separate stories about the people who come to dance or to watch. As a form, the omnibus film has never worked out too well. For a viewer, having one's involvement shifted from one set of characters to the next is frustrating, and after watching three stories people may feel there hasn't been any story. The triple device requires style—a director who can start up the movie three times, vary the rhythms, and spin the tales daringly fast. "Roseland" never heard of anything so vulgar as pace. James Ivory has now made eight feature films without jeopardizing his amateur standing. In his early films, the absence of gloss suggested a fresh, noncommercial approach, but he's still taking beginning steps. In "Roseland," he's a hesitant director, without much feeling for how to frame a shot, and the cinematographer Ernest Vincze's images aren't dark, exactly—they're just dim, lacking in contrasts. The writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala has worked with Ivory several times before but never with any other director. Her script has a rounded-out finality that might read like a model of craftsmanship, but it's a writer's script, not a screenwriter's script; each story represents what high-school English teachers used to call fine imagination—there was dust on the pages before they were filmed.

Apparently, Roseland has survived—continuous music and all—because many of the people who were in the habit of going there when they were young have kept going, ritualistically, and it has become a haven for the middle-aged and the old. Not the sort of people benched on the traffic dividers



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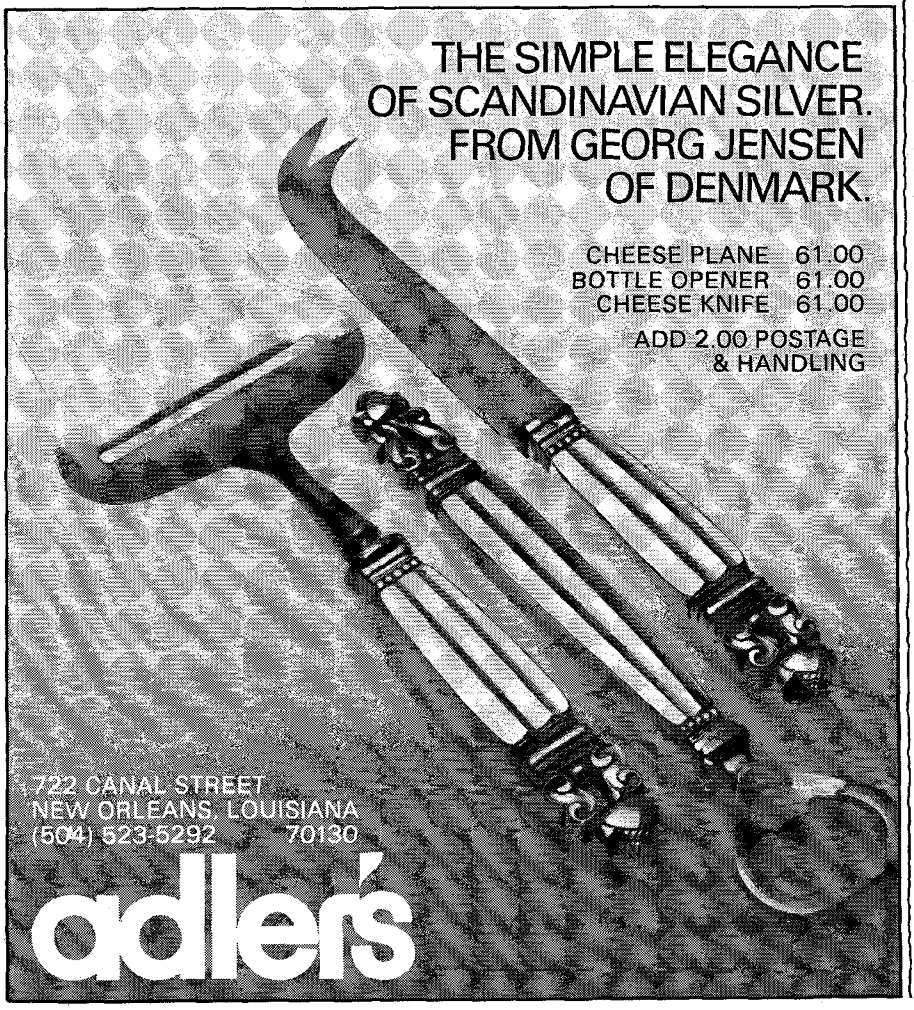

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on upper Broadway; that's the fifth ring of hell. The Roseland regulars don't let themselves go; they haven't given up. The men have their suits pressed and wear ties, and the women put on white gloves and ballroom chiffons with two or three petticoats underneath. This movie feels too much need for kindness, and refuses to see the schizzy comic aspects of this encampment for nostalgic aging people. Its hushed concern for their loneliness and its solicitude to protect their dignity are so respectful, washed-out, drab that the film denies them any spirit. The m.c., played by Don De Natale, an actual m.c. at Roseland, suggests a tawdry vivacity—a pleasure in the maudlin spectacle—that has more feeling for the customers than the film's faded genteel sensitivity.

Ivory keeps the camera on the actors, and they keep acting. In the first story, Teresa Wright, as a lonely sixtyish widow, never lets up; you can't relax when she's on the screen—she's reaching out, grabbing you, pelting you with her tender frailty. This fantasy episode is little-people occultism—an unholy union of Paddy Chayefsky and Rod Serling, but written as though the author had never heard of either. The triteness seems freshly minted. The best thing about the short-story structure is that as soon as the widow gets together with a new man (Lou Jacobi), she and her whimsey pass out of the movie. In the middle section, the writer got on to something, but, maybe because of being locked into the short form, she didn't develop it. Russel (Christopher Walken) is a dancer-gigolo, who is supported by an older woman (Joan Copeland) while he lets the pallid girl who loves him (Geraldine Chaplin) believe that he's going to break clean and go back to being a professional dancer. Russel has the dimpled, high-cheekboned look of movie idols from the past (Valentino, Phillips Holmes), but he also suggests emotional ties to the second-raters, the imitation movie stars who played rotters and handsome weaklings. Walken gives the character the polite veneer and the sullen self-sufficiency that would make Russel a successful lizard. This gigolo's courteous nastiness gives the film its only magnetic force—it's the only emotion in the movie (except for the m.c.'s) that isn't fully comprehended, chewed, and swallowed. There's another woman in Russel's life: his former dancing teacher and partner, Cleo (Helen Gallagher), who wants him to start training again, because she knows how good he could be—and how far they could go together. He doesn't care; Russel is content, even complacent, as the center of attention. Both the girl and Cleo are trying to force him to be more than he is. But because the emphasis is on his betrayal of the naïve girl, rather than on his betrayal of his talent (and of his partner), the episode never becomes dramatic. The final story—an extended anecdote, in which Lilia Skala and David Thomas play two aged habitués of the dance hall, and Skala acts right to the all too willing camera before twirling her life away—is a rather sad imitation of the man-dancing-himself-to-death sequence in Max Ophuls' "Le Plaisir."

"Roseland" is a case of a movie made by people who have been educated out of their instincts. The picture is all decorum and no energy. It needs some sense of interaction between Roseland and the New York City that's outside. Roseland's waltzing colonials must be bushwhacked every time they leave their outpost—how do you keep your gloves white in the subway, or even in a taxi? Their world is treated with so much academic tact that we never make direct contact with them. They drift by like patients in an asylum for romantics. "Roseland" has the defenseless, sentimental appeal that made hits of such pictures as "To Sir with Love" and "David and Lisa." It has been put together without tough-mindedness and without showmanship. "Roseland" makes you feel that it was produced in 1936 but didn't reach the screen until now because nobody had the vitality to thread the projector. The movie has had a spinal tap. —PAULINE KAEL

•

AFTER ICELAND, WILLIAM MORRIS DREAMS OF PANAMA

This color, outside all theory,
insists only on fact:
there are a hundred thousand greens,

each one truer than the last, and blue,
more sky than I have ever seen.
Clothes are blinding white,

the only choice if one is not to melt.
The second day I trade my paintbox
for dark glasses and tinted postcards

in a language I have yet to understand.
And come home to England tamed,
straw hat in hand, a parrot on a chain,

the white suit worn gray,
not nearly warm enough,
and am not recognized by anyone.

—DEBORA GREGER

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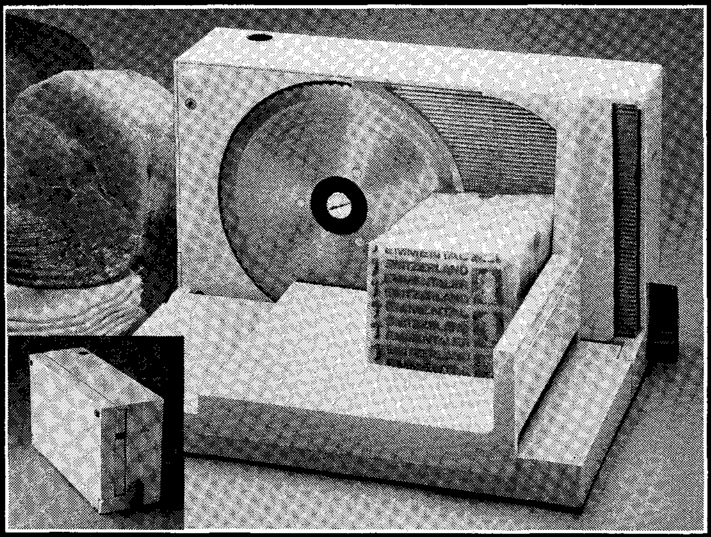

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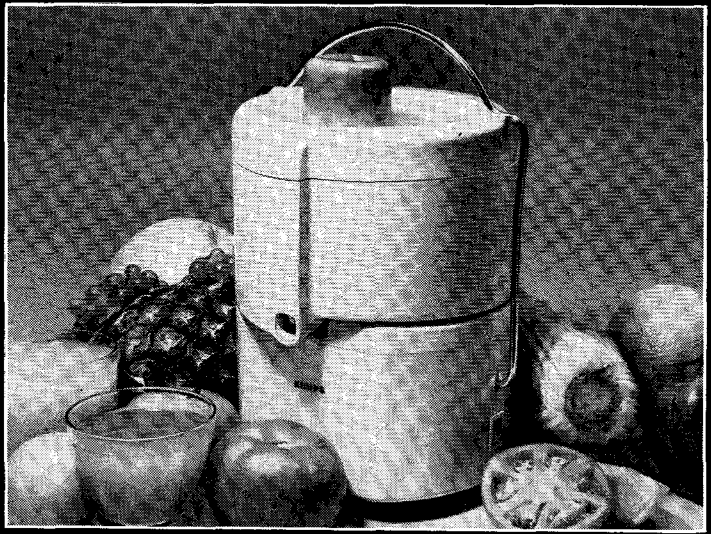

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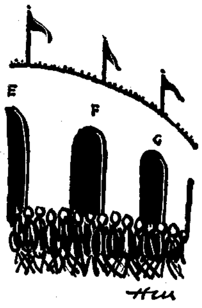

IT was a long, long wait for what has always been the really-truly end of the college-football season, a wait extended nearly without mercy by the exigencies of television: the matchup of Penn State and Pittsburgh (Penn State 15, Pittsburgh 13) could not get itself off camera until so late in the afternoon of Saturday last that the matchup of Army and Navy, already postponed from the more human hour of one o'clock, finally got under sail at four-fifteen, in a Götterdämmerung setting of overcast, frostbite, and gale force—though nothing as discomforting as the years-ago encounter between the two major service teams in the mud bath of the University of Pennsylvania stadium which was settled by Slade Cutter's opportune field goal for Navy could be recalled by old settlers in J. F. K. Stadium on Saturday. Army and Navy have too many peers—not to speak of overlords—these days, but there was this fall a feeling that the two ancient friends-enemies had come up a considerable distance in the modern world, and that this season's meet would be worth the trouble. The dominant reason was, naturally, the appearance, for the very last time in Army field dress, of Leamon Hall, quite probably the tallest, leanest, lankiest, coolest, cockiest, most accomplished quarterback ever to appear at the Point. This was his fourth year in Army custody, and not once—largely because of circumstances well beyond his control—had he come out ahead of Navy. This fall, surely, a turnabout was in order, and eighty-one thousand old settlers showed up—the best attendance in quite a while. Further to remind the faithful of better days, two private cars—the Lionel-Ives, from Washington, and the Lehigh Valley 353, from Syracuse—showed up at the tail end of two of the special trains.

Memories of the many afternoons when he had seemed the entire offense of his alma mater disappeared as Hall, now throwing the ball sparingly and accurately instead of often and desperately, dealt out a set of tricks that built up a lead, small but sturdy, which Navy could never quite overcome. It could most likely have worked out a tie, at 17–17, if, about a minute before time ran out, it had chosen to let Tata try for a field goal. Instead (precisely as Yale, earlier on this fall, had settled on a pitchout maneuver, which might have beaten Dartmouth, instead of a kick, which would merely have tied Dartmouth), it undertook a pitchout to Gattuso, its most ferociously effective runner, and the match was lost. This brave failure was, it might be said, a satisfactory conclusion to an event that could not have been more evenly, more skillfully, or (inasmuch as the penalties accruing to the performers came to no more than a handful of yards) more honorably conducted. Footnote: Could the little black gloves worn by some of the Army backfield have made the small difference in the efficiency with which the ball was handled in that hurricane?

OTHER occasions pertaining to season's end were turnabouts, too. A week before Army met Navy, this onlooker had expected, and for fairly sound reasons, to see Colgate finish its curriculum by overturning Delaware, and thus accomplish a wholly successful fall (eleven games in a row). Andrewlavage, it is true, kicked his final field goal for Colgate, but Relph, in his last outing at quarterback for Colgate, could not get away a single one of his patented touchdown passes, and White, another last-timer, could not run the ball in for any touchdowns. The result: Delaware 21, Colgate 3—as easy as pie. Last Saturday, as well, there were more turnabouts. No matter what cybernetics one mustered in one's calculations, there was no foreseeing the toppling, at the count of 30–23, of large, boisterous Massachusetts by minute Lehigh—a Massachusetts that had already put paid to the ambitions of New Hampshire in the Yankee Conference. Then we come to Holy Cross, so often a bridesmaid but rarely a bride these recent seasons. On Saturday, it entered the fourth quarter of its meet with Boston College a single point ahead. Holy Cross fourth quarters are often accident-prone, but this time the team collected two more touchdowns during the period, and won going away at a canter; the end product was Holy Cross 35, Boston College 20. All in all, enough unpredictable gaiety to make the farewell to the season of 1977 a deservedly fond one.

—J. W. L.

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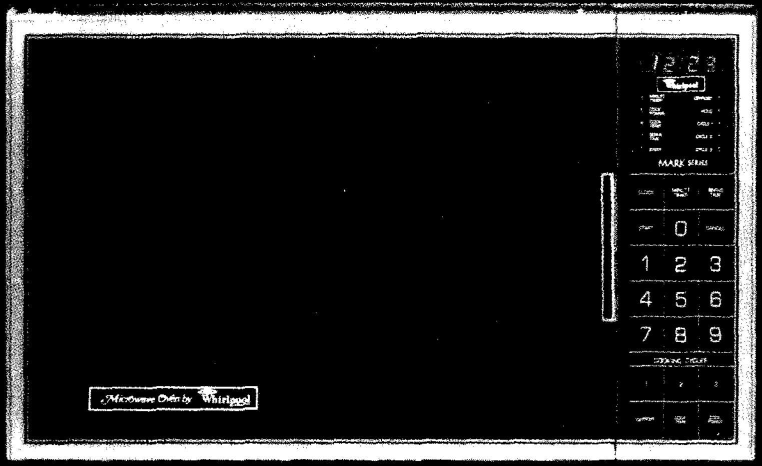

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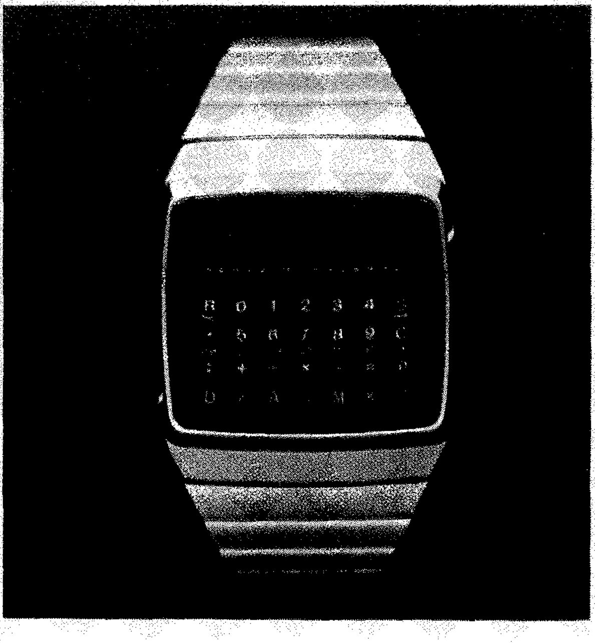

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REFLECTIONS

THINKING—III

OUR question "What makes us think?" does not ask for either causes or purposes. Taking for granted man's need to think, it proceeds from the assumption that the thinking activity belongs among those *energeiai* that, like flute-playing, have their ends within themselves and leave no tangible outside end product in the world we inhabit. We cannot date the moment when this need began to be felt, but the very fact of language and all we know of prehistoric times and of mythologies whose authors we cannot name give us a certain right to assume that the need is coeval with the appearance of man on earth. What we can date is the beginning of metaphysics and of philosophy, and we can name the answers given to our question at different periods of our history. Part of the Greek answer lies in the conviction of all Greek thinkers that philosophy enables mortal men to dwell in the neighborhood of immortal things and thus acquire or nourish in themselves "immortality in the fullest measure that human nature admits" (Plato's "Timaeus"). For the short time they can bear to engage in it, philosophizing transforms mortals into godlike creatures—"mortal gods," as Cicero says. (It is in this vein that ancient etymology repeatedly derived the key word *theorein*—contemplating—and even *theatron*, from *theos*.) The trouble with the Greek answer is that it is inconsistent with the very word "philosophy," love of or desire for wisdom, which cannot very well be ascribed to the gods. In the words of Plato, "no god philosophizes or desires to be wise; for he *is*."

Let me first deal with that strange notion of *athanatizein* (immortalizing), whose influences on the legitimate subject matter of our traditional metaphysics can hardly be overrated. At an earlier point, I interpreted the Pythagorean parable of the spectators at the Olympian games in terms of judgment, which as a separate faculty was discovered late in the modern age, when Kant, following up the eighteenth-century interest in the phenomenon of taste and its role in aesthetics as well as in social intercourse, wrote his "Critique of Judgment." Historically speaking, this interpretation of mine was quite inadequate. The Pythagorean notion of spectatorship had another, more far-reaching significance for the rise of philosophy in the West. Closely connected with the parable's main point of the supremacy of *theorein* over doing is the Greek notion of the divine. According to the Homeric religion, the gods were not transcendent; their home was not an infinite beyond but the "brazen sky . . . their sure citadel forever" (Pindar). Men and gods were like each other, were of one kind ("*hen andron, hen theon genos*"), drawing breath from one mother. The Greek gods, Herodotus tells us, had the same *physis* as men; but, though *anthropophyeis* (of the same kind), they still, of course, had certain privileged peculiarities: unlike mortals, they were deathless, and they enjoyed an "easy life." Free of mortal life's necessities, they could devote themselves to spectatorship, looking down from Olympus upon the affairs of men, which for them were no more than a spectacle for their entertainment. The Olympian gods' feeling for the world's spectacular quality—so different from other peoples' notions of divine occupations, such as creating and law-giving, founding and governing communities—was a partiality they shared with their less fortunate brothers on earth.

That the passion for seeing, preceding (as we have noted) the thirst for knowledge even grammatically in the Greek language, was the basic Greek attitude toward the world seems to me too obvious to require documentation. Whatever appeared—nature and the harmonious order of the *kosmos*, things that had come into being of their own accord and those that human hands had "led into being" ("*agein eis ten ousian*," which was Plato's definition of *to poiein*, or fabrication), and also whatever human excellence (*arete*) brought forward in the realm of human affairs—was there primarily to be looked at and admired. What tempted men into a position of mere contemplation was the *kalon*, the sheer beauty of appearances, so that "the highest idea of the good" resided in what shone forth most (*tou ontos phanotaton*), and human virtue, the *kalon k'agathon*, was assessed neither as an innate quality or intention of the doer nor by the consequences of his deeds but only by the performance, by how he *appeared while* he was doing. Virtue was what we would call virtuosity. As with the arts, human deeds had to "shine by their intrinsic merits," to use an expression of Machiavelli's. What-

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ever existed was supposed to be first of all a spectacle fit for the gods—in which, naturally, men, those poor relations of the Olympians, wished to have their share.

Thus Aristotle ascribes the faculty of *logos*, reasoned speech, to the Greeks as distinguished from the barbarians, but the desire to see he ascribes to all men. Thus Plato's cave-dwellers are content to look at the *eidola* on the screen before them without uttering a single word, unable even to turn to each other and communicate, being chained to their seats by the legs and the neck. The many share in the divine passion to see. What was involved in the Pythagorean spectatorship, in the position outside all human affairs, was something divine. And the less time a man needed to take care of his body, and the more time he could devote to such a divine occupation, the closer he came to the way of life of the gods. Moreover, since men and gods were of the same kind, even the divine deathlessness seemed not altogether out of mortal reach. Apart from being a constant source of envy, the great name—the precious reward for "great deeds and great words" (Homer)—conferred potential immortality: to be sure, a poor substitute. This reward, again, was in the power of the spectator to bestow on the actor. For before the philosophers came to deal with what is forever invisible and with what is not merely deathless but truly everlasting—*ageneton*, not only without end but also without beginning; that is, birthless (the Greek gods, as we know from Hesiod's "Theogony," were deathless but not birthless)—the poets and the historians had been dealing with what appears and, in the course of time, disappears from the visible world. Hence what was involved, prior to the rise of philosophy, in the notion of a position outside the realm of human affairs can best be clarified if we briefly examine the Greek notion of the function of poetry and the position of the bard.

There exists a report of a lost poem by Pindar. It described a marriage feast of Zeus, at which Zeus asked the assembled gods whether their happy blessedness still lacked something. Whereupon the gods begged him to create some divine beings who would know how to beautify all his great works "with words and music." The new godlike beings Pindar had in mind were the poets and bards, who helped men to immortality, for "the story of things done outlives the act" and "a thing said walks in immortality if it has been said well." The bards also, Homer-like, "straightened the story . . . in . . . magic words to charm all men thereafter." They did not merely report but also set right (*orthosas*): Aias had slain himself from shame, but Homer had known better and "honored him above all men." A distinction is made between a thing done and a thing thought, and the thought thing is accessible only to the spectator, to the non-doer.

This concept of the bard comes right out of Homer. The crucial verses occur when Odysseus has arrived at the court of the Phaeacians and, on the king's order, is entertained by the bard, who sings a story of Odysseus' own life, his quarrel with Achilles: Odysseus, listening, covers his face and weeps, though he has never wept before and certainly did not weep when what he is now hearing was actually happening. Only when he hears the story does he become fully aware of its meaning. And in another place Homer explicitly says: The bard sings for men *and* gods what the Muse Mnemosyne, who watches over Remembrance, has put into his mind. The Muse gave him good and bad: she deprived him of eyesight and gave him sweet song.

Pindar, in the lost Zeus poem, must have made clear the subjective as well as the objective side of these early thinking experiences: Both the world and men stand in need of praise, lest their beauty go unrecognized. Since men appear in the world of appearances, they need spectators, and those who come as spectators to the festival of life are filled with admiring thoughts, which are then uttered in words. Without spectators, the world would be imperfect: the participant, absorbed as he is in particular things and pressed by urgent business, cannot see how all the particular things in the world and all the particular deeds in the realm of human affairs fit together and produce a harmony, which itself is not given to sense perception; and this invisible in the visible would remain forever unknown if there were no spectator to look out for it, admire it, straighten out the stories, and put them into words.

To state this in conceptual language: The meaning of what actually happens and appears while it is happening is revealed when it has disappeared; remembrance, by which you make present to your mind what is actually absent and past, reveals the meaning in the form of a story. The man who does the revealing is not involved in the appearances; he is blind, shielded against the visible, in order to be able to "see" the invisible. And what he sees

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with blind eyes and puts into words is the story—*not* the deed itself and *not* the doer, although the doer's fame will reach the high heavens.

Out of this arose the typically Greek question "Who becomes immortal, the doer or the teller?" Or: Who depends on whom, the doer on the poet, who gives him fame, or the poet on the doer, who must first accomplish things that deserve to be remembered? We need only read Pericles' funeral speech in Thucydides to learn that the question remained controversial, the answer depending on who replied—the man of action or the spectator. Pericles, at any rate, statesman and friend of philosophers, held that Athens, the city that had become "the school of Hellas" (as Homer had been the teacher of *all* Greeks), was "far from needing a Homer . . . or other of his craft" to make it immortal; the Athenians, by the sheer power of their daring, had left "imperishable monuments" behind them on land and sea. It is the distinctive mark of Greek philosophy that it broke entirely with this Periclean estimate of the highest and most divine way of life for mortals. To quote but one of Pericles' contemporaries, Anaxagoras, who was also his friend: when asked why one should choose rather to be born than not—a question, incidentally, that seems to have preoccupied the Greek people, and not merely philosophers and poets—Anaxagoras replied, "For the sake of viewing the heavens and the things there, stars and moon and sun," as though nothing else were worth a man's while. And Aristotle agreed: "One should either philosophize or take one's leave of life and go away from here."

What Pericles and the philosophers had in common was the general Greek estimate that all mortals should strive for immortality, this being possible because of the affinity between gods and men. Compared to other living beings, man is a god; he is "a kind of mortal god" (to refer again to Cicero's phrase: "*quasi mortalem deum*"), and his chief task, therefore, consists in an activity that could remedy his mortality and thus make him more like the gods, his closest relations. The alternative to that is to sink to the level of animal life. "The best choose one thing in place of all else—everlasting fame among mortals; but the many are glutted like cattle" (Heraclitus). The point here is that it was axiomatic in pre-philosophical Greece that the only incentive worthy of man qua man is the striving for immortality: the great deed is beautiful and praiseworthy not

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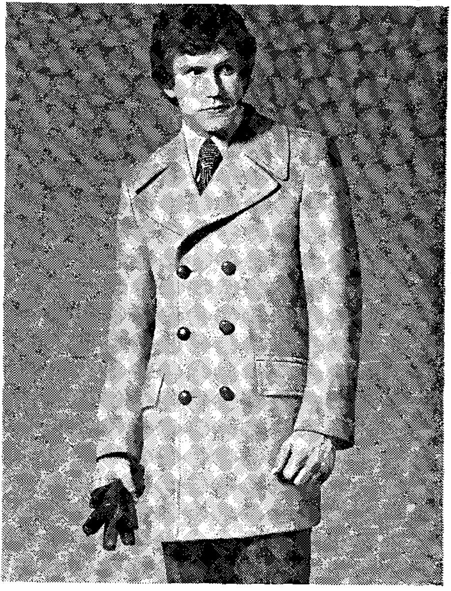

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because it serves one's country or one's people but exclusively because it will "win eternal mention in the deathless roll of fame" (Plato). Diotima says to Socrates, "Do you suppose that Alcestis would have died to save Admetus, or Achilles to avenge Patroclus . . . if they had not believed that their excellence [*arete*], would live forever in men's memory, as in fact it does in ours?" And all the various kinds of love, according to Plato's "Symposium," are ultimately united by the striving for immortality of all things mortal.

I do not know who was the first Greek to become aware of the decisive flaw in the praised and envied immortality of the gods: they were deathless (*a-thanatoi*, those who were forever *aien eontes*), but they were not eternal. "As the Theogony informs us in some detail, they have all been born: their vital duration had a temporal beginning. It is the philosophers who introduce an absolute *arche* or Beginning which is itself unbegun, a permanent and ungenerated source of generation. The initiator here was probably Anaximander, but we can see the result more clearly in the poem of Parmenides. His being *is forever* in the strong sense; it is ungenerated [*ageneton*] as well as unperishing [*anolethron*]. Limited neither by birth nor by death, the duration of *What is* replaces and transcends the unending survival which characterized the Olympian gods" (Charles Kahn). In other words, Being, birthless as well as deathless, replaced for the philosophers the mere deathlessness of the Olympian gods; Being became the true divinity of philosophy, because, in the famous words of Heraclitus, it "was made by none of the gods or men, but always was and is and shall be: an ever-living fire, fixed measures kindling and fixed measures going out." The gods' immortality could not be trusted: what had come into being could also cease to be (were not the pre-Olympian gods dead and gone?), and it was this flaw in the gods' everlastingness (much more, I think, than their frequent immoral conduct) which made them so vulnerable to Plato's ferocious attacks. The Homeric religion was never a creed that could be replaced by another creed. "The Olympian gods were laid low by philosophy" (Bruno Snell). That the new and everlasting divinity, which Heraclitus in the fragment just quoted still calls *kosmos* (not the world or the universe but their order and harmony), is finally, starting with Parmenides, given the name Being seems due, as Charles Kahn suggests, to the "dura-

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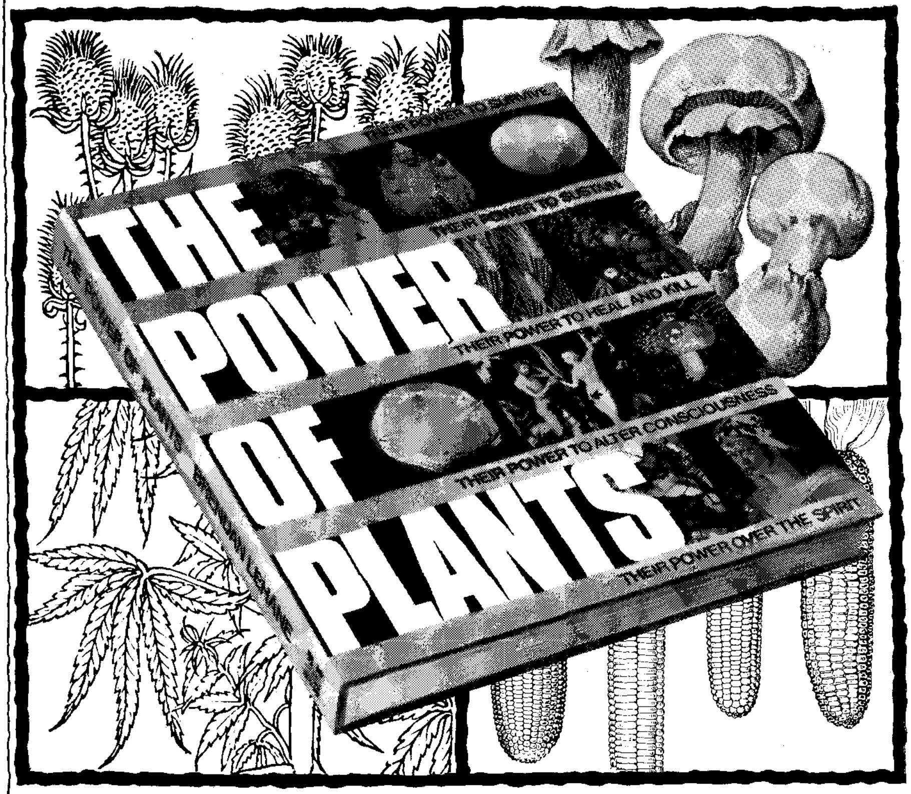
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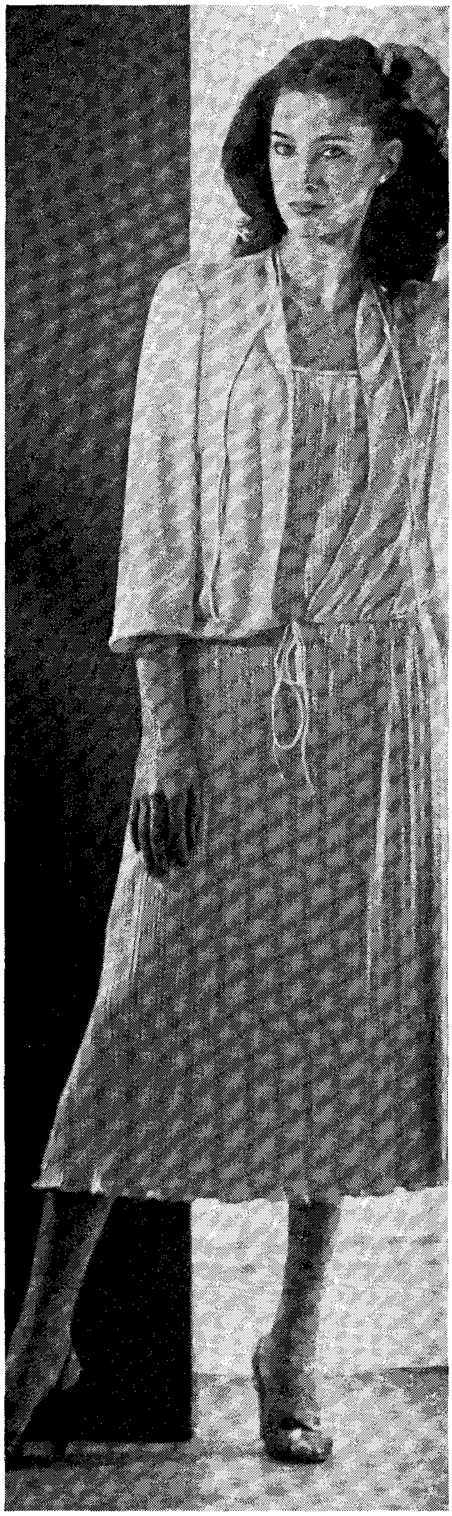

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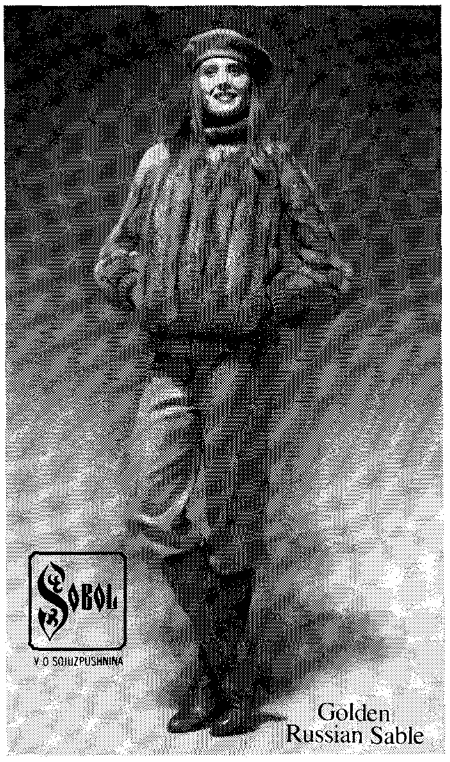
tive" connotations that this word had from the beginning. It is indeed true, and by no means a matter of course, that "the durative aspect, being inseparable from the stem, colors every use of the verb, including every philosophical use."

If Being replaced the Olympian gods, then philosophy replaced religion. Philosophizing became the only possible "way" of piety, and this new god's newest characteristic was that he was One. That this One was indeed a god, and thus decisively different from what we understand by "being," becomes obvious when we see that Aristotle called his "First Philosophy" a "Theology," by which he did not mean a theory about the gods but what much later—in the eighteenth century—was called *ontologia*, or ontology.

The great advantage of the new discipline was that to win his share of immortality man no longer needed to count on the uncertain ways of posterity. He could actualize it while he was alive, and without requiring any help from his fellow-men or from the poets, who in earlier days, by bestowing fame, could make his name last forever. The way to the new immortality was to take up one's abode with things that are forever, and the new faculty making this possible was called *nous*, or mind. The term was borrowed from Homer, where *noos* encompasses all mental activities besides designating the specific mentality of one person. It is *nous* that corresponds to Being, and when Parmenides says, "*To gar auto noein estin te kai einai*" ("To be and to think [*noein*, the activity of *nous*] are the same"), he is already saying implicitly what Plato and Aristotle later said explicitly: that there is something in man which corresponds exactly to the divine because it enables him to live, as it were, in its neighborhood. It is this divinity that causes Thinking and Being to be the same. By using his *nous*, and withdrawing mentally from all perishable things, man assimilates himself to the divine. And the assimilation is meant pretty literally. For, just as Being is the god, *nous*, according to Aristotle (quoting from either Ermotimos or Anaxagoras), is "the god in us," and "every mortal life possesses the part of some god." *Nous*, "as all wise men agree," says Plato, "is the king of heaven and earth;" it is above the whole universe, just as Being is higher in rank than anything else. The philosopher, therefore, who has decided to risk the voyage beyond "the gates of Day and Night" (Parmenides), be-



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yond the world of mortals, "shall be called the friend of god, and if ever it is given to man to put on immortality, it shall be given to him" (Plato). In short, to engage in what Aristotle called the *theoretike energeia* that is identical with the activity of the god ("*he tou theou energeia*") means to "immortalize" (*athanatizein*), or engage in an activity that in itself makes us immortal "as far as that is possible," and to "do our utmost to live in accordance with what is highest in us."

For the present inquiry, it is of some importance to note that the immortal and divine part within man does not exist unless it is actualized, and focussed on the divine outside; in other words, the *object* of our thoughts bestows immortality on thinking itself. The object is invariably the everlasting—what was and is and will be, and therefore cannot be otherwise than it is, and cannot *not* be. This everlasting object is primarily, in the words of Philebus, "the revolutions of the universe," which we can follow mentally, thus proving that we are "not an earthly but a heavenly growth," creatures who have their "kindred" not on earth but in heaven. Behind this conviction one can easily detect the aboriginal wonder, in itself philosophical. It is wonder—first noted by Plato—that sends the scientist on his course of "dispelling ignorance" and that made Einstein say, "The eternal mystery of the world [i.e., the universe] is its comprehensibility." Hence, Einstein continues, all subsequent "development" of theories to match the universe's comprehensibility "is in a certain sense a continuous flight from 'wonder.' " The God of the scientists, one is tempted to suggest, created man in His own image and put him into the world with only one Commandment: Now try to figure out by yourself how all this was done and how it works.

At any rate, to the Greeks philosophy was "the achievement of immortality," and, as such, it proceeded in two stages. There was first the activity of *nous*, which consisted in contemplation of the everlasting and was in itself *aneu logou*, speechless; then followed the attempt to translate the vision into words. This was called *aletheuein* by Aristotle, and the term does not simply mean to tell things as they really are without concealing anything but also applies only to propositions about things that always and necessarily are and cannot be otherwise. Man qua man, as distinct from other animal species, is a composite of *nous* and *logos*: "his essence is set in

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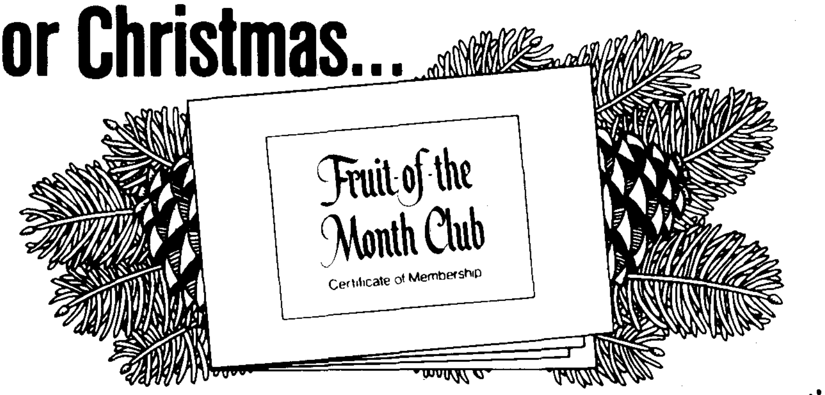

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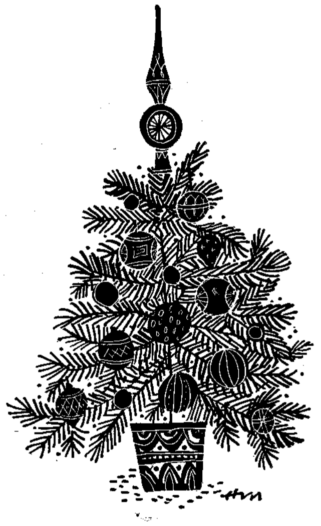
order according to *nous* and *logos*"—"*ho anthropos kai kata logon kai kata noun tetaktai autou he ousia*" ("Protreptikos"). Of these two, it is only *nous* that enables him to partake of the everlasting and the divine; *logos*, defined by Herodotus as "to say what is"—"*legein ta eonta*"—is the specific, uniquely human ability that is applied to mere "mortal thoughts" (opinions or *dogmata*), to what happens in the realm of human affairs, and to what merely "seems" but *is* not.

Logos, as distinguished from *nous*, is not divine, and the translation of the philosopher's vision into speech—*aletheuein*, in the philosophers' strict sense—created considerable difficulties. The criterion of philosophical speech is *homoiosis* (in opposition to *doxa*, or opinion); that is, "to make a likeness," or assimilate in words as faithfully as possible the vision provided by *nous*, which itself is without discourse, seeing "directly, without any process of discursive reasoning" (Francis Cornford). The criterion for the faculty of vision is not "truth" as would be suggested by the verb "*aletheuein*," derived from the Homeric "*alethes*" ("truthful"). In Homer, it is used only for the *verba dicendi*, in the sense of "Tell me without hiding [*lanthanai*] within yourself;" that is, "Do not deceive me"—as though the common function of speech, here implied in the *alpha privativum*, were precisely deception. Truth remains the criterion of speech, though now, when speech has to assimilate itself to and, as it were, take its cue from the vision of *nous*, truth changes character. The criterion for vision is only the quality of everlastingness—truth being that which abides—in the seen object; the mind can partake in that directly, but "if a man is engrossed in appetites and ambitions and spends all his pains on these . . . he cannot fall short of becoming mortal altogether, since he has nourished the growth of his mortality." If, on the contrary, "he has set his heart" on contemplating the everlasting objects, he cannot "fail to possess immortality in the fullest measure that human nature admits" ("Timaeus").



It is generally admitted that philosophy, which since Aristotle has been the field of inquiry into things that came after the physical and transcended them ("*ton meta ta physika*," "about what comes after the physical"), is Greek in origin. And, being Greek in origin, it set itself the original Greek goal, immortality, which seemed even linguistically the most natural aim for men who understood themselves as mortals, *thnetoi* or *brotoi*, for whom, according to Aristotle, death was "the greatest of all evils," and who had as their kindred, their blood relations, as we would say—"drawing breath from one mother"—the immortal gods. Philosophy did nothing to change this natural goal; it only proposed another way to attain it. Roughly speaking, the goal declined in interest with the decline and fall of the Greek people and disappeared from philosophy altogether with the arrival of Christianity, bearing its "good news" that men were not mortals—that, contrary to their former pagan beliefs, the world was doomed to end but they would be bodily resurrected after death. The last trace of the Greek quest for the everlasting may be seen in the *nunc stans*—the "standing now"—of the medieval mystics' contemplation. The formula is striking, and we shall see later that it indeed corresponds to an experience highly characteristic of the thinking age.

However, while the mighty incentive to philosophize disappeared, the topics of metaphysics remained the same, and continued to prejudge throughout the centuries which things are worthy of being thought about and which are not. What was for Plato a matter of course—that "pure knowledge is concerned with the things that are always the same without change or mixture, or with what is most akin to them"—remained, in manifold variations, the chief assumption of philosophy up to the last stages of the modern age. Excluded by definition were all matters concerning human affairs, because they were contingent—they could always be different from what they actually were. So even when Hegel, under the influence of the French Revolution—in which, according to him, eternal principles such as freedom and justice had been actualized—took history itself as his field of inquiry, he could do it only on the assumption not just that the "revolu-

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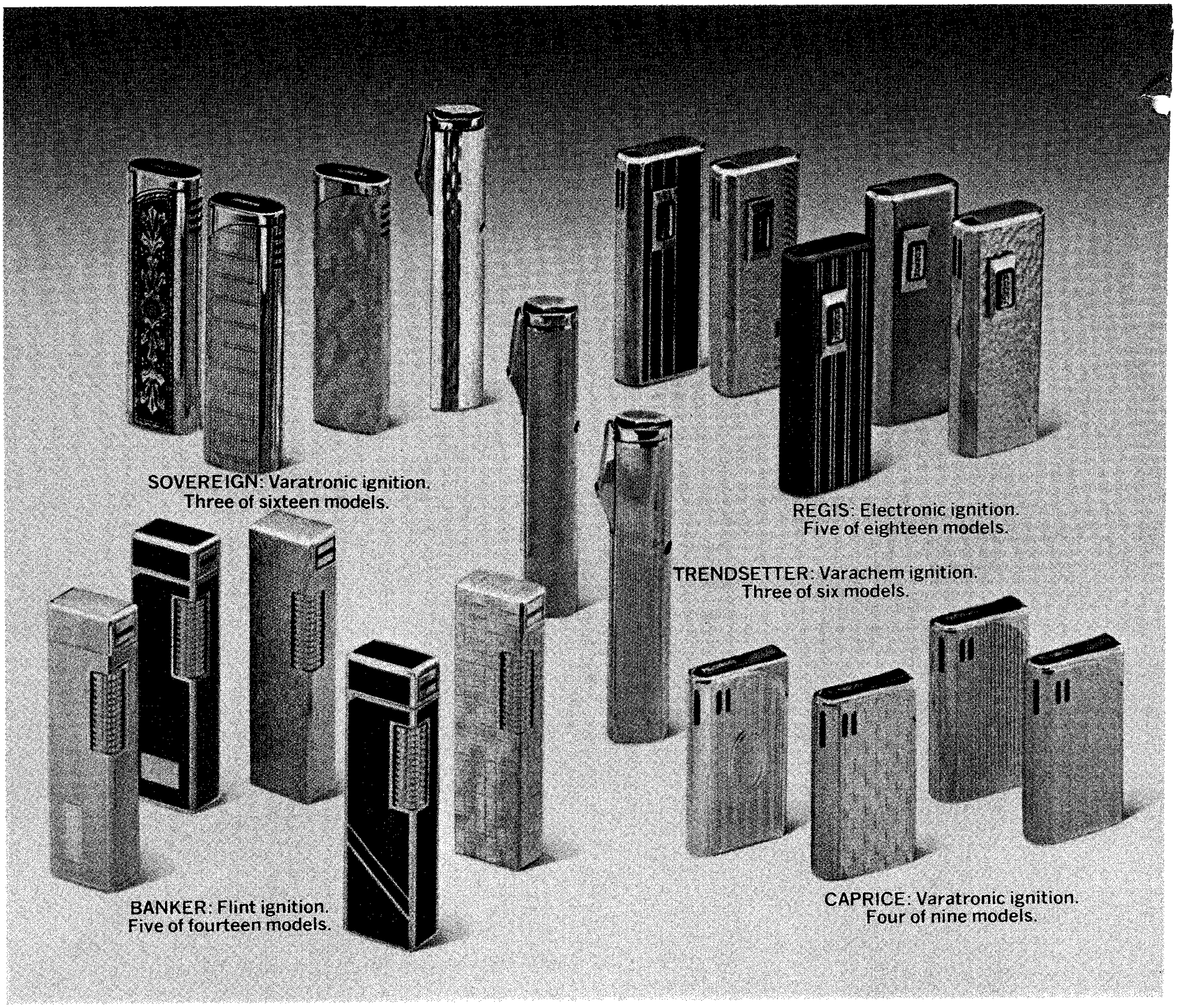

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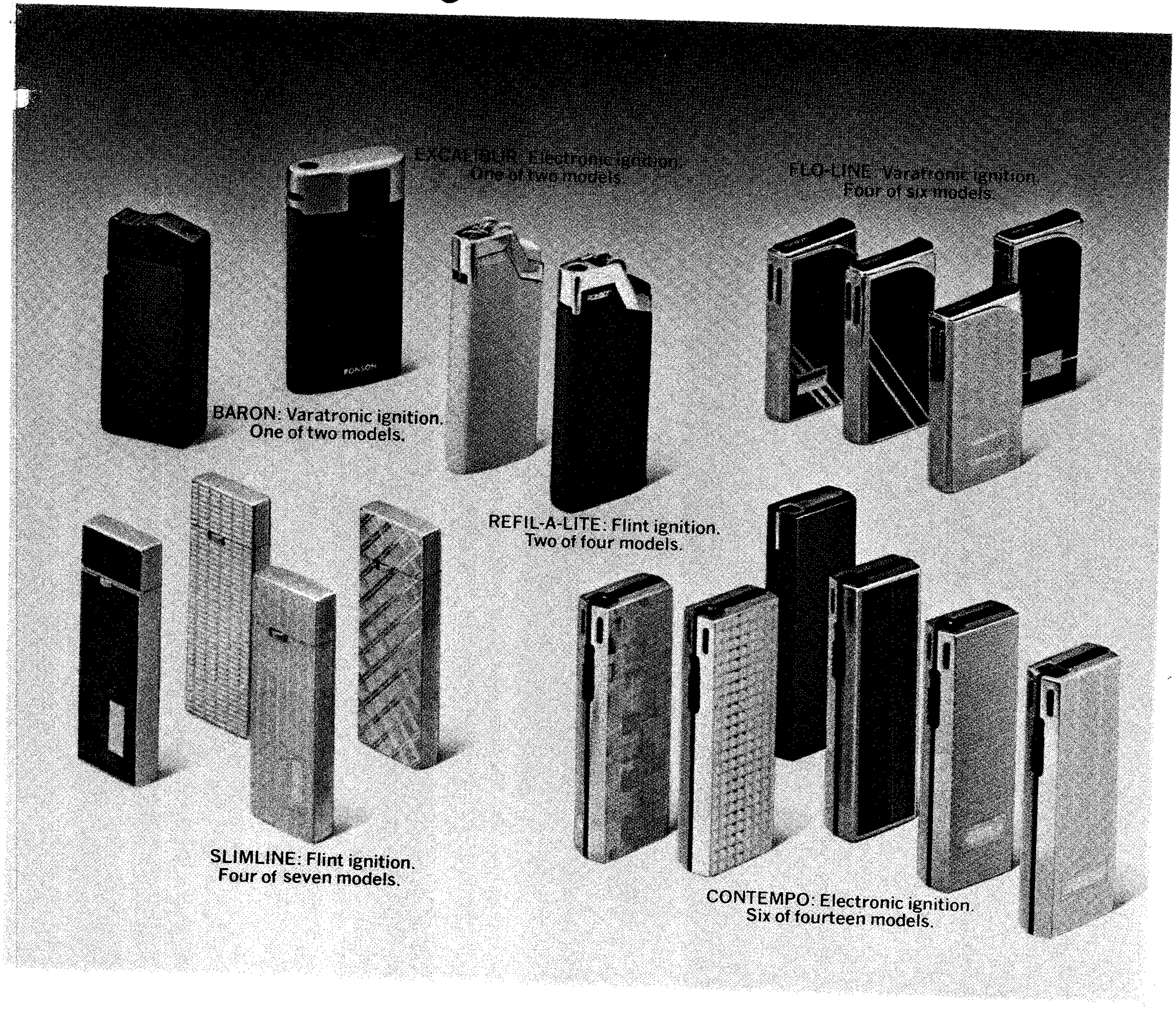
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tions of the universe" and sheer thought-things (numbers and the like) followed the iron laws of necessity but that the course of human affairs on earth also followed such laws: the laws of the incarnation of the Absolute Mind. From then on, the goal of philosophizing was not immortality but necessity. "Philosophical contemplation has no other intention than to eliminate the accidental" (Hegel).

The originally divine metaphysical topics, the everlasting and the necessary, outlived the need to "immortalize" through the mind's effort to "stay" and remain in the presence of the divine—an effort rendered otiose when, with the rise of Christianity, faith replaced thought as the bringer of immortality. And, in a different fashion, it is true that the evaluation of spectatorship as the essentially philosophical and best way of life also persisted. In pre-Christian times, that notion was still alive in the philosophical schools of late antiquity, when life in the world was no longer considered a blessing, and when involvement in human affairs was seen no longer as a distraction from a more divine activity but, rather, as dangerous and joyless in itself. To keep yourself out of political involvement meant to occupy a position outside the turmoil and misery of human affairs and their inevitable shifts. The Roman spectators were no longer situated on the ascending rows of a theatre, where they could look down godlike on the game of the world; their place was now the secure shore or haven, where they could watch, without being endangered, the wild and unpredictable upheavals of the storm-swept sea. These are the words of Lucretius praising the advantages of mere spectatorship: "What joy it is, when out at sea the stormwinds are lashing the waters, to gaze from the shore at the heavy stress some other man is enduring! Not that anyone's afflictions are in themselves a source of delight; but to realize from what troubles you yourself are free is joy indeed." Here, of course, the philosophic relevance of spectatorship is entirely lost—a loss that befell so many Greek notions when they fell into Roman hands. What is lost is not only the spectator's privilege of judging (as we found it in Kant) and the fundamental contrast between thinking and doing but also the even more fundamental insight that whatever appears is there to be seen—that the very concept of appearance demands a spectator—and that therefore to see and to behold are activities of the highest rank.

It was left to Voltaire to draw con-

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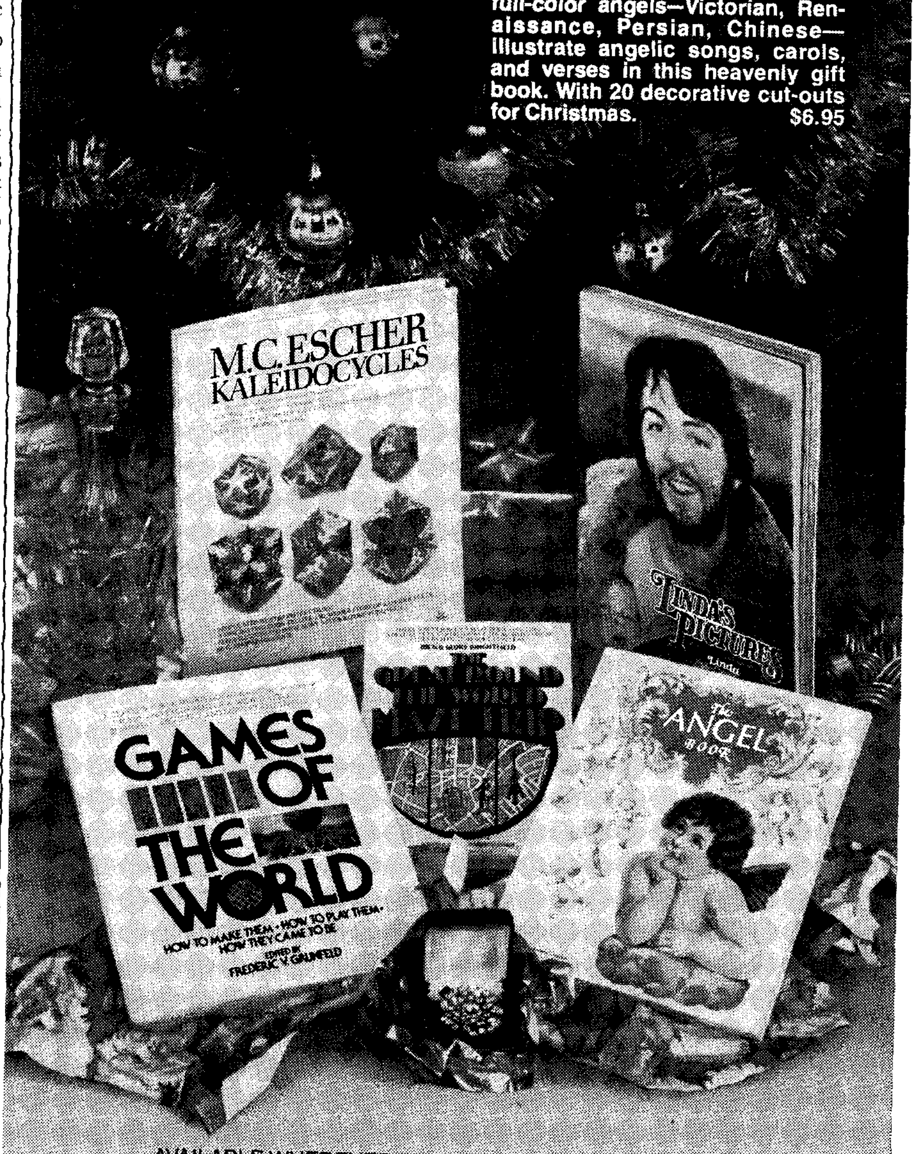

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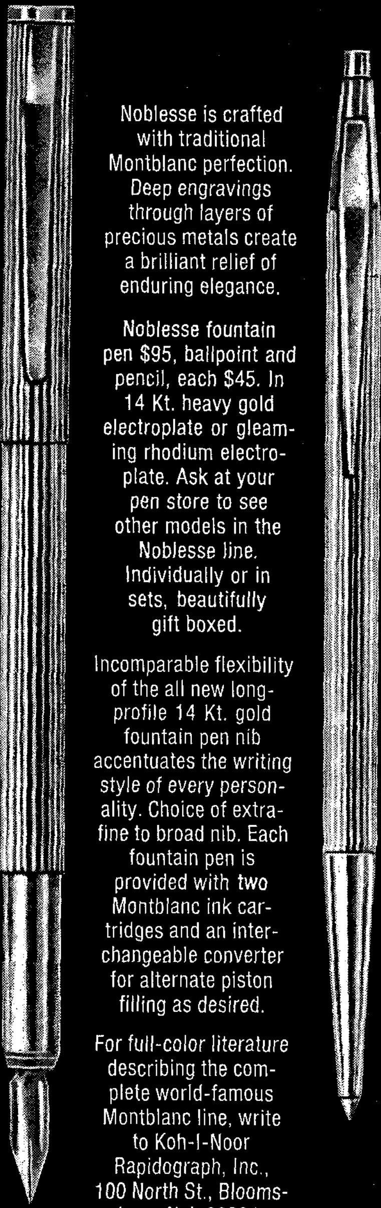

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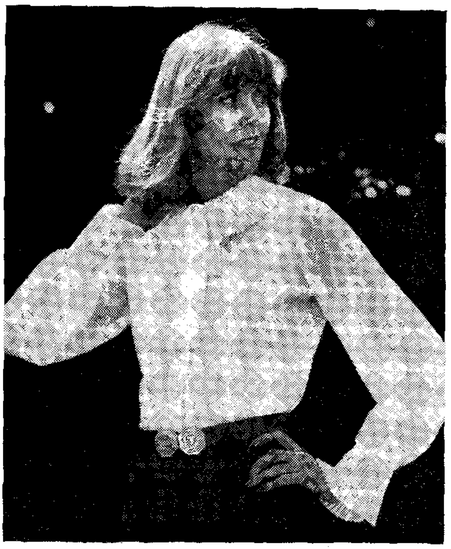
clusions from Lucretius' proposition. According to him, the desire to see is nothing but cheap curiosity: it attracts people to the spectacle of a ship about to be wrecked; it drives people to climb trees for a view of the massacres of battle, or to attend public executions. And this passion, according to Voltaire, man shares with monkeys and young dogs. In other words, if Lucretius is right and man's passion for spectacles is due solely to a sense of safety, then the sheer lust for seeing can be ascribed only to an immature, irrational drive that endangers our very existence. The philosopher for whom Lucretius speaks will not need to see the shipwreck to be warned against entrusting his safety to the wildness of the sea. Unfortunately, it is in this rather shallow form that the beneficial and "noble" distance between the spectator and his object has been handed down in our tradition—if we leave out of consideration the high rank of contemplation in medieval philosophy, with its altogether different connotations. And it is curious how frequently Lucretius is the implicit or explicit source. Thus Herder writes about the French Revolution, "We can look upon the French Revolution from the safe port as though we looked upon a shipwreck on the open, alien sea, unless bad fortune should throw us in against our will." And Goethe, asked after the Battle of Jena how he had fared, answered with the same image: "I cannot complain. I was like a man who looks from a solid rock down upon the furious sea and who, though unable to assist the shipwrecked, cannot be reached by the breakers, and according to some ancient author this is supposed to be a rather comfortable feeling."

As for the modern age, the nearer we get to our own time, the less there is left—not in the textbooks but in actual experience—of the pre-philosophic assumptions that were actually the midwives of "the awesome science" (Richard McKeon) called metaphysics.

IN Greek philosophy, there exists, however, one answer to our question "What makes us think?" which has nothing to do with these pre-philosophic assumptions that became so very important for the history of metaphysics and probably long ago lost their relevance. It is the saying of Plato that I have already cited; namely, that the origin of philosophy is Wonder. That answer is one that in my opinion has lost nothing of its plausibility. For this wonder is in no way connected with the quest for immortality; even



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in Aristotle's famous interpretation of wonder as *aporein* (being puzzled on account of ignorance, which can be dispelled by knowledge), there is no mention of *athanatizein,* the immortalizing activity which we know from his "Nicomachean Ethics," and which, in truth, is entirely Platonic. Plato's remark about wonder occurs rather abruptly (and, as far as I know, is nowhere repeated in his work) during a discussion of the relativity of sense perceptions. Speaking about something that is "out of order," the passage itself is somewhat out of order—as happens frequently in Plato, whose most telling sentences can easily be isolated and seem out of context, especially when, after getting involved in the logical and other perplexities which are typical of his century, and of which one could rightly say that they are dated, he suddenly breaks off discussing them. Here Theaetetus has said that he was "wondering"—in the ordinary sense of "being puzzled"—whereupon Socrates compliments him, saying, "This is the true mark of the philosopher," and never comes back to the issue under consideration. The short passage reads, "For this is chiefly the passion [*pathos*] of the philosopher, to wonder [*thaumazein*]. There is no other beginning and principle [*arche*] of philosophy than this one. And I think he [namely, Hesiod] was not a bad genealogist who made Iris [the Rainbow, a messenger of the gods] the daughter of Thaumas [the Wonderer]."

At first glance, this seems merely to say that philosophy as it was understood by the Ionian school is a child of astronomy; it springs from marvelling at the miracles of the sky. As the rainbow connecting the sky with the earth brings its message to men, so thinking, or philosophy, responding in wonder to the daughter of the Wonderer, connects the earth with the sky.

Upon closer inspection, these few words hint at much more. The word Iris, rainbow, also occurs in the "Cratylus," where Plato derives it "from the verb *to tell* [*eirein*], because she was a messenger," whereas the word for "wonder" (*thaumazein*), which he here divests of the ordinary sense in which Theaetetus had used it by giving its genealogy, occurs regularly in Homer and is itself derived from one of the many Greek verbs for seeing in the sense of "beholding": *theasthai*—the same root we met earlier in Pythagoras' *theatai*, spectators. In Homer, this wonder-struck beholding is usually reserved for men to whom a god appears; it is also used as an

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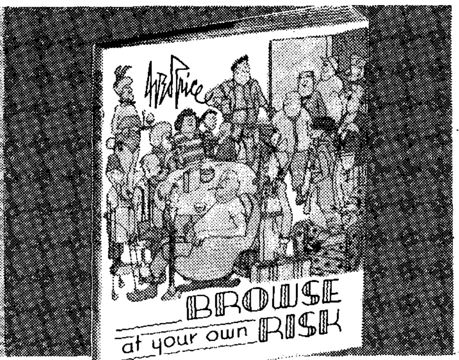

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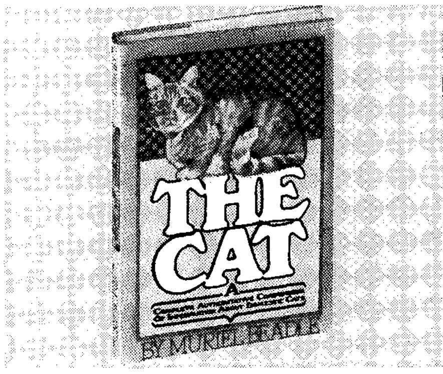

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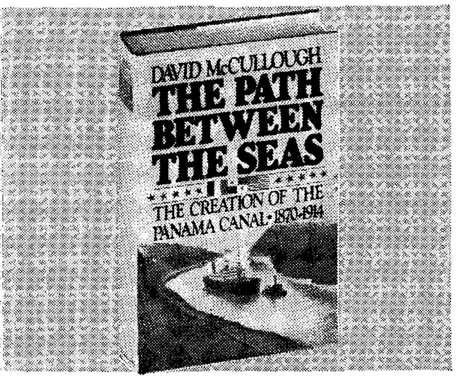
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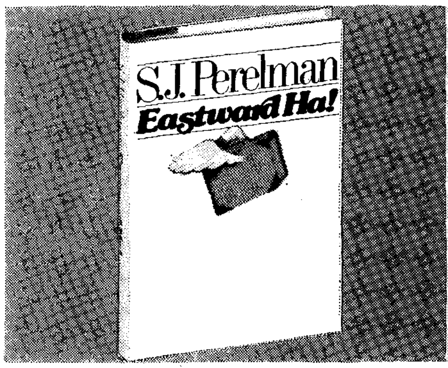

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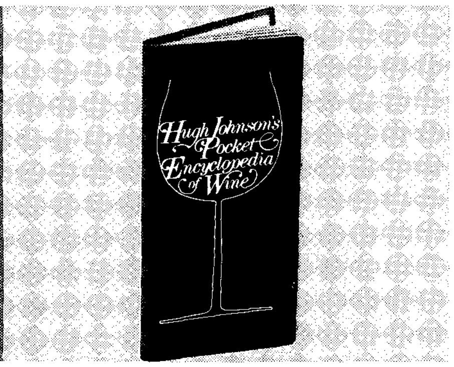

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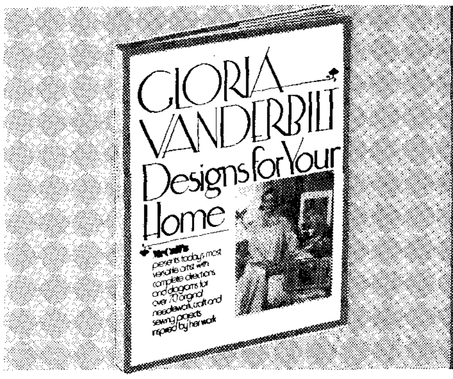

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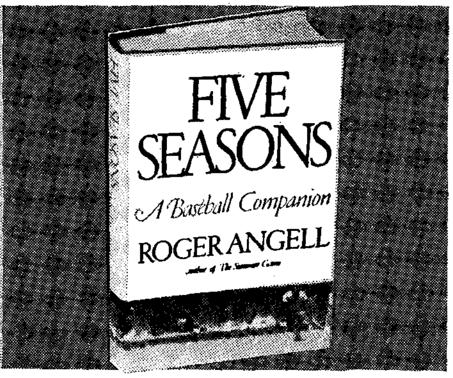

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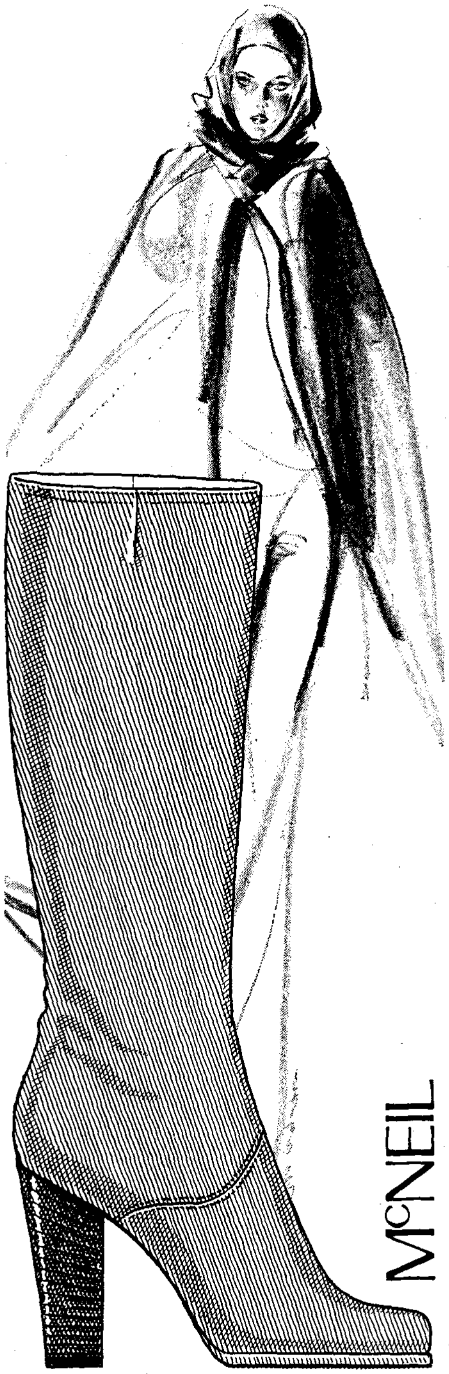

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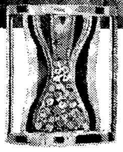
adjective for men in the sense of "O admirable one!"—namely, worthy of the admiring wonder we usually reserve for the gods, a godlike man. Moreover, the gods who appeared to men had this peculiarity: they appeared in familiar human guise and were recognized as divinities only by those whom they approached. The responding wonder, therefore, is not something that men can summon up by themselves. The wonder is a *pathos*, something to be suffered, rather than acted; in Homer, it is the god who acts, whose appearance men have to endure, from whom they must not run away.

In other words, what sets men wondering is something familiar and yet normally invisible, and something that men are forced to *admire*. The wonder that is the starting point of thinking is neither puzzlement nor surprise nor perplexity; it is an *admiring* wonder. What we marvel at is confirmed and affirmed by admiration, which breaks out into speech—the gift of Iris, the rainbow, the messenger from above. Speech then takes the form of praise—a glorification not of a particularly amazing appearance or of the sum total of things in the world but of the harmonious order behind them, which itself is not visible, and of which nevertheless the world of appearances gives us a glimpse. "For the appearances are a glimpse of the non-revealed" ("*Opsis gar ton adelon ta phainomena*"), in the words of Anaxagoras. Philosophy begins with an awareness of this invisible harmonious order—the *kosmos*—which is manifest in the midst of the familiar visibilities as though these had become transparent. The philosopher marvels at the "non-visible harmony," which, according to Heraclitus, is "better than the visible" ("*harmonie aphanes phaneres kreitton*"). Another early word for the invisible in the midst of the appearances is *physis*, nature, which for the Greeks was the totality of all things that were not man-made and not created by a divine maker but had come into being by themselves; and of this *physis* Heraclitus said that "it likes to hide itself"—namely, behind the appearances.

I have introduced Heraclitus by way of explication, because Plato himself does not specify what his admiring wonder is directed at. Nor does he say how this original marvelling transforms itself into the dialogue of thinking. In Heraclitus, the significance of *logos* is at least suggested in the following context. Apollo, he says, "the lord of the Delphian oracle"—and, we may add, the god of the poets—"does not speak



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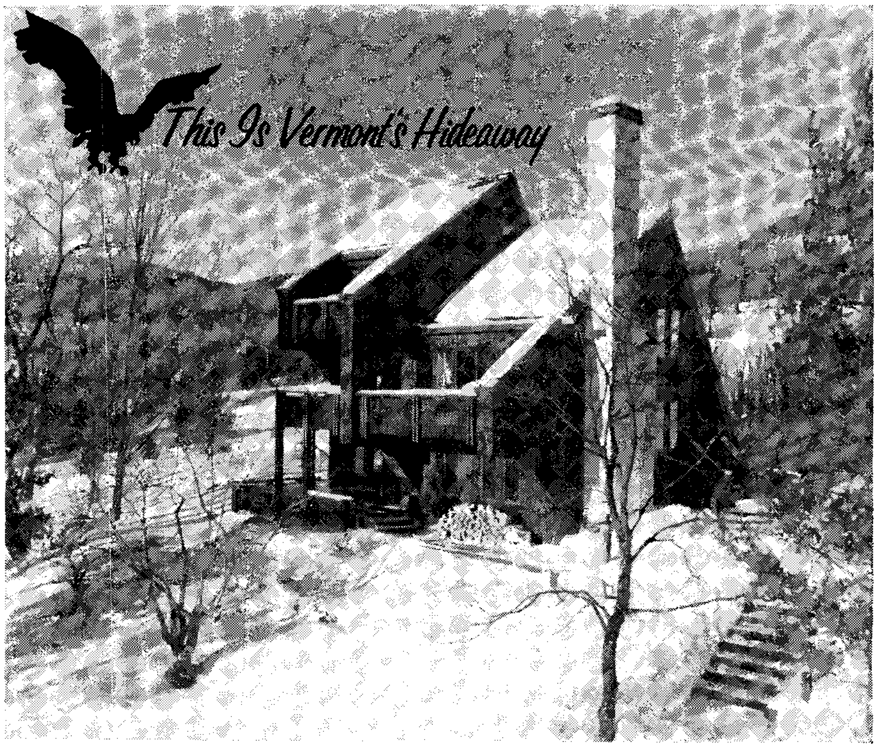
out nor does he conceal but indicates" ("*oute legei oute kryptei alla semainei*"); that is, hints at something ambiguously, to be understood only by those who have an understanding of mere hints. (The god *winkt*, as Heidegger translates.) Even more tantalizingly suggestive is another Heraclitus fragment: "Bad witnesses are eyes and ears for men if they have barbarian souls;" that is, if they do not possess *logos*—which for the Greeks was not just speech but the gift of reasoned argument that distinguished them, as we saw, from the barbarians. In short, wonder has led to thinking in words; the experience of wonder at the invisible manifest in the appearances has been appropriated by speech, which at the same time is strong enough to dispel the errors and illusions that our organs for the visible, eyes and ears, are subject to unless thinking comes to their help.

From this, it should be obvious that the wonder that befalls the philosopher can never concern anything particular but is always aroused by the whole, which, in contrast to the sum total of entities, is never manifest. Heraclitus' harmony comes about through the sounding together of opposites—an effect that can never be the property of any particular sound. This harmony, in a way, is separate (*kechorismenon*) from the sounds that produce it, just as the *sophon*, which one "may not and may call by the name of Zeus," is "set apart from all other things." In terms of the Pythagorean parable, it is the beauty of the game of the world, the meaning and meaningfulness of all the particulars acting together. As such, it is manifest only to a beholder in whose mind the particular instances and sequences are invisibly united.

From Parmenides on, the key word for this invisible, imperceptible whole implicitly manifest in all that appears has been Being—seemingly the most empty and general, the least meaningful word in our vocabulary. What happens to a man who suddenly turns about to become aware of Being's all-pervasive presence in the world of appearances was described with great precision thousands of years after its first discovery in Greek philosophy. The passage is relatively modern, and therefore more insistent on personal, subjective emotions than any Greek text would be, and, for that very reason, it is perhaps more persuasive to psychologically trained ears. Coleridge writes:

> Hast thou ever raised thy mind to the consideration of existence, in and by itself, as the mere act of existing? Hast



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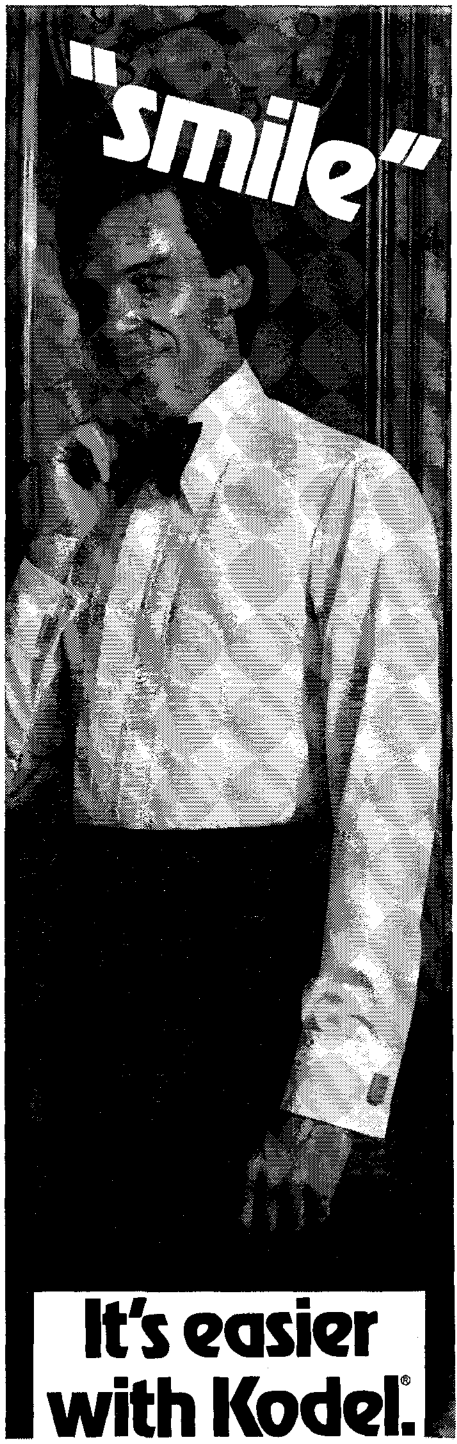

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thou ever said to thyself thoughtfully, It is! Heedless in that moment, whether it were a man before thee, or a flower, or a grain of sand, — without reference, in short, to this or that particular mode or form of existence? If thou hast indeed attained to this, thou wilt have felt the presence of a mystery, which must have fixed thy spirit in awe and wonder. The very words, — There is nothing! or, — There was a time, when there was nothing! are self-contradictory. There is that within us which repels the proposition with as full and instantaneous a light, as if it bore evidence against the fact in the right of its own eternity.

Not to be, then, is impossible: to be, incomprehensible. If thou hast mastered this intuition of absolute existence, thou wilt have learnt likewise, that it was this, and no other, which in the earlier ages seized the nobler minds, the elect among men, with a sort of sacred horror. This it was that first caused them to feel within themselves a something ineffably greater than their own individual nature.

The Platonic wonder, the initial shock that sends the philosopher on his way, was revived in our own time when Heidegger, in 1929, concluded a lecture entitled "What Is Metaphysics?" with the words, already cited, "Why is there anything at all, and not, rather, nothing?" and called this "the basic question of metaphysics."

The question, expressing the philosopher's shock in modern terms, had been asked before him. It occurs in Leibniz's "Principes de la Nature et de la Grâce": "*Pourquoi il y a plutôt quelque chose que rien?*" For, since "*le rien est plus simple et plus facile que quelque chose*," this something must have a sufficient cause for its existence, and this cause, in turn, must have been caused by something else. Following this train of thought, one finally arrives at the *causa sui*, at something that is its own cause, so that Leibniz's answer arrives at the ultimate cause, called "God": an answer we already find in Aristotle's "unmoved mover"—the god of the philosophers. It was Kant, of course, who dealt the deathblow to that god, and in his words on the subject we can clearly recognize what Plato only hinted at: that the uncaused and "unconditioned necessity" that our cause-and-effect thinking "so indispensably require[s] as the last bearer of all things is for human reason the veritable abyss," Kant wrote. "We cannot put aside, and yet also cannot endure the thought, that a being, which we represent to ourselves as supreme amongst all possible beings, should, as it were, say to itself: 'I am from eternity to eternity, and outside me there is nothing save what is there through my will, *but whence then am I?*' All sup-

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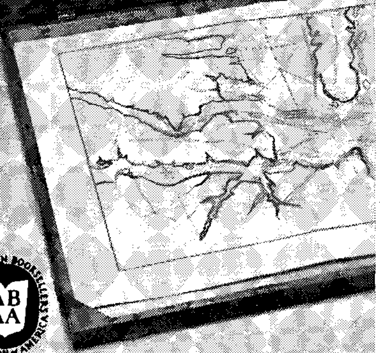

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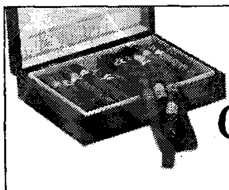

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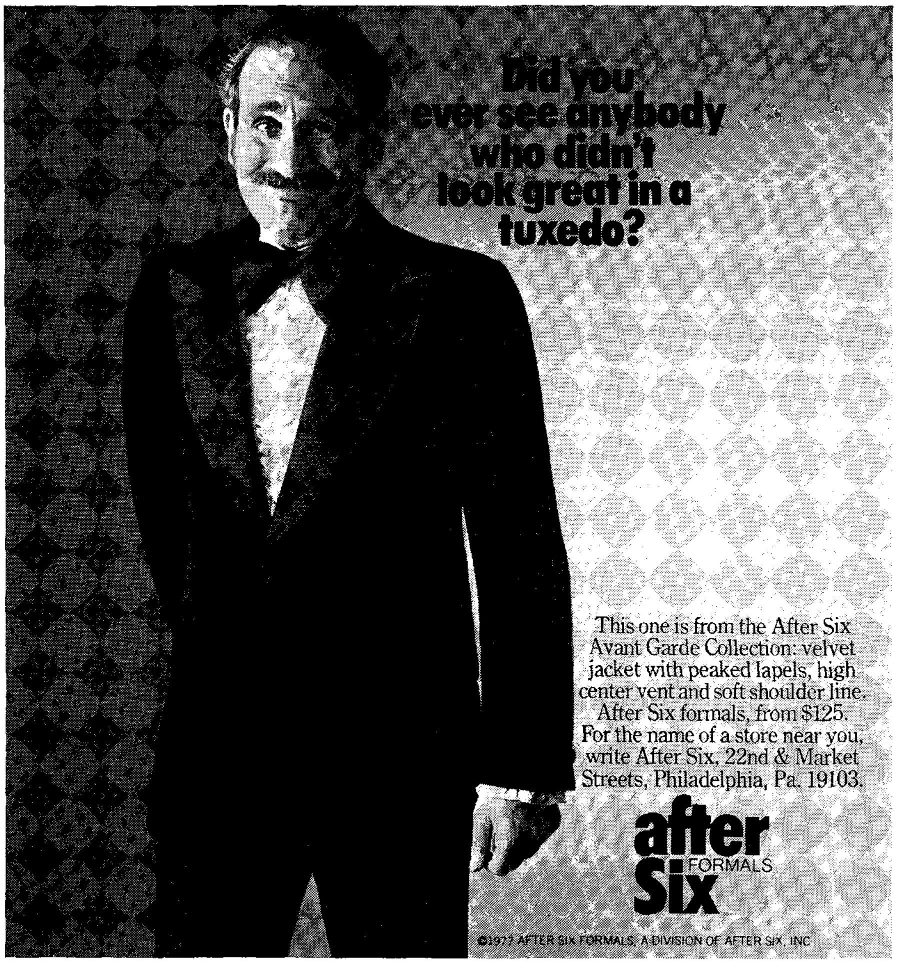
port here fails us; and the *greatest* perfection, no less than the *least* perfection, is unsubstantial and baseless for the merely speculative reason, which makes not the least effort to retain either the one or the other, and feels indeed no loss in allowing them to vanish entirely." What strikes us here as specifically modern is that in the restatement of Parmenides' early insight that nothingness is inconceivable, unthinkable, the emphasis has shifted, as it were, from nothingness to Being: Kant nowhere says that because of being inconceivable the abyss of nothing *is not*, and though he might well have said that the antinomies of reason, rousing him from dogmatic slumber, had made him think, he nowhere says that the experience of this abyss—the other side of Plato's wonder—had done so.

Schelling quoted Kant's words emphatically, and it was probably from this passage, rather than from the more casual remark in Leibniz, that he derived his own repeated insistence on this "ultimate question" of all thinking: "Why is there anything at all? Why is there not nothing?" He calls it "the most despairing question." This reference to sheer despair as arising out of thinking itself occurs in Schelling's late writings, and it is so very significant because the same thought had haunted him earlier, in his youth, when he still believed that no more was needed to banish nothingness than "absolute affirmation," which he called "the essence of our soul." By virtue of absolute affirmation, "we recognize that non-being is forever impossible," neither knowable nor understandable. And for the young Schelling this ultimate question—"Why is there not nothing? Why is there anything at all?"—posed by the intellect seized with vertigo at the rim of the abyss, is forever suppressed by the insight that "*Being* is necessary [made so, that is] by the absolute affirmation of Being in cognition." All this would suggest a simple return to the position of Parmenides if Schelling had not felt that only "the absolute *positing* of the idea of God" could guarantee this affirmation, which, according to him, is "the absolute negation of nothingness": it is "as certain that reason forever negates nothingness, and that nothingness is nothing, as it is certain that reason affirms the All, and that God is eternal." Hence, the only "completely valid answer to the question, 'Why is there not nothing? Why is there anything at all?' is not the something but the All *or God*." Reason, unaided by the idea of God, and according to "its mere nature," may



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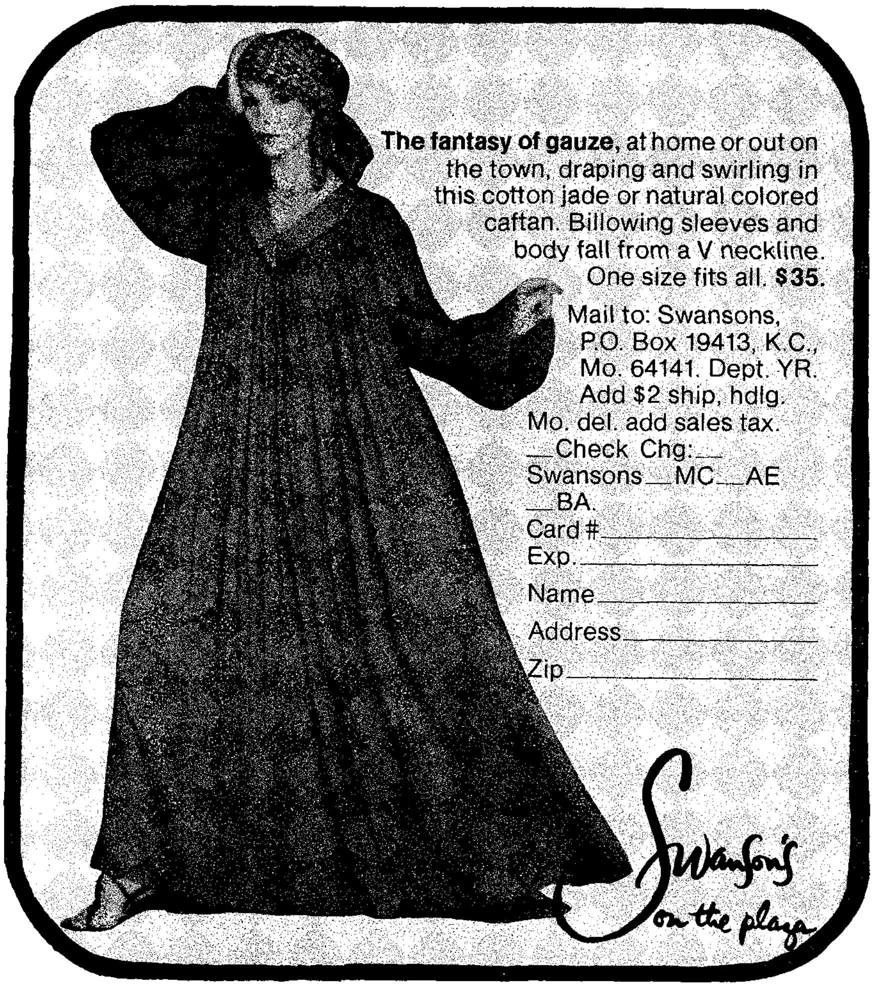

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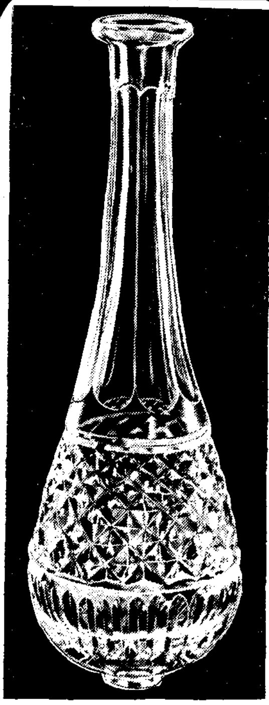

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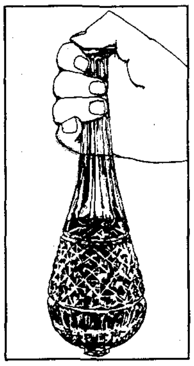

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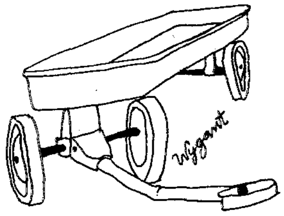
"posit a Being that is forever," but then, confronting this thought that it is in reason's nature to posit, reason remains, as it were, "thunderstruck (*quasi attonita*), paralyzed, unable to move." No Iris-like messenger, bringing the gift of speech and, with it, the gift of reasoned argument and reasonable response, accompanies the philosophical shock; and the affirmation of Being, clearly corresponding to the element of admiration in Plato's wonder, needs faith in a Creator-God to save human reason from its speechless, dizzy glance into the abyss of nothingness.

What happens to thought's "ultimate question" once this faith is resolutely rejected and human reason is left completely alone with its own capacities we can trace in Sartre's "Nausea," by far the most important of his philosophical works. The hero of the novel, looking at the root of a chestnut tree, has been suddenly overcome by "what 'to exist' meant." Existence, he notes, "usually hides itself." He goes on, "It is there, around us, in us, it is *us*, you can't say two words without mentioning it, but you can never touch it." But now: "Existence had suddenly unveiled itself. It had lost the harmless look of an abstract category: it was the very paste of things. . . . Or, rather, the root, the park gates, the bench, the sparse grass, all that had vanished: the diversity of things, their individuality only an appearance, a veneer." The reaction of Sartre's hero is not admiration, and not even wonder, but nausea at the opaqueness of sheer existence, at the naked thereness of the factually given, which, indeed, no thought has ever succeeded in reaching, let alone illuminating and making transparent: "You couldn't even wonder where all that sprang from, or how it was that a world came into existence, rather than nothingness." Now that all marvelling had been eliminated, it was the scandal of Being that nothingness was "unthinkable." "There had been nothing *before* it. Nothing. . . . That was what worried me: of course there was no *reason* for this flowing larval stuff to exist. *But it was impossible* for it not to exist. It was unthinkable: to imagine nothingness you had to be there already, in the middle of the world, alive, with your eyes wide open. . . . I felt with boredom that I had no way of understanding. No way. Yet it was there, waiting, looking at one." It is this completely meaningless thereness that makes the hero shout, "Filth! What rotten filth!" But "it held fast and there was so much, tons and tons of existence, endless."



In this progressive shift from Being to nothingness, caused not by the loss of wonder or perplexity but by the loss of admiration and willingness to affirm in thought, it would be very tempting to see the end of philosophy—at least, of that philosophy whose beginning Plato had fixed. No doubt the turning from admiration to negation is easy to understand, not because it is occasioned by any tangible events or thoughts but because, as Kant had already observed, speculative reason in itself "feels no loss" and *no gain in turning* to either side of the matter. Hence, the notion that to think means to *say yes and confirm* the factuality of sheer existence is also found, in many variations, throughout the history of philosophy in the modern age. We find it notably in Spinoza's "acquiescence" in the process in which everything that is swings and in which the "big fish" forever eat the small fish. It appears in Kant's pre-critical writings, when he tells the metaphysician that he should first ask, "Is it possible that nothing at all exists?"—which should then lead him to the conclusion that "if no existence is given at all, there would also be nothing to think about," a thought that in turn leads to "the concept of absolutely necessary Being": a conclusion Kant would hardly have recognized in the critical period. More interesting is a remark he makes a little earlier about living in "the best possible world": he repeats the old consoling thought "that the whole is the best, and that everything is good for the sake of the whole," but seems himself not quite convinced of this ancient *topos* of metaphysics, for he suddenly injects, "*Ich rufe allem Geschöpfe zu. . . : Heil uns, wir sind!*" ("I call out to every creature. . . : Hail to us that we are!").

This affirmation—or, rather, the need to reconcile thought with reality—is one of the leitmotivs of Hegel. It informs Nietzsche's *amor fati* and his notion of "eternal recurrence"—the "highest form of affirmation that can be reached," precisely because it is at the same time the "heaviest weight." "How, if a . . . demon were to . . . say to you, 'This life as you now live it . . . you will have to live . . . innumerable times more; and there will be nothing new in it, but every pain and every joy and every thought and sigh . . . must

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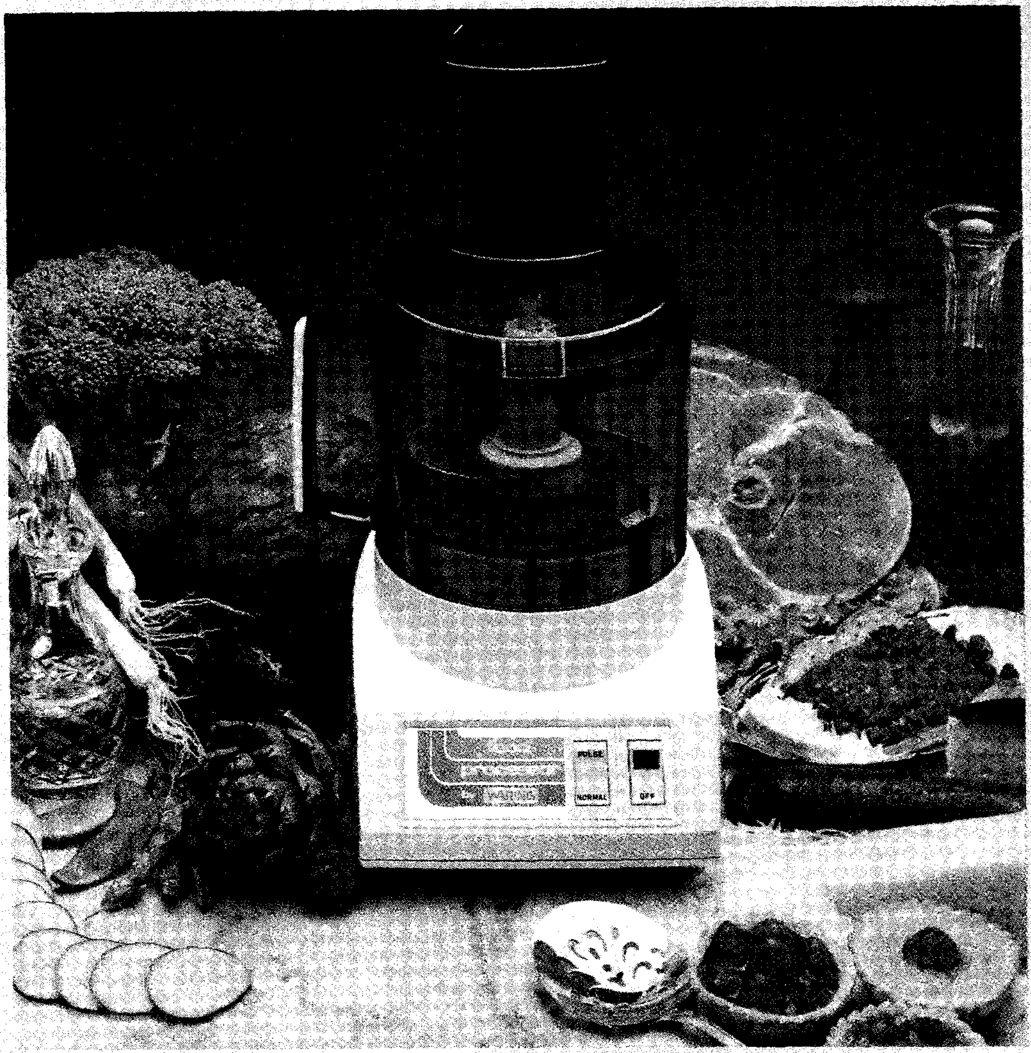

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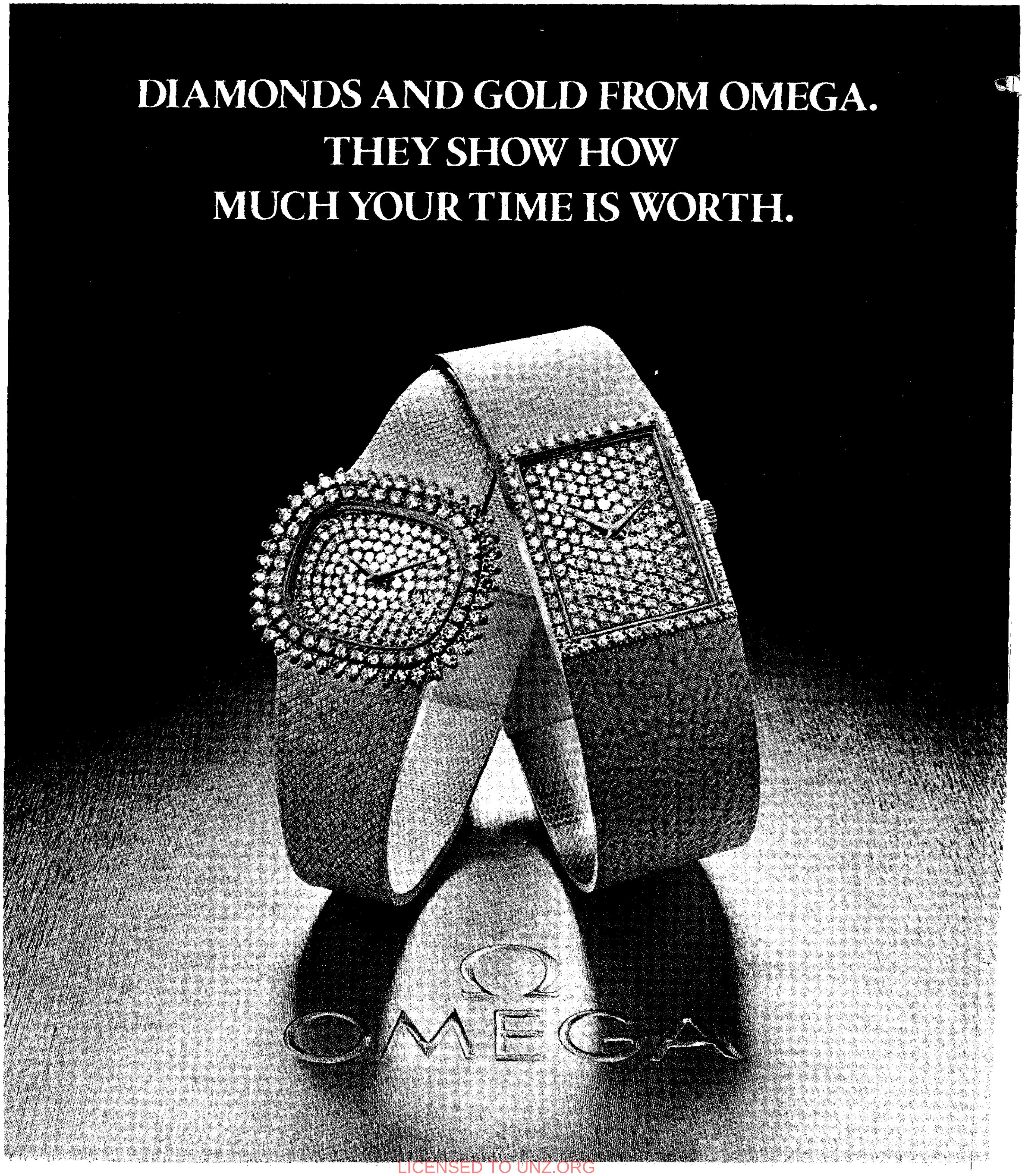

return to you—all in the same succession and sequence. . . . The eternal hour glass of existence is upended over and over, and you with it, a dust grain of dust.' Would you not throw yourself down . . . and curse the demon who spoke thus? Or did you once experience a tremendous moment when you would have answered him, 'You are a god and never have I heard anything more godly.' . . . How well disposed would you have to become to yourself and to life to *crave nothing more fervently* than this ultimate eternal confirmation and seal." In these passages it is clear that Nietzsche's notion of eternal recurrence is not an "idea" in the Kantian sense of regulating our speculations; nor, of course, is it anything like a "theory"—a relapse, so to speak, into the ancient time-concept, with its cyclical motion. It is a mere thought—or, rather, a thought-experiment—and its poignancy resides in the intimate tie that binds the thought of Being and the thought of nothingness together. Here the need for confirmation arises not out of a Greek admiration for the invisible harmony and beauty that bind into one the infinite diversity of particular beings but out of the simple fact that nobody can think Being without at the same time thinking nothingness, or think Meaning without thinking futility, vanity, meaninglessness.

The way out of this perplexity seems to be indicated by the old argument that without an aboriginal confirmation of Being there would be nothing to think about and nobody to do the thinking; in other words, the very activity of thinking—no matter what kind of thought—presupposes existence. But such merely logical solutions are always treacherous; nobody who clings fast to the notion that "there is no truth" will ever be convinced if it is pointed out to him that the proposition is self-defeating. An existential, metalogical solution of the perplexity can be found in Heidegger, who, as we saw, evinced something like the old Platonic wonder in reiterating the question "Why is there anything at all rather than nothing?" According to Heidegger, "to think" and "to thank" are essentially the same; the words themselves derive from the same etymological root. This, obviously, is closer to Plato's wondering admiration than are any of the answers discussed. Its difficulty does not lie in the etymological derivation and the lack of an argumentative demonstration but is still the old difficulty inherent in Plato, of which Plato himself seems to have been

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well aware, and which is discussed in the "Parmenides."

Admiring wonder conceived as the starting point of philosophy leaves no place for the factual existence of disharmony, of ugliness, and, finally, of evil. No Platonic dialogue deals with the question of evil, and only in the "Parmenides" does Plato show concern about the consequences that the undeniable existence of hideous things and ugly deeds is bound to have for his doctrine of ideas. If everything that appears partakes in an Idea visible only to the eye of the mind, and derives from this Form whatever reality it may possess in the Cave of human affairs—the world of ordinary sense perception—then everything that appears, and by no means only admirable things, owes its very appearingness to such a suprasensory entity to explain its presence in this world. So, asks Parmenides, what about utterly "trivial and undignified objects," such as "hair and mud and dirt," which have never aroused admiration in anybody? Plato, speaking through Socrates, does not use the later common justification of evil and ugliness as necessary parts of the whole which appear evil and ugly only to the limited perspective of men. Instead, Socrates replies that it would be simply absurd to ascribe ideas to such stuff—"in these cases, the things are just the things we see"—and suggests that it is better to retreat at this point "for fear of falling into a bottomless pit of nonsense." Parmenides, however, an old man in the dialogue, points out, "That . . . is because you are still young, Socrates, and philosophy has not yet taken hold of you so firmly as I believe it will someday. You will not despise any of these things then, but at present your youth makes you still pay attention to what the world will think." But the difficulty is not resolved, and Plato never again raises the question. We are not interested here in the doctrine of ideas, or we are interested only to the extent that one might be able to demonstrate that the notion of ideas occurred to Plato because of beautiful things, and would never have occurred to him had he been surrounded by nothing but "trivial and undignified objects."

There is, of course, a decisive difference between Plato's and Parmenides' quest for divine matters, on the one hand, and, on the other, the seemingly more humble attempts of Solon and Socrates at defining the "unseen measures" that bind and determine human affairs; and the relevance of the difference for the history of philosophy,

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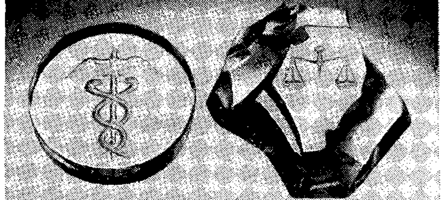

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as distinguished from the history of thought, is very great. What matters in our context is that in both instances thought is concerned with invisible things that are pointed to, nevertheless, by appearances (the starry sky above us or the deeds and destinies of men)—invisibles that are present in the visible world very much in the manner of the Homeric gods, who were visible only to those whom they approached.

IN my attempt to isolate and examine one of the basic sources of non-cognitive thinking, I have emphasized the elements of admiration, confirmation, and affirmation, which we encounter so powerfully in Greek philosophical and pre-philosophical thought and can trace through the centuries, as a matter not of influence but of often repeated first-hand experience. I am not at all sure that what I have been describing runs counter to present-day experiences of thinking, but I am quite sure that it runs counter to present-day opinion on the subject.

Common opinion on philosophy was formed by the Romans, who became the heirs of Greece, and it bears the stamp not of the original Roman experience, which was exclusively political (and which we find in its purest form in Vergil), but of the last century of the Roman republic, when the *res publica*, "the public thing," was already in the process of being lost, until finally, after Augustus' attempt at restoration, it became the private property of the imperial household. Philosophy, like the arts and letters, like poetry and historiography, had always been a Greek import; in Rome culture had been looked upon with some suspicion as long as the public thing was still intact, but it had also been tolerated, and even admired, as a noble pastime for the educated and a means of beautification of the Eternal City. Only in the centuries of decline and fall, first of the republic and then of the empire, did these occupations become "serious" and did philosophy, for its part, Greek borrowings notwithstanding, develop into a "science," Cicero's *animi medicina*—the opposite of what it had been in Greece. Its usefulness was to teach men how to cure their despairing minds by escaping from the world through thinking. Its famous watchword—which sounds almost as though it had been formulated in contradiction of the Platonic admiring wonder—became "*Nil admirari*": "Don't be surprised at anything, admire nothing."

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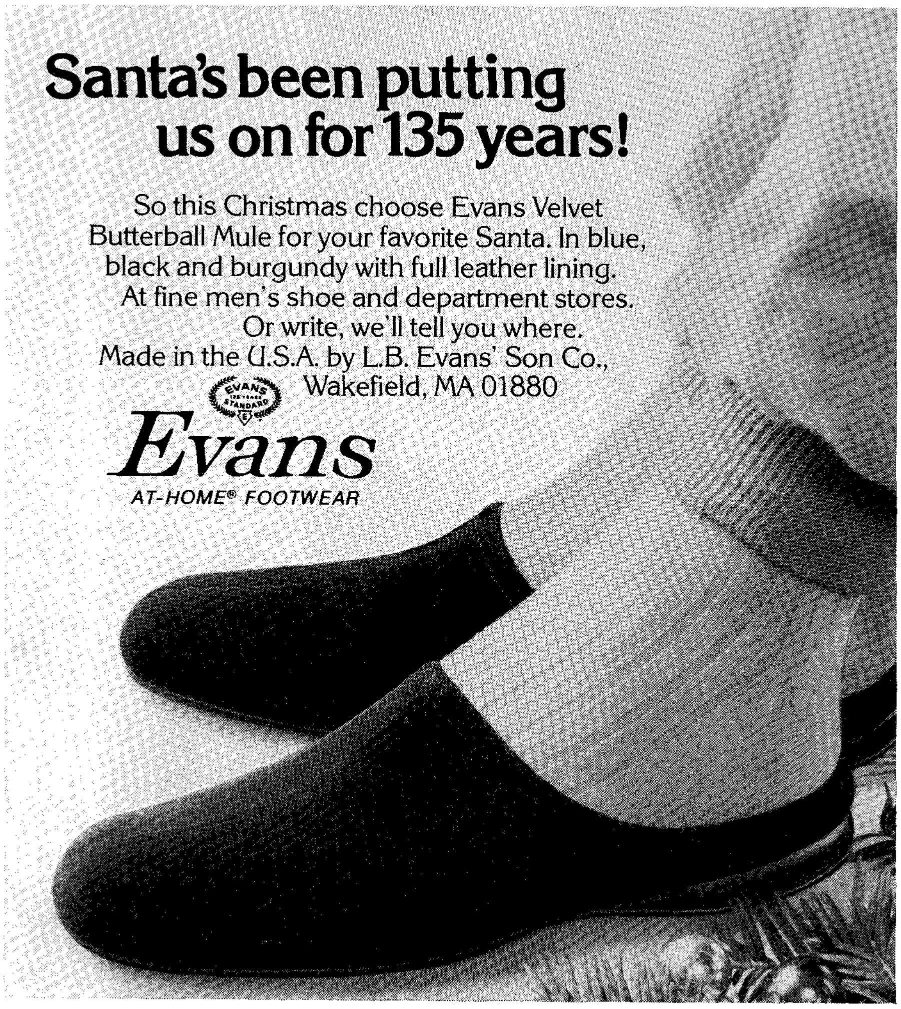
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wise man whom nothing can touch, that we owe to the Roman transmittal; Hegel's well-known saying about the relation of philosophy and reality—"The owl of Minerva begins its flight when dusk is falling"—bears the mark of the Roman rather than the Greek experience. For Hegel, Minerva's owl exemplified Plato and Aristotle rising, as it were, out of the disasters of the Peloponnesian War. Not philosophy but the *political* philosophy of Plato and Aristotle grew out of the decline of the polis, "a shape of life grown old." And with respect to this political philosophy there is considerable evidence for the truth of Pascal's splendidly impertinent remark in the "Pensées":

> We can only think of Plato and Aristotle in grand academic robes. They were honest men, and, like others, laughing with their friends, and when they wanted to divert themselves, they wrote the "Laws" or the "Politics," to amuse themselves. That part of their life was the least philosophic and the least serious.... If they wrote on politics, it was as if laying down rules for a lunatic asylum; if they presented the appearance of speaking of a great matter, it was because they knew that the madmen, to whom they spoke, thought they were kings and emperors. They entered into their principles in order to make their madness as little harmful as possible.

In any event, the profound Roman influence on even as metaphysical a philosopher as Hegel is quite manifest in his first published book, where he discusses the relation between philosophy and reality: "The need for philosophy arises when the unifying power has disappeared from the life of men, when the opposites have lost the living tension of their relatedness and their mutual interdependence and have become autonomous. Out of disunity, out of being torn apart, arises thought;" namely, the need for reconciliation ("*Entzweiung ist der Quell des Bedürfnisses der Philosophie*"). What is Roman in the Hegelian notion of philosophy is that thinking does not arise out of reason's need but has an existential root in unhappiness—whose typically Roman character Hegel, with his great sense of history, recognized very clearly in his treatment of "The Roman World" in the late lecture course published as "The Philosophy of History": "Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Skepticism . . . although . . . opposed to each other, had the same general purport; viz., rendering the soul absolutely indifferent to everything which the real world had to offer." What he apparently did not recognize is the extent to which he himself had generalized the

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Roman experience: "The history of the world is not the theatre of happiness. Periods of happiness are blank pages in it, for they are periods of harmony." Thinking, then, arises out of the disintegration of reality and the resulting disunity of man and world, from which springs the need for another world, more harmonious and more meaningful.

And this sounds extremely plausible. How often, indeed, must the first thought-impulse have coincided with an impulse to escape a world that had become unbearable. It is improbable that this escape impulse is less old than the admiring wonder. Yet we look in vain for its expression in conceptual language before the long centuries of decline that began when Lucretius and Cicero transformed Greek philosophy into something essentially Roman—which meant, among other things, something essentially practical. And following these precursors, with their mere foreboding of disaster ("Everything is gradually decaying and nearing its end, worn out by old age," in the words of Lucretius), it took nearly a hundred years for those thought-trains to be developed into a sort of consistent philosophical system. That occurred with Epictetus, the Greek slave—and, possibly, the most acute mind among the late Stoics. According to him, what must be learned to make life bearable is not really thinking but "the correct use of imagination"—the only thing we have entirely within our power. He still uses a deceptively familiar Greek vocabulary, but what he calls the "reasoning faculty" ("*dynamis logike*") has as little to do with Greek *logos* and *nous* as what he appeals to as "will" has to do with Aristotelian *proairesis*. He calls the faculty of thinking in itself "sterile" ("*akarpa*"); for him, the subject matter of philosophy is each man's own life, and what philosophy teaches man is an "art of living," how to deal with life, in the same fashion that carpentry teaches an apprentice how to deal with wood. What counts is not "theory" but, rather, its use and application (*chresis ton theorematon*): to think and to understand are only a preparation for action; to "admire the mere power of exposition"—the *logos*, the reasoned argument and train of thought itself—is likely to turn man "into a grammarian instead of a philosopher."

In other words, thinking has become a *techne*, a particular kind of craftsmanship—perhaps to be deemed the highest, certainly the most urgently needed, as its end product is the con-

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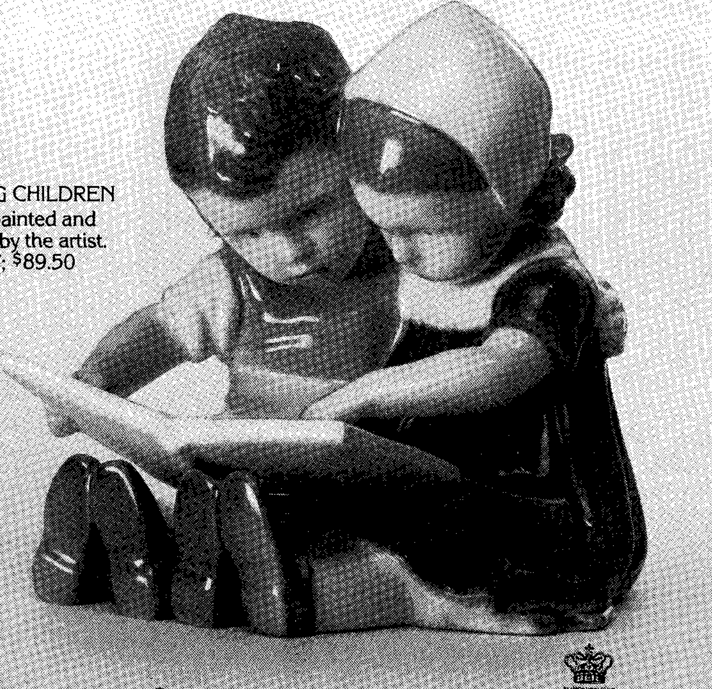

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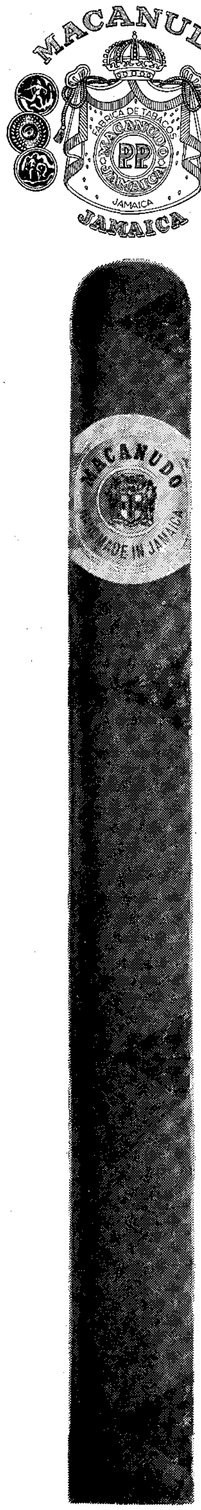

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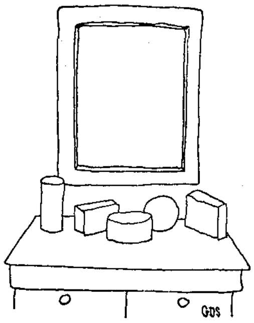
duct of your own life. What was meant by Epictetus was not a way of life in the sense of a *bios theoretikos* or *politikos*, a life devoted to some particular activity, but something that he called "action": a kind of action in which you acted in unison with no one, which was supposed to change nothing but your self, and which could become manifest only in the *apatheia* and *ataraxia* of the "wise man;" that is, in his refusal to react to whatever good or evil might befall him. "I must die, but must I also die sighing? I can't help being chained, but can't I help weeping? . . . You threaten to handcuff me. Fellow, what are you saying? You can't handcuff me; you manacle my hands. You are threatening to behead me; when did I say that my head could not be cut off?" Obviously, these are not just exercises in thinking but exercises in the power of the will. "Ask not that events should happen as you will, but let your will be that events should happen as they do, and you shall have peace" is the quintessence of this "wisdom;" for "it is impossible that what happens should be other than it is."



This is of considerable interest to us when we deal with the phenomenon of the will, an altogether different mental capacity, whose chief characteristic, compared with the ability to think, is that it neither speaks in the voice of reflection nor uses arguments—only imperatives, even when it is commanding nothing more than thought, or, rather, imagination. For in order to obtain the radical withdrawal from reality that Epictetus demands, the emphasis on thinking's ability to have present what is absent shifts from reflection to imagination, and this not in the sense of a utopian imagining of another, better, world; rather, the aim is to strengthen the original absent-mindedness of thought to such an extent that reality disappears altogether. If thinking is normally the faculty of making present what is absent, the Epictetian faculty of "dealing with impressions aright" consists in conjuring away and making absent what is actually present. *All* that existentially concerns you while you are living in the world of appearances is the "impressions" by which you are affected. Whether what affects you exists or is mere illusion depends on your deciding whether or not you will recognize it as real.

Wherever philosophy is understood as the "science" that deals with the mind sheerly as consciousness—where, therefore, the question of reality can be left in suspense, bracketed out altogether—we in fact encounter the old Stoic position. All that is missing is the original motive—to make thinking a mere instrument doing its business at the bidding of the will as master. In our context, the point is that this bracketing out of reality is possible, yet not because of the force of will power but because of the very nature of thinking. If one may count Epictetus among the philosophers, it is because he discovered that consciousness makes it possible for mental activities to recoil upon themselves.

If while perceiving an object outside myself I decide to concentrate on my perception—on the act of seeing instead of on the seen object—I lose, as it were, the original object, because it loses its impact upon me. I have, so to speak, changed the subject: instead of the tree, I now deal merely with the perceived tree; that is, with what Epictetus calls an "impression." This has the great advantage that I am no longer absorbed by the perceived object, something outside myself; the seen tree is inside me—invisible to the outside world, as though it had never been a sense-object. The point here is that the "seen tree" is not a thought-thing but an "impression." It is not something absent that needed memory to store it up for the de-sensing process that prepares the mind's objects for thinking. The seen tree is "inside me" in its full sensory presence, the tree itself deprived only of its realness—an image, and not an afterthought about trees. The trick discovered by Stoic philosophy is to use the mind in such a way that reality cannot touch its owner even when he has not withdrawn from it; instead of withdrawing mentally from everything that is present and close at hand, he has drawn every appearance inside himself, and his "consciousness" has become a full substitute for the outside world presented as impression or image.

At this moment, consciousness indeed undergoes a decisive change. It is no longer the silent self-awareness that accompanies all my acts and thoughts and guarantees my identity, the simple I-am-I. (Nor is it a question here of the strange difference that inserts itself into the core of this identity, which we shall come to later: an insertion peculiar to mental activities because of their recoil upon themselves.) Since I am no longer

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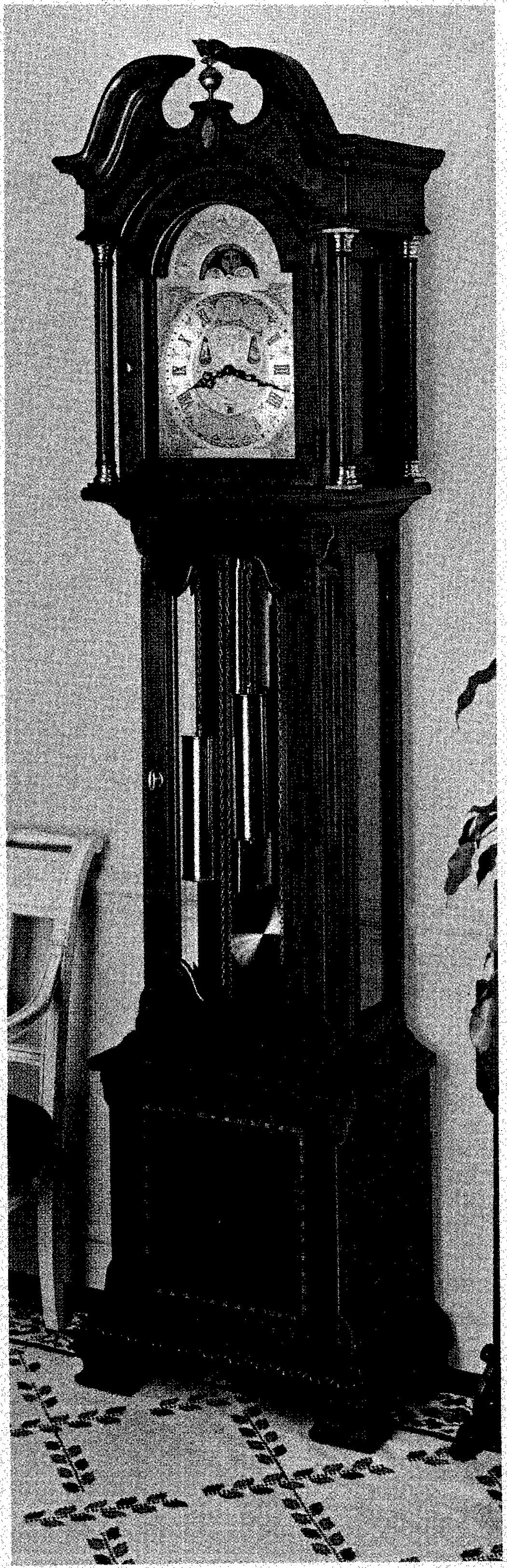

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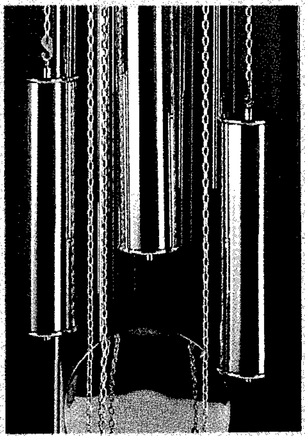

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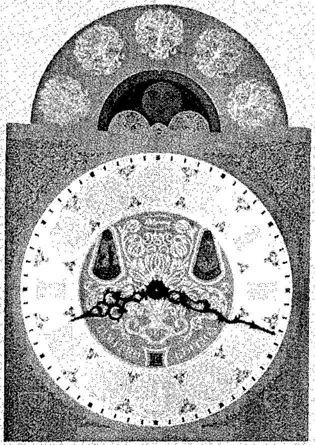

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absorbed by an object given to my senses (even though this object, unchanged in its "essential" structure, remains present as an object of consciousness, or what Husserl called the "intentional object"), I myself, as sheer consciousness, emerge as an entirely new entity. The new entity can exist in the world in complete independence and sovereignty, and yet seemingly remain in possession of this world; namely, of its sheer "essence," stripped of its "existential" character, of its realness that could touch and threaten me in my own. I have become I-for-myself in an emphatic way, finding in myself everything that was originally given as "alien" reality. It is not so much the mind as this monstrously enlarged consciousness that offers an ever-present, seemingly safe refuge from reality. This bracketing out of reality—getting rid of it by treating it as though it were a mere "impression"—remained one of the great temptations of the "professional thinkers" until Hegel, one of the greatest of them, went even further and built his philosophy of the World Spirit on the experiences of the thinking ego: reinterpreting this ego on the model of consciousness, he carried the whole world into consciousness as though it were essentially nothing but a mental phenomenon.

The efficiency, for the philosopher, of turning away from the world into the self is beyond doubt. Existentially speaking, Parmenides was wrong when he said that only Being manifests itself in and is the same as thinking. Nonbeing is also thinkable if the will commands the mind. The mind's force of withdrawal is then perverted into an annihilating power, and nothingness becomes a full substitute for reality, because nothingness brings relief. The relief, of course, is unreal; it is merely psychological, a soothing of anxiety and fear. I still doubt whether there ever was anybody who remained master of his "impressions" while being roasted in the Phalarian Bull.

Epictetus, like Seneca, lived under the rule of Nero; that is, he lived under rather desperate conditions, though he himself, unlike Seneca, was scarcely persecuted. But it was a hundred years earlier, during the last century of the republic, that Cicero, well versed in Greek philosophy, discovered the thought-trains by which one could take one's way out of the world, and found that such thoughts, by no means as extreme or as carefully elaborated as in Epictetus, were likely to offer comfort and help in the world as it then was

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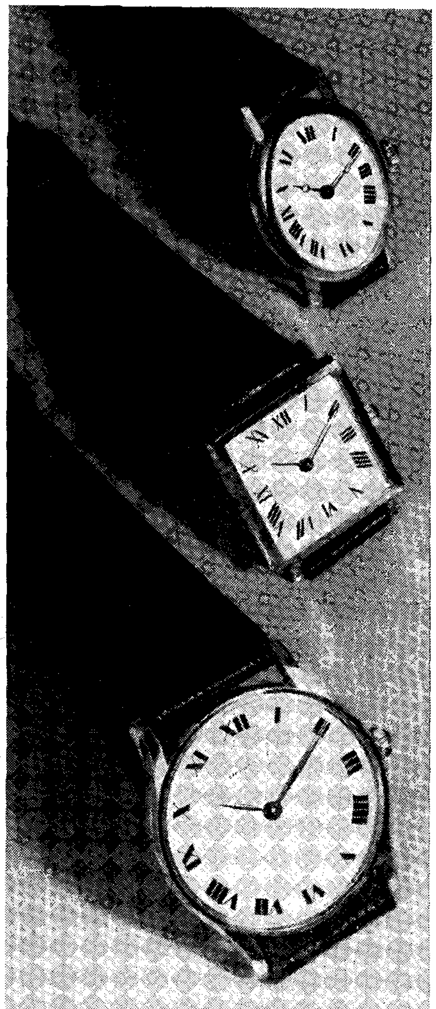

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(and, of course, always is, more or less). Men who could teach this way of thinking were highly esteemed in Roman literary circles; Lucretius calls Epicurus—who two hundred years after his death finally got a pupil worthy of him—"a god," because "he was the first to invent a way of life which is now called wisdom and through his art rescued life from such storms and so much darkness." For our purposes, however, Lucretius is not such a good example; he insists not on thinking but on knowing, for knowledge acquired by reason will dispel ignorance and thus destroy the greatest evil—fear, whose source is superstition. A more appropriate example is Cicero's famous Dream of Scipio.

To understand how extraordinary this concluding chapter of Cicero's "Republic" actually is and how strange its thoughts must have sounded to Roman ears, we must briefly recall the general background against which it was written. Philosophy had found a kind of foster home in Rome during the last century before Christ, and in that thoroughly political society it had had first of all to prove that it was good for something. In the "Tusculan Disputations" we find Cicero's first answer: it was a question of making Rome more beautiful and more civilized. Philosophy was a proper occupation for educated men when they had retired from public life and no longer had things more important than philosophy to worry about. There was nothing essential about philosophizing. Nor did it have to do with the divine; to the Romans, founding and conserving political communities were the activities most closely resembling those of the gods. Nor did it have any connection with immortality; immortality was human as well as divine, but was not the property of individual men, "for whom death is not only necessary but frequently desirable." By contrast, immortality was definitely the potential property of human communities: "If a commonwealth [*civitas*] is destroyed and extinguished, it is as though—to compare small things with great—this whole world were to perish and collapse." For communities, death is neither necessary nor ever desirable; it comes only as a punishment, "for a community ought to be so constituted that it be eternal." All this is from the treatise that finishes with Scipio's Dream; hence Cicero, though old now and disappointed, had clearly not changed his mind. As a matter of fact, nothing, even in his "Republic" itself, prepares us for the Dream of Scipio at

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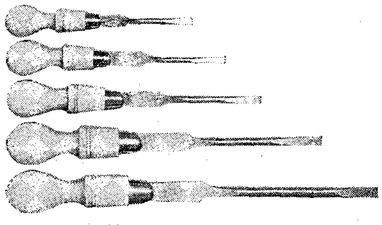

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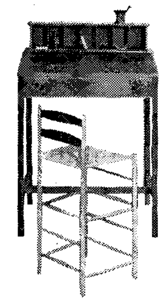

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the end—except the lamentations of Book 5: "Only in words and because of our vices, and for no other reasons, do we still retain and keep the public thing [the *res publica*, the subject matter of the treatise]; the thing itself we have lost long since."

And then comes the dream. Scipio Africanus, the victor of Carthage, relates a dream he had shortly before he destroyed the city. The dream shows him a hereafter in which he meets an ancestor who tells him he will destroy Carthage and warns him that after the destruction of the city he will have to restore the public thing in Rome by assuming the supreme authority of Dictator, if only he can escape being assassinated—which, it turned out, he could not. (Cicero meant to say that Scipio might have been able to save the republic.) And he is told that in order to do the job properly, to summon up the necessary courage, he should hold (*sic habeto*) the following to be true: that men who have preserved the *patria* are certain to find their place in heaven and be blessed with eternal time. "For the highest god who governs the world likes nothing better than the assemblies and the intercourse of men which are called commonwealths; their governors and conservators return to heaven after having left this world. Their job on earth is to stand guard over the earth." This, of course, does not imply a Christian promise of resurrection in a hereafter, and, although the citation of divine wishes is still in the vein of Roman traditions, there sounds an ominous note: it is as though, failing the promise of such a reward, men might no longer want to do what the public thing demands of them.

For—and this is essential—the rewards of this world, Scipio's ancestor informs him, are in no way sufficient to compensate you for your labors. They are insubstantial and unreal if you think about them from the right perspective. High up in heaven, Scipio is invited to look down on the earth, and the earth appears so small that "he was pained to see our empire as a mere dot." Whereupon he is told that if the earth appears small to him from there, then he should always look up to the sky, so that he may be able to despise human matters. "For what kind of fame is it that you may be able to attain in the conversation of men, or what kind of glory among them? Don't you see how narrow the space is in which glory and fame reside? And those who speak about us today, how long will they talk? And even if there were rea-

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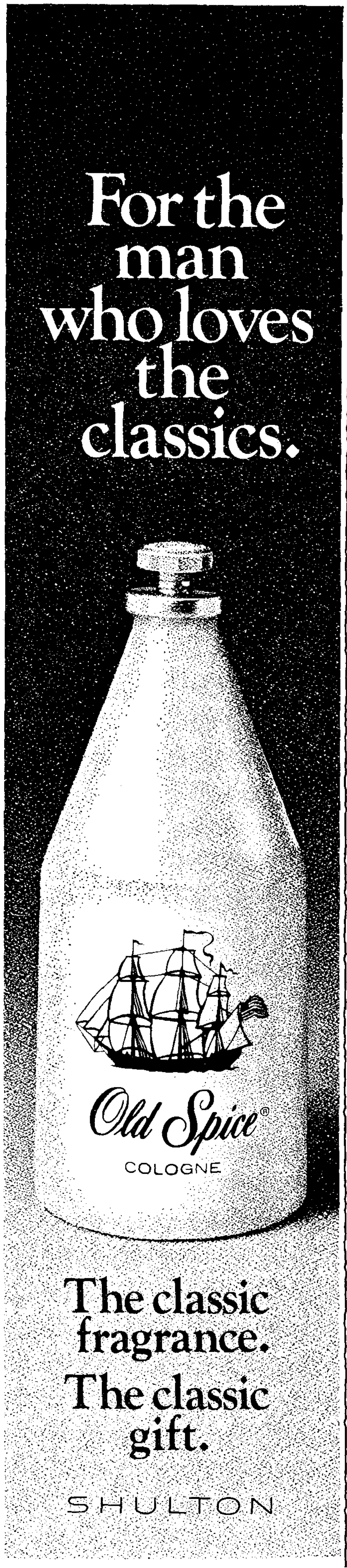
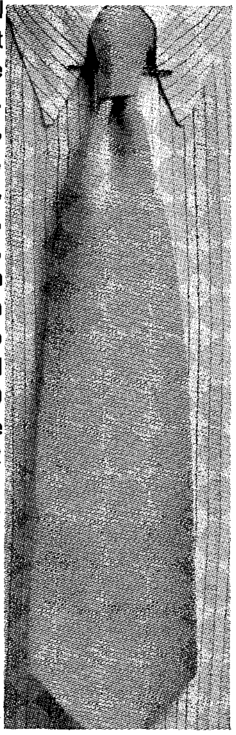
son to place our trust in tradition and the memory of future generations, one day there will be natural catastrophes—floods or fire—so that we cannot obtain a long-lasting fame, let alone an eternal one. If you raise your eyes, you will see how futile all this is; fame was never eternal, and the oblivion of eternity extinguishes it."

I have given the gist of Scipio's Dream at some length to make clear how much these proposed thought-trains stand in open contradiction to what Cicero had always believed, in common with other educated Romans, *and* had expressed, even in the same book. In our context, I wanted to offer an example—and an eminent one, perhaps the first recorded in intellectual history—of how certain trains of thought actually aim at thinking oneself out of the world, and by means of *relativization.* In relation to the universe, the earth is but a dot: what does it matter what happens on her? In relation to the immensity of time, centuries are but moments, and oblivion will finally cover everything and everybody: what does it matter what men do? In relation to death, the same for all, everything specific and distinguishing loses its weight; if there is no hereafter—and for Cicero life after death is not an article of faith but a moral hypothesis—whatever you do or suffer does not matter. Here thinking means following a sequence of reasoning which will lift you to a viewpoint outside the world of appearances as well as outside your own life. Philosophy is called upon to compensate for the frustrations of politics, and, more generally, of life itself.

This is the mere beginning of a tradition that culminated philosophically in Epictetus and reached a climax of intensity about four hundred years later, at the end of the Roman Empire. Boethius' "The Consolation of Philosophy," which was one of the most popular books throughout the Middle Ages and is read by hardly anyone today, was written in a condition of extremity of which Cicero had no premonition. Boethius, a noble Roman, had fallen from the height of fortune, found himself in jail, and was awaiting his execution. Because of that setting, the book has been likened to the "Phaedo," though this is a rather strange analogy: Socrates, in the midst of his friends after a trial in which he had been permitted to speak at length in his own defense, awaiting an easy, painless death; and Boethius jailed without a hearing, absolutely alone after the

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death sentence had been pronounced in a mock trial at which he was not even present, much less given the opportunity to defend himself, and now waiting for execution by slow and abominable tortures. Although he is a Christian, it is Philosophy, and neither God nor Christ, that comes to console him; and although while still in high office he spent his "secret leisure" in studying and translating Plato and Aristotle, he consoles himself with typically Ciceronian and also Stoic thought-trains—except that what was mere relativization in Scipio's Dream is now turned into violent annihilation. The "immense spaces of eternity" to which in duress you must direct your mind annihilate reality as it exists for mortals; the ever-changing nature of Fortune annihilates all pleasures, for even if you enjoy what Fortune has given you (riches, honor, fame) you are in constant fear of losing it. Fear annihilates all happiness. Everything you unthinkingly believe to exist does not exist once you begin to think about it—that is what Philosophy, the goddess of consolation, tells him. And here the question of evil, which is hardly touched upon by Cicero, comes up. The thought-train concerning evil, still rather primitive in Boethius, nevertheless contains all the elements we find later, in a much more sophisticated and complex form, throughout the Middle Ages. It runs thus: God is the final cause of everything that is; God as the "highest good" cannot be the cause of evil; everything that is must have a cause; since there are only apparent causes of evil but no ultimate cause, evil does not exist. The wicked ones, Boethius is told by Philosophy, not only are not powerful but *are not*. What you unthinkingly consider evil has its place in the order of the universe, and insofar as it is, it is necessarily good. Its bad aspects are an illusion of the senses, which you can get rid of by thinking. This is old Stoic advice: what you negate by thought—and thought is in your power—cannot affect you; thinking makes it unreal. Immediately, of course, we are reminded of Epictetus' glorification of what today would be called will power; and undeniably there is an element of willing in this kind of thinking. To think along these lines means to act upon yourself—the only action left when all acting in the world has become futile.

What is so striking about this thinking of late antiquity is that it is centered exclusively on the self. To that, John Adams, living in a world that in his day was not completely out of joint,

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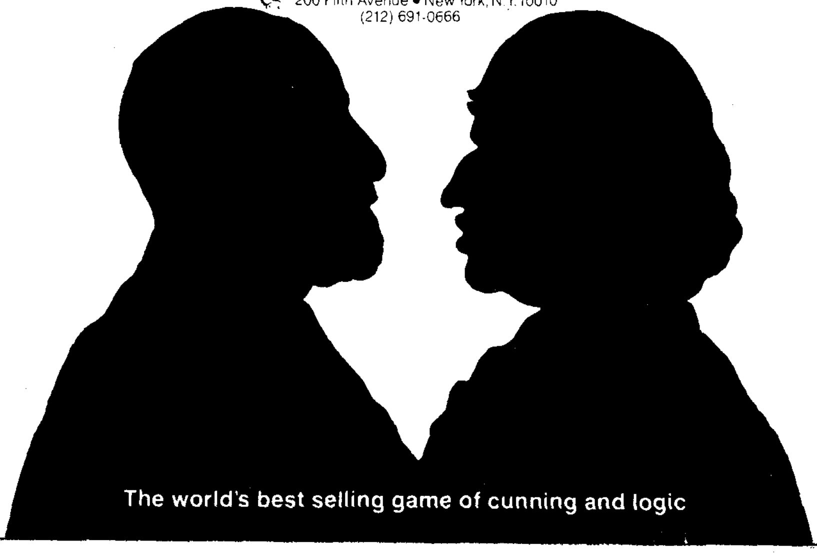
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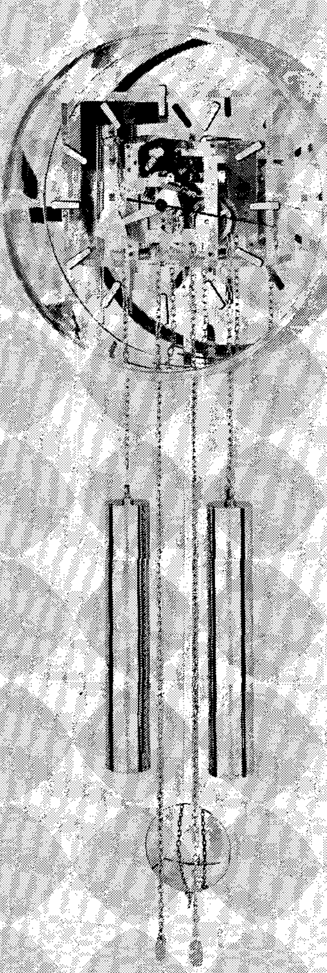

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had an answer: "A death bed, it is said, shows the emptiness of titles. That may be. [However] . . . shall laws and government, which regulate sublunary things, be neglected because they appear baubles at the hour of death?"

I have dealt with two sources from which thinking, as we know it historically, has sprung—the one Greek, the other Roman—and they are different to the point of being opposites. On the one hand, admiring wonder at the spectacle into which man is born and for whose appreciation he is so well equipped in mind and body; on the other, the awful extremity of having been thrown into a world whose hostility is overwhelming, where fear is predominant, and from which man tries his utmost to escape. There are numerous indications that the latter experience was by no means alien to the Greeks. Sophocles' "Not to be born surpasses every *logos;* second-best by far is to go as swiftly as possible whence we came" seems to have been the poet's variation on a proverbial saying. The remarkable fact is that, so far as I know, this mood is nowhere mentioned as a source of Greek thought; perhaps even more remarkable, it has nowhere produced any great philosophy—unless one wants to count Schopenhauer among the great thinkers. But although the Greek and Roman outlooks were worlds apart, and although the chief fault of textbook history of philosophy is smoothing out such sharp distinctions—till it sounds as if everybody somehow said vaguely the same thing—it is also true that the two outlooks do have things in common.

In both cases, thinking leaves the world of appearances. Only because thinking implies withdrawal can it be used as an instrument of escape. Moreover, as has already been emphasized, thinking implies an unawareness of the body and of the self, and puts in their place the experience of sheer activity—more gratifying, according to Aristotle, than the satisfaction of all the other desires, since for every other pleasure we depend on something or somebody else. "A generous man needs money to perform generous acts . . . and a man of self-control needs the opportunity of temptation" ("Nicomachean Ethics"). Every other activity, of high or low rank, has something to overcome outside itself. This is true even of the performing arts, exemplified, as we saw, by flute-playing, whose end and purpose are in the exercise itself—to say nothing of productive works, which are undertaken for their result, and not for themselves, and in which happiness, the satisfaction of a job well done,

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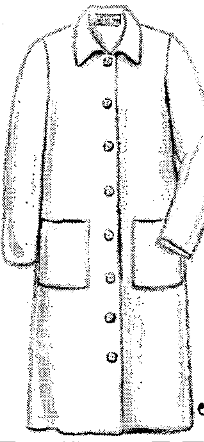

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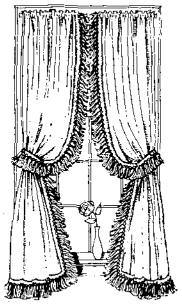

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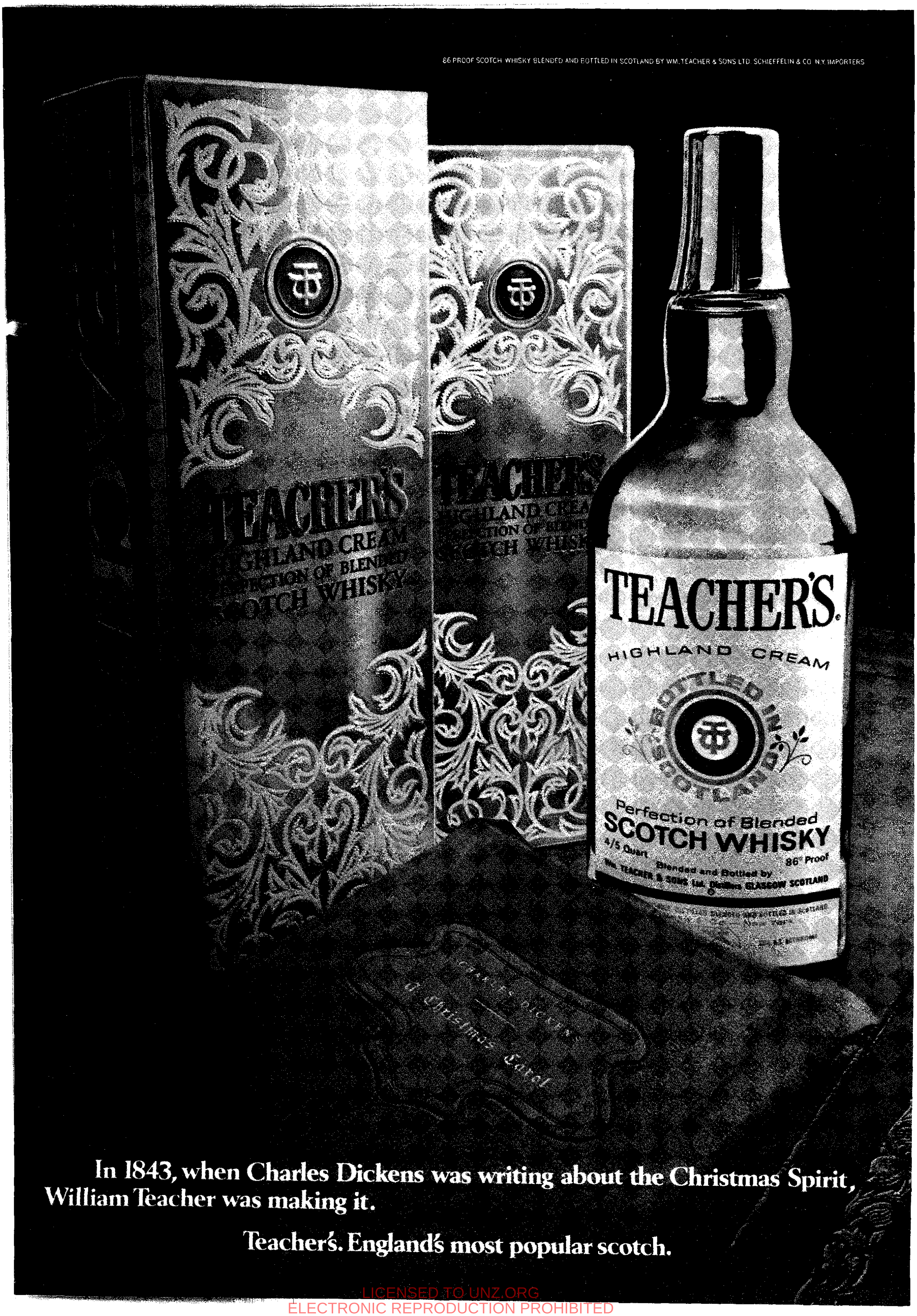
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comes after the activity itself has ceased. The frugality of philosophers has always been proverbial, and Aristotle mentions this: "A man engaged in theoretical activity has no needs . . . and many things are only a hindrance to it. Only insofar as he is a human being . . . will he need such things for the business of being human [*anthropeuesthai*]"—having a body, living together with other men, and so on. In the same vein, Democritus recommends abstinence for thinking: it teaches how the *logos* derives its pleasures from itself (*auton ex heautou*).

The unawareness of the body in the thinking experience, combined with the sheer pleasure of the activity, explains better than anything else not only the soothing, consoling effects that certain thought-trains had on the men of late antiquity but also their curiously extreme theories of the power of mind over body—theories clearly refuted by common experience. Gibbon wrote in his comments on Boethius, "Such topics of consolation, so obvious, so vague, or so abstruse, are ineffectual to subdue the feelings of human nature;" and the final victory of Christianity, which offered these "topics" of philosophy as literal facts and sure promises, proves how right Gibbon was. "Yet the sense of misfortune," he added, "may be diverted by the labour of thought," and he hinted, at least, at what is actually the case; namely, that fear for the body disappears as long as the "labour of thought" lasts, not because the contents of thought can overcome fear but because the thinking activity makes you unaware of having a body, and can even overcome the sensations of minor discomforts. The inordinate strength of this experience may elucidate the otherwise rather strange historical fact that the ancient body-mind dichotomy, with its strong hostility to the body, could be adopted virtually intact by the Christian creed, which was based, after all, on the dogma of the Incarnation—the Word become Flesh—and on belief in bodily resurrection; that is, on doctrines that should have spelled the end of the body-mind dichotomy and its unsolvable riddles.

Before turning to Socrates, I want to mention the curious context in which the word "philosophize"—the verb, not the noun—makes its first appearance. Herodotus tells us of Solon, who, having framed the laws for Athens, set out upon ten years of travel, partly for political reasons but also for sightseeing—*theorein*. He arrived at Sardis, where Croesus was at the height of his power.

And Croesus, having shown Solon all his riches, addressed him thus: "Stranger, great word has come to us about you, your wisdom and your wandering about; namely, that you have gone visiting many lands of the earth *philosophizing* with respect to the spectacles you saw. Therefore it occurred to me to ask you if you saw one whom you considered the happiest of all." (The rest of the story is familiar: Croesus, expecting to be named the happiest man on earth, was told that no man, no matter how lucky he is, can be called happy before his death.) Croesus addressed Solon not because he had seen so many lands but because he was famous for philosophizing, reflecting upon what he had seen; and Solon's answer, though it was based on experience, is clearly beyond experience. For the question "Who is the happiest of all?" he had substituted the question "What is happiness for mortals?" And his answer to this question was a *philosophoumenon*, a reflection on human affairs (*"anthropeion pregmaton"*) and on the length of human life, in which not one day is "like another," so that "man is wholly chance." Under such conditions, it is wise "to wait and mark the end," for man's life is a story, and only the end of the story, when everything is completed, can tell you what it was all about. Human life, because it is set off by a beginning and an end, becomes whole—an entity in itself, which can be subjected to judgment—only when it has ended in death; death not merely ends life but also bestows upon it a silent completeness, snatched from the hazardous flux to which all things human are subject. This is the gist of what later became a proverbial *topos* throughout Greek and Latin antiquity: *Nemo ante mortem beatus dici potest.*

Solon himself was well aware of the difficult nature of such deceptively simple propositions. In a fragment that ties in very well with the story told by Herodotus, he is recorded as saying, "Most hard it is to perceive the hidden (*aphanes*) measure of judgment, which nevertheless [even though it does not appear] holds the limits of all things." Here Solon sounds like a predecessor of Socrates, who also, as they said later, wanted to bring philosophy down from the sky to the earth, and hence began to examine the invisible measures by which we judge human affairs. When Solon was asked who is the happiest among men, he responded by raising the question "And what, if you please, is happiness? How are you to measure it?"—in the same way that Socrates was to raise the questions "What are courage,

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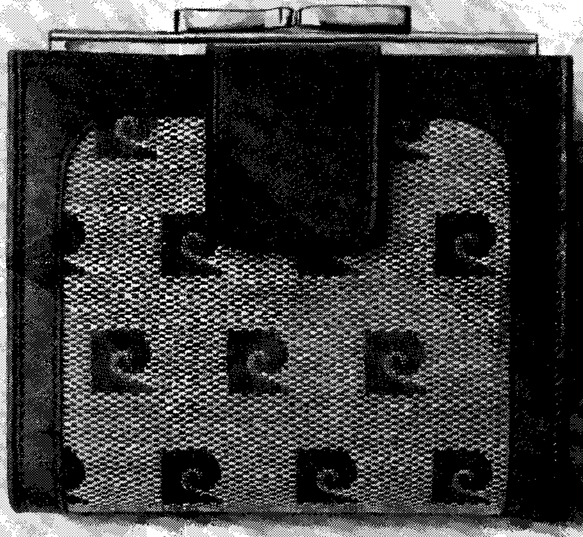

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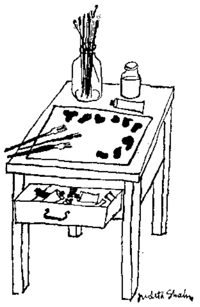
piety, friendship, *sophrosyne*, knowledge, justice?” and so on.

But Solon gave a kind of answer, and this answer, when its implications are rightly understood, contains what people today would call a whole philosophy, in the sense of *Weltanschauung*. The uncertainty of the future makes human life miserable: “Danger is inherent in all works and deeds, nobody knows how a thing begun will turn out, one who does well fails to foresee what ill fortune may befall him, while a god gives good luck in everything to the evildoer.” Hence, the “No man can be called happy while he is still alive” actually means “No man is happy; all mortals on whom the Sun gazes are wretches.” This is more than a reflection; it is already a kind of doctrine and, as such, un-Socratic. For Socrates, confronted with such questions, concludes virtually every strictly Socratic dialogue by saying, “I have failed utterly to discover what it is.” And this aporetic character of Socratic thinking means: Admiring wonder at just or courageous deeds seen by the eyes of the body gives birth to such questions as “What is courage?” “What is justice?” The existence of courage or justice has been indicated to my senses by what I have seen, though they themselves are not present in sense perception, and hence are not given as self-evident reality. The basic Socratic question—“What do we *mean* when we use this class of words?” (later called “concepts”)—arises out of *that* experience. But the original wonder not only is not resolved in such questions, since they remain without answer, but is actually reinforced. What begins as wonder ends in perplexity and thence leads back to wonder: How marvellous that men can perform courageous or just deeds even though they do not know, can give no account of, what courage and justice are.

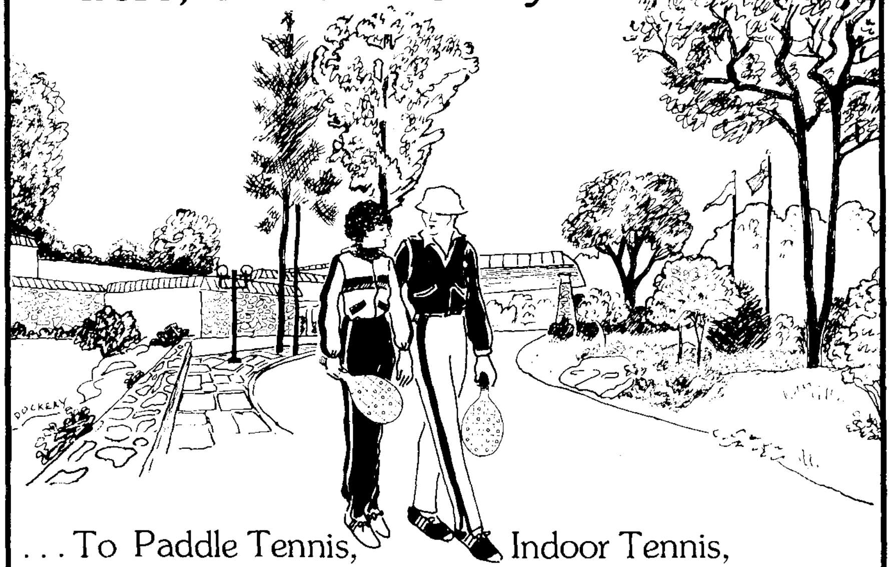


To the question “What makes us think?” I have been giving (except in Solon’s case) historically representative answers offered by professional philosophers. These answers are dubious, for precisely that reason. When the question is asked by the professional, it does not arise out of his own experiences while engaged in thinking. It is asked from outside—whether that outside is constituted by his professional interests as a thinker or by the common sense within him which makes him question an activity that is out of order in ordinary living. And the answers we then receive are always too general and vague to have much application to everyday living, in which thinking, after all, constantly occurs and constantly interrupts the ordinary processes of life—just as ordinary living constantly interrupts thinking. If we strip these answers of their doctrinal content, which, it goes without saying, varies enormously, we are left with nothing but confessions of a need: the need to concretize the implications of the Platonic wonder; the need (in Kant) of the reasoning faculty to transcend the limitations of the knowable; the need to become reconciled with what actually is and the course of the world (appearing in Hegel as “the need for philosophy,” which can transform occurrences outside yourself into your own thoughts), or the need to search for the meaning of whatever is or occurs—as I have been saying here, no less generally, no less vaguely.

It is this helplessness of the thinking ego to give an account of itself which has made the philosophers, the professional thinkers, such a difficult tribe to deal with. The trouble is that, as we have seen, the thinking ego, as distinguished from the self that, of course, exists in every thinker, too, has no urge to appear in the world of appearances. It is a slippery fellow, not only invisible to others but also impalpable to the self, impossible for the self to grasp. This is partly because it is sheer activity, and partly because—as Hegel once said—as “an abstract ego it is liberated from the particularity of all other properties, dispositions, etc., and is active only with respect to the general, which is the same for all individuals.” In any case, seen from the world of appearances, from the marketplace, the thinking ego always lives in hiding, *lathe biosas*. And our question “What makes us think?” is actually inquiring about ways to bring it out of hiding, to tease it, as it were, into manifestation.

The best—in fact, the only—way I can find to get hold of the question is to look for a model, an example of a thinker who was not a professional, who in his person unified two apparently contradictory passions, for thinking and for acting—not in the sense of being eager to apply his thoughts or to establish theoretical standards for action but in the much more relevant sense of being equally at home in the two spheres and able to move from one sphere to the other with the greatest apparent ease, very much as we ourselves constantly move back and forth between experiences in the world of appearances and the need for reflecting on them. Best suited to this role would be a man who counted himself neither among the many nor among the few (a distinction at least as old as Pythagoras), who had no aspiration to be a ruler of men—no claim even to be particularly well fitted by his superior wisdom to act in an advisory capacity to those in power—but not a man who submitted meekly to being ruled, either; in brief, a thinker who always remained a man among men, who did not shun the marketplace, who was a citizen among citizens, doing nothing and claiming nothing except what in his opinion every citizen should be and have a right to. Such a man ought to be difficult to find, for if he was able to represent for us the actual thinking activity, he would have left no body of doctrine behind: he would not have cared to write down his thoughts even if, after he was through thinking, there had been any residue tangible enough to set out in black and white. You have already gathered that I am thinking of Socrates. We would not know much about him—at least, not enough to impress us greatly—if he had not made such an enormous impression on Plato, and we might not know anything about him, maybe not even from Plato, if he had not decided to lay down his life, and not for any specific belief or doctrine (he had none) but simply for the right to go about examining the opinions of other people, thinking about them, and asking his interlocutors to do the same.

I hope the reader will not believe that I chose Socrates at random. But I must give a warning: there is a great deal of controversy about the historical Socrates, and, though this is one of the more fascinating topics of learned debate, I shall ignore it and only mention in passing what is likely to be the chief bone of contention; namely, my belief that there is a sharp dividing line between what is authentically Socratic and the philosophy taught by Plato. The stumbling block here is the fact that Plato used Socrates as *the* philosopher, not only in the early, and clearly "Socratic," dialogues but also later, when he often made him the spokesman for theories and doctrines that were entirely un-Socratic. In many instances, Plato himself clearly marked the differences; for example, in Diotima's speech in the "Symposium" which tells us expressly that Socrates does not know anything about "the



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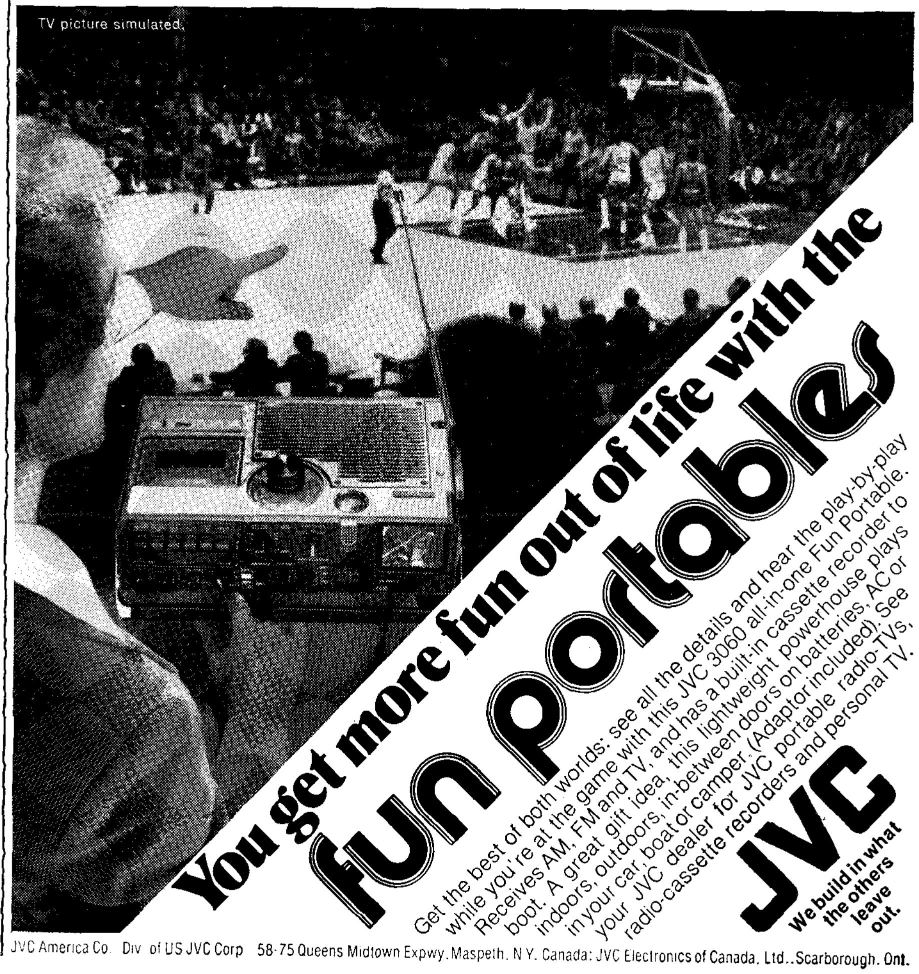

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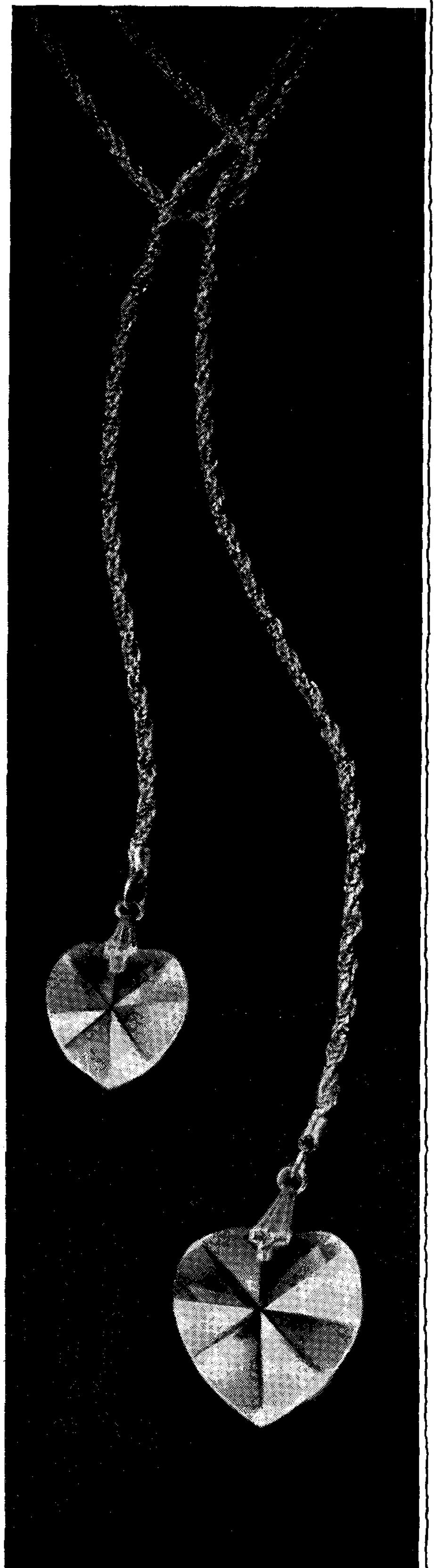
greater mysteries" and may not be able to understand them. In other instances, however, the line is blurred, usually because Plato could still reckon on a reading public that would be aware of certain enormous inconsistencies, as when he lets Socrates say in the "Theaetetus" that "great philosophers . . . from their youth up have never known the way to the marketplace"—an anti-Socratic statement if ever there was one. And yet, to make matters worse, this by no means signifies that the same dialogue does not give authentic information about the real Socrates.

No one will, I think, seriously dispute that my choice is historically justifiable. Less easily justifiable, perhaps, is the transformation of a historical figure into a model, for there is no denying that some transformation is necessary if the figure in question is to perform the function we assign to it. Étienne Gilson, in his great book about Dante, wrote that in "The Divine Comedy" "a character . . . conserves . . . as much of its historical reality as the representative function that Dante assigns to it requires." It seems easy to grant this kind of freedom to poets and call it license—but not so easy when nonpoets try their hand at it. Yet, justified or not, that is precisely what we do when we construct "ideal types"—not out of whole cloth, as in the allegories and personified abstractions so dear to the hearts of bad poets and some scholars, but out of the crowd of living beings, past or present, who seem to possess a representative significance. And Gilson hints, at least, at the true justification of this method (or technique) when he discusses the representative part assigned by Dante to Aquinas. The real Thomas, Gilson points out, would not have done what Dante made him do—eulogize Siger of Brabant—but the only reason that the real Thomas would have declined to pronounce such a eulogy would have been a certain human weakness, a defect of character: "the part of his make-up," as Gilson says, "which he had to leave at the gate of the *Paradiso* before he could enter." There are a number of traits in the Xenophonian Socrates, whose historical credibility need not be doubted, that Socrates might have had to leave at the gate of Paradise.

The first thing that strikes us in Plato's Socratic dialogues is that they are all aporetic. The argument either leads nowhere or goes in circles. In order to know what justice is, you must know what knowledge is, and in order to know that, you must have a previ-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ous, unexamined notion of knowledge. Hence, "a man cannot try to discover either what he knows or what he does not know," for if "he knows, there is no need of inquiry; if he does not know . . . he does not even know what he is to look for." Or, in the "Euthyphro": In order to be pious, you must know what piety is. The things that please the gods are pious, but are they pious because they please the gods or do they please the gods because they are pious?

None of the *logoi*, the arguments, ever stay put; they move around. And because Socrates, asking questions to which he does *not* know the answers, sets them in motion, once the statements have come full circle it is usually Socrates who cheerfully proposes to start all over again and inquire what justice or piety or knowledge or happiness is. For the topics of these early dialogues are very simple, everyday concepts, such as arise whenever people open their mouths and begin to talk. The introduction usually runs as follows: To be sure, there are happy people, just deeds, courageous men, beautiful things to see and admire—everybody knows about them. The trouble starts with our nouns, presumably derived from the adjectives we apply to particular cases as they *appear* to us (we *see* a happy man, *perceive* the courageous deed or the just decision). In short, the trouble arrives with such words as "happiness," "courage," and "justice," with what we now call concepts—what Solon called the "non-appearing measure [*aphanes metron*], most difficult for the mind to comprehend, but nevertheless holding the limits of all things," and what Plato somewhat later called ideas perceivable only by the eyes of the mind. Such words are part and parcel of our everyday speech, and still we can give no account of them: when we try to define them, they get slippery; when we talk about their meaning, nothing stays put anymore, everything begins to move. So instead of repeating what we learned from Aristotle, that Socrates was the man who discovered the "concept," we shall ask what Socrates did when he discovered it. For these words were part of the Greek language before he tried to force the Athenians and himself to give an account of what they and he meant—in the firm belief, of course, that no speech would be possible without them.

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under a name common to all of them is by no means a matter of course; these languages, whose vocabulary is often quite remarkably rich, lack such abstract nouns even in relation to clearly visible objects. To simplify matters, let us take a noun that to us no longer sounds abstract at all. We can use the word "house" for a great number of objects—for the mud hut of a tribesman, the palace of a king, the country home of a city dweller, the cottage in the village, the apartment house in town—but we can hardly use it for the movable tents of some nomads. The house in and by itself (*auto kath'auto*)—that which makes us use the word for all these particular and very different buildings—is never seen, either by the eyes of the body or by those of the mind; every imagined house, be it ever so abstract, having the bare minimum to make it recognizable, is already a particular house. This other, invisible, house, of which we must have a notion in order to recognize particular buildings as houses, has been explained in different ways and called by different names in the history of philosophy; with this we are not concerned here, although we might find it less hard to define than such a word as "happiness" or "justice." The point here is that it implies something considerably less tangible than the structure perceived by our eyes. It implies "housing somebody" and "being dwelt in," as no tent, put up today and taken down tomorrow, could house or serve as a dwelling place. The word "house" is the "unseen measure," it "holds the limits of all things" pertaining to dwelling; it is a word that could not exist unless one presupposed thinking about being housed, dwelling, having a home. As a word, "house" is shorthand for all these things—the kind of shorthand without which thinking and its characteristic swiftness would not be possible at all. *The word "house" is something like a frozen thought that thinking must unfreeze* to get at the original meaning of the notion. In medieval philosophy, this kind of thinking was called "meditation," and the word should be heard as different from—even opposed to—contemplation. At all events, this kind of pondering reflection does not produce definitions; in this sense it is entirely without results, though somebody who had pondered the meaning of "house" might make his own look better.

Socrates, at any rate, is commonly said to have believed in the teachability of virtue, and he seems indeed to have held that talking and thinking about piety, justice, courage, and the rest were likely to make men more pious, more just, more courageous, despite the fact that neither definitions nor "values" were supplied to direct their future conduct. What Socrates actually believed in such matters can best be illustrated by the metaphors he applied to himself. He called himself a gadfly and a midwife; in Plato's account, somebody else called him an "electric ray," a fish that paralyzes and numbs by contact, and Socrates recognized that the likeness was apt, provided his hearers understood that "the electric ray paralyzes others only through being paralyzed itself." And he continued, "It isn't that, knowing the answers myself, I perplex other people. The truth is, rather, that I infect them also with the perplexity I feel myself." Which, of course, sums up neatly the only way thinking can be taught—even though Socrates, as he repeatedly said, did not teach anything, for the simple reason that he had nothing to teach. He was "sterile," he said, like the midwives in Greece, who were beyond the age of childbearing. (Since he had nothing to teach, no truth to hand out, he was accused of never revealing his own view [*gnome*]—as we learn from Xenophon, who defended him against the charge.) It seems that he, unlike the professional philosophers, felt the urge to check with his fellow-men to learn whether his perplexities were shared by them—and this is quite different from the inclination to find solutions for riddles and then demonstrate them to others.

Let us look briefly at the three metaphors. First, Socrates is a gadfly: he knows how to sting the citizens who would "sleep on undisturbed for the rest of their lives" unless somebody came along to arouse them. And what does he arouse them to? To thinking and examination, an activity without which life, in his view, was not only not worth much but not fully alive. (On this subject—as in other cases—in the "Apology" Socrates is saying very nearly the opposite of what Plato makes him say in the "improved apology" of the "Phaedo." In the "Apology," Socrates tells his fellow-citizens why he should live and also why, though life is "very dear" to him, he is not afraid of death; in the "Phaedo," he explains to his friends how burdensome life is and why he is glad to die.)

Second, Socrates is a midwife: in the "Theaetetus," he says that it is because he is sterile himself that he knows how to deliver others of their thoughts; moreover, thanks to his sterility, he has the expert knowledge of the midwife

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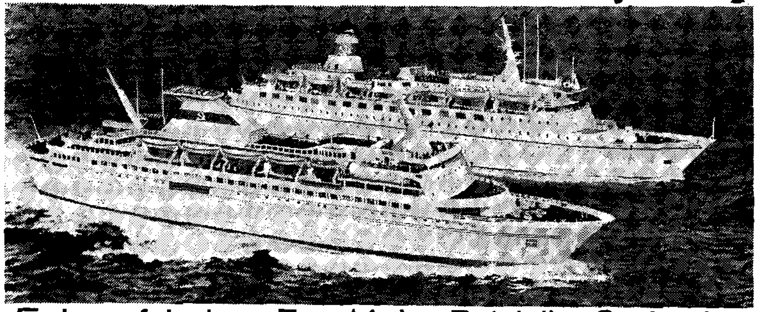

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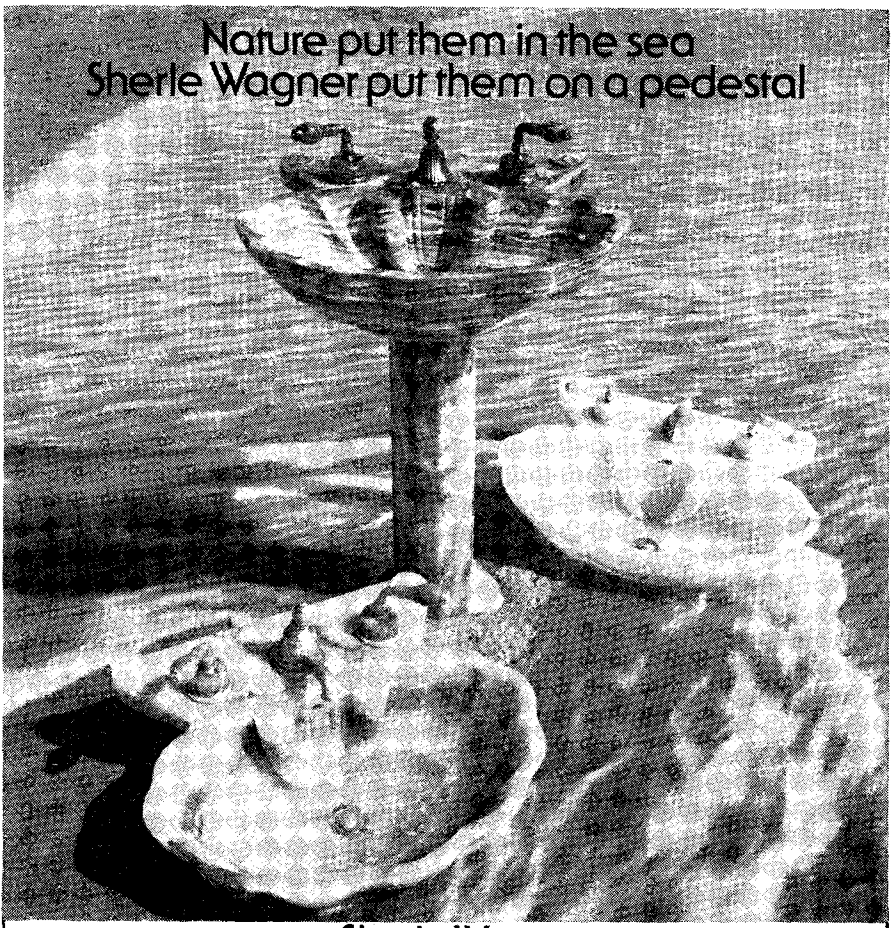
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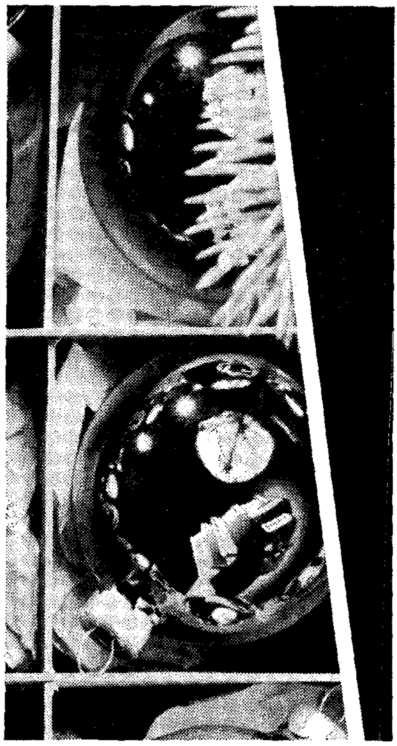

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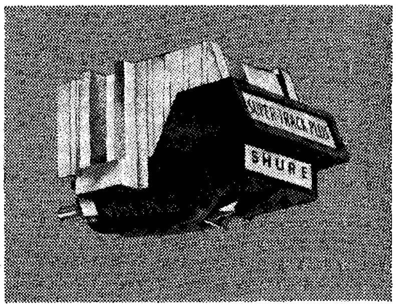

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and can decide whether the child is a real child or a mere wind-egg of which the bearer must be cleansed. But in the dialogues hardly anybody among Socrates' interlocutors has brought forth a thought that is not a wind-egg and that Socrates thinks worth keeping alive. Rather, he does what Plato in the "Sophist," certainly thinking of Socrates, said of the sophists' practice: he purges people of their "opinions;" that is, of those unexamined prejudgments which would prevent them from thinking—thus helping them, as Plato said, to get rid of the bad in them, their opinions, yet without making them good, giving them truth.

Third, Socrates, knowing that we do not know, and nevertheless unwilling to let it go at that, remains steadfast in his own perplexities and, like the electric ray, paralyzed himself, paralyzes anyone he comes in contact with. The electric ray, at first glance, seems to be the opposite of the gadfly; it paralyzes where the gadfly rouses. Yet what cannot fail to look like paralysis from the outside—from the standpoint of ordinary human affairs—is *felt* as the highest state of being active and alive. There exist, despite the scarcity of documentary evidence about the thinking experience, a number of utterances of thinkers throughout the centuries to bear this out.

Hence, Socrates, gadfly, midwife, electric ray, is not a philosopher, for he teaches nothing and has nothing to teach; and he is not a sophist, for he does not claim to make men wise. He only points out to them that they are not wise, that nobody is—a "pursuit" that keeps him so busy he has no time for either public or private affairs. And while he defends himself vigorously against the charge of corrupting the young, he nowhere pretends that he is improving them. Nevertheless, he claims that the appearance in Athens of thinking and examining represented in himself was the greatest good that ever befell the City. Thus he was concerned with what thinking is good for, although to this, as to all other questions, he did not give a clear-cut answer. We may be sure that a dialogue dealing with the question "What is thinking good for?" would have ended in the same perplexity as all the others.

If there had been a Socratic tradition in Western thought—if, in Whitehead's words, the history of philosophy were a collection of footnotes not to Plato but to Socrates (which, of course, would have been impossible)—we would certainly find in it no answer to our question but we would at least find

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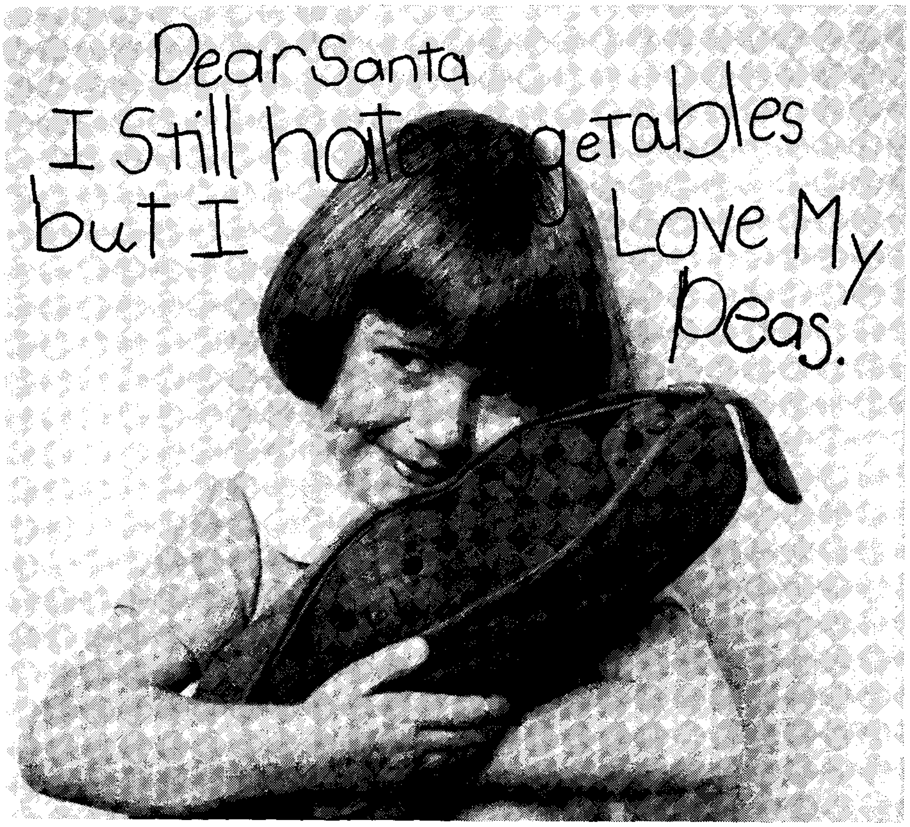
a number of variations of it. Socrates himself, well aware that he was dealing with invisibles in his enterprise, used a metaphor to explain the thinking activity—the metaphor of the wind: "The winds themselves are invisible, yet what they do is manifest to us and we somehow feel their approach." We find the same metaphor in Sophocles, who (in the "Antigone") counts "wind-swift thought" among the dubious, "awe-inspiring" ("*deina*") things with which men are blessed or cursed. In our own time, Heidegger occasionally speaks of "the storm of thought," and he uses the metaphor explicitly at the only point in his work where he speaks directly of Socrates: "Throughout his life and up to his very death Socrates did nothing other than place himself in this draft, this current [of thinking], and maintain himself in it. This is why he is the purest of the West. This is why he wrote nothing. For anyone who begins, out of thinking, to write must inevitably be like those people who run for shelter from a wind too strong for them. . . . All thinkers after Socrates, their greatness notwithstanding, were such refugees. Thinking becomes literature." In a later explanatory note, he adds that being the "purest" thinker does not mean being the greatest.

In the context in which Xenophon, always anxious to defend the master with his own vulgar arguments against vulgar accusations, mentions the wind metaphor, it does not make much sense. Still, even he indicates that the invisible wind of thought was manifest in the concepts, virtues, and "values" with which Socrates dealt in his examinations. The trouble is that this same wind, whenever it is roused, has the peculiarity of doing away with its own previous manifestations: that is why the same man can be understood and can understand himself as both gadfly and electric ray. It is in this invisible element's nature to undo—unfreeze, as it were—what language, the medium of thinking, has frozen into thought: words (concepts, sentences, definitions, doctrines) whose "weakness" and inflexibility Plato denounces so splendidly in the "Seventh Letter." The consequence is that thinking inevitably has a destructive, undermining effect on all established criteria, "values," measurements of good and evil—in short, on those customs and rules of conduct we treat of in morals and ethics. These frozen thoughts, Socrates seems to say, come so handily that you can use them in your sleep; but if the wind of thinking, which I shall now stir in you, has



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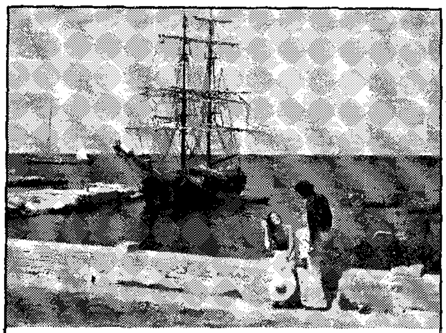

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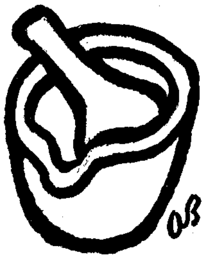
Hence, the paralysis induced by thinking is twofold: it is inherent in the *stop* and think, the interruption of all other activities—psychologically, one may indeed define a "problem" as a "situation which for some reason appreciably holds up an organism in its effort to reach a goal" (G. Humphrey)—and, also, it may have a dazing after-effect when you come out of it, feeling unsure of what seemed to you beyond doubt while you were unthinkingly engaged in whatever you were doing before you started thinking. If what you were doing consisted of applying general rules of conduct to particular cases as they arise in ordinary life, you will find yourself paralyzed, because no such rules can withstand the wind of thought. To take again the example of the frozen thought inherent in the word "house," once you have thought about its implied meaning—dwelling, having a home, being housed—you are less likely to accept for your own home whatever the fashion of the time may prescribe; but that by no means guarantees that you will be able to come up with an acceptable solution to what has become "problematic."



This leads to the last and, perhaps, the greatest danger of this dangerous and profitless enterprise. In the circle around Socrates, there were men like Alcibiades and Critias (God knows, by no means the worst among his so-called pupils), who turned out to be a real threat to the polis, and this not because they had been paralyzed by the electric ray but, on the contrary, because they had been aroused by the gadfly. What they had been aroused to was license and cynicism. Not content with being taught how to think without being taught a doctrine, they changed the non-results of the Socratic thinking examination into negative results: if we cannot define what piety is, let us be impious—which is pretty much the opposite of what Socrates had hoped to achieve by talking about piety.

The quest for meaning, which relentlessly dissolves and examines anew all accepted doctrines and rules, can at any moment turn against itself, produce a reversal of the old values, and declare these contraries to be "new values." To a certain extent, this is what Nietzsche did when he reversed Platonism, forgetting that a reversed Plato is still Plato, or what Marx did when he turned Hegel upside down, producing a very Hegelian system of history in the process. Such negative results of thinking will then be used with the same unthinking routine as before; the moment they are applied to the realm of human affairs, it is as though they had never gone through the thinking process. What we commonly call "nihilism"—and are tempted to date historically, decry politically, and ascribe to thinkers who are alleged to have dared think "dangerous thoughts"—is actually a danger inherent in the thinking activity itself. There are no dangerous thoughts; thinking itself is dangerous, but nihilism is not its product. Nihilism is but the other side of conventionalism; its creed consists of negations of the current so-called positive values, to which it remains bound. All critical examinations must go through a stage of at least hypothetically negating accepted opinions and "values" by searching out their implications and tacit assumptions, and in this sense nihilism may be seen as an ever-present danger of thinking.

But that danger arises not out of the Socratic conviction that an unexamined life is not worth living but, on the contrary, out of the desire to find results that would make further thinking unnecessary. Thinking is equally dangerous to all creeds and, by itself, does not bring forth any new creed. Its most dangerous aspect, from the viewpoint of common sense, is that what was meaningful while you were thinking dissolves the moment you want to apply it to everyday living. When common opinion gets hold of the "concepts"—that is, the manifestations of thinking in everyday speech—and begins to handle them as though they were the results of cognition, the end can only be a clear demonstration that no man is wise. Practically, thinking means that each time you are confronted with some difficulty in life you have to make up your mind anew.

However, non-thinking, which seems so recommendable a state for political and moral affairs, also has its perils. By shielding people from the dangers of examination, it teaches them to hold fast to whatever the prescribed rules of conduct may be at a given time in a given society. What people then get used to is less the content of the rules, a close examination of which would always lead them into perplexity, than the *possession* of rules under which to subsume particulars. If somebody appears who, for whatever purposes, wishes to abolish the old values or virtues, he will find that easy, provided he offers a new code, and he will need relatively little force and no persuasion—i.e., proof that the new values are better than the old—to impose it. The more firmly men hold to the old code, the more eager will they be to assimilate themselves to the new one, which in practice means that the readiest to obey will be those who were the most respectable pillars of society, the least likely to indulge in thoughts, dangerous or not, while those who to all appearances were the most unreliable elements of the old order will be the least tractable.

If ethical and moral matters really are what the etymology of the words indicates, it should be no more difficult to change the mores and habits of a people than it would be to change their table manners. The ease with which such a reversal can take place under certain conditions suggests, indeed, that everybody was fast asleep when it occurred. I am alluding, of course, to what happened in Nazi Germany and, to some extent, also in Stalinist Russia, when the basic commandments of Western morality were suddenly reversed: in one case, most strikingly, "Thou shalt not kill;" in the other, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." And the sequel—the reversal of the reversal, the fact that it was so surprisingly easy to "reëducate" the Germans after the collapse of the Third Reich: so easy, indeed, that it was as though reëducation were automatic—should not console us, either. It was actually the same phenomenon.

To come back to Socrates. The Athenians told him that thinking was subversive, that the wind of thought was a hurricane, sweeping away all the established signs by which men orient themselves, bringing disorder into the cities, and confusing the citizens. And though Socrates denies that thinking corrupts, he does not pretend that it improves anybody. It rouses you from sleep, and this seems to him a great good for the City. Yet he does not say that he began his examining in order to become such a great benefactor. As far as he himself is concerned, there is nothing more to be said than that life deprived of thought would be meaningless, even though thought will never make men wise or give them the answers to thought's own questions. The

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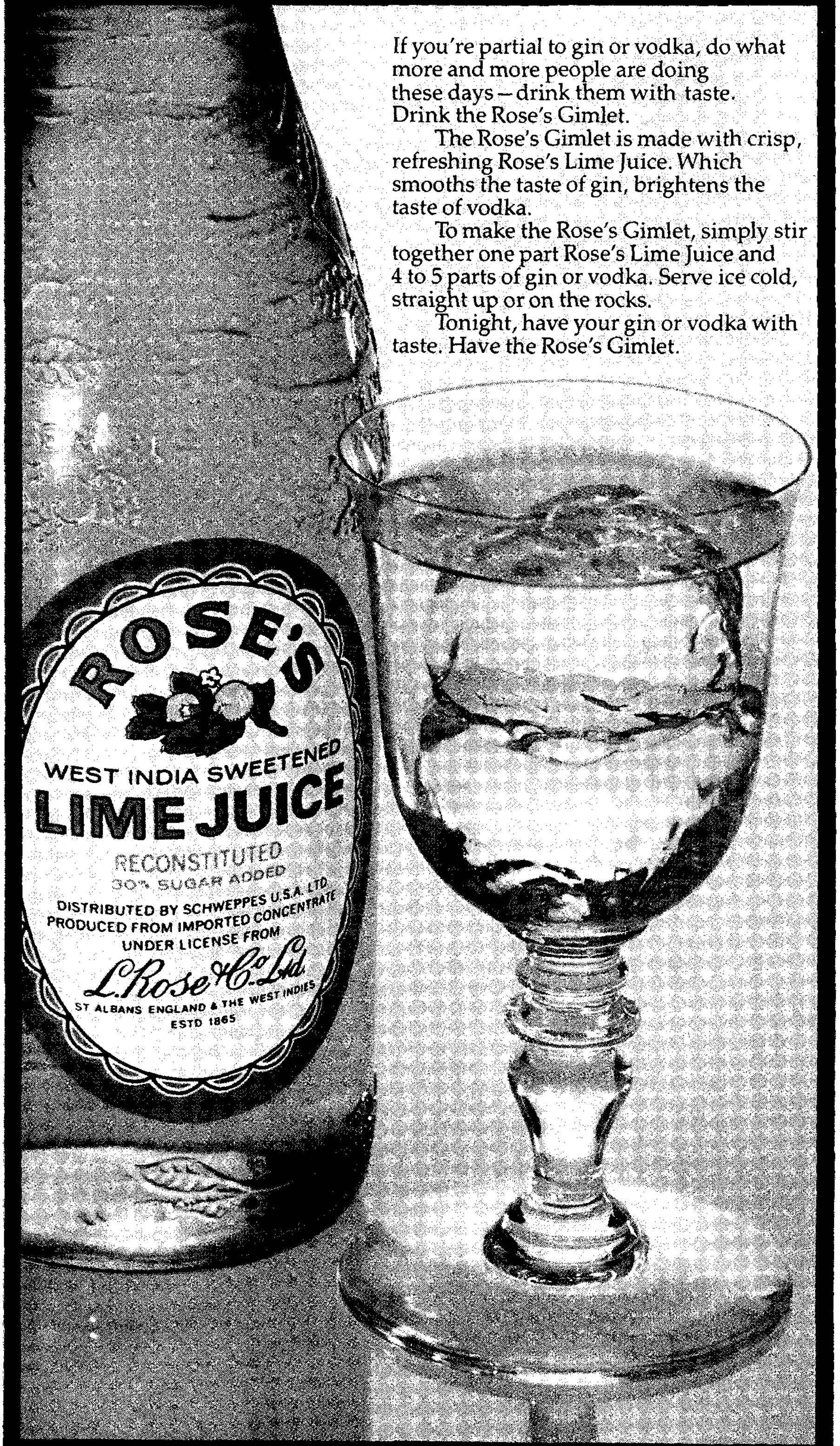

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meaning of what Socrates was doing lay in the activity itself. To put it differently: to think and to be fully alive are the same, and this implies that thinking must always begin afresh; it is an activity that accompanies living and is concerned with such concepts as justice, happiness, virtue, offered us by language itself as expressing the meaning of whatever happens in life.

What I called the "quest" for meaning appears in Socrates' language as love; that is, love in its Greek significance of *eros*, not the Christian *agape*. Love as *eros* is primarily a need; it desires what it has not. Men love wisdom and therefore begin to philosophize because they are not wise; and they love beauty, and "do beauty," as it were (*philokaloumen*, Pericles called it in the Funeral Oration), because they are not beautiful. Love is the only matter in which Socrates pretends to be an expert, and this skill guides him, too, in choosing his companions and friends: "While I may be worthless in all other matters, this talent I have been given: I can easily recognize a lover and a beloved." By desiring what it has not, love establishes a relationship with what is not present. In order to bring this relationship into the open, make it appear, men want to speak about it—just as the lover wants to speak about the beloved. Because thought's quest is a kind of desirous love, the objects of thought can only be lovable things—beauty, wisdom, justice, and so on. Ugliness and evil are almost by definition excluded from the thinking concern. They may turn up as deficiencies, ugliness consisting in lack of beauty, and evil (*kakia*) in lack of the good. As such, they have no roots of their own, no essence that thought could get hold of. If thinking dissolves positive concepts into their original meaning, then the same process must dissolve these "negative" concepts into their original meaninglessness; that is, into nothing for the thinking ego. That is why Socrates believed no one could do evil voluntarily: because of, as we would say, its ontological status—it consists in an absence, in something that is not. And that is also why Democritus, who thought of *logos*, speech, as following action in the same way that the shadow accompanies all real things, thus distinguishing them from mere semblances, counselled against speaking of evil deeds: ignoring evil, depriving it of any manifestation in speech, will turn it into a mere semblance, something that has no shadow. We found the same exclusion of evil when we were following Plato's admiring, affirming

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wonder as it unfolds into thinking; it is found in almost all Occidental philosophers. It looks as though Socrates had nothing more to say about the connection between evil and lack of thought than that people who are not in love with beauty, justice, and wisdom are incapable of thought, just as, conversely, those who are in love with examining, and thus "do philosophy," would be incapable of doing evil.

WHERE does this leave us in regard to one of our chief problems—the possible interconnectedness of non-thought and evil? We are left with the conclusion that only people inspired by the Socratic *eros*—the love of wisdom, beauty, and justice—are capable of thought and can be trusted. In other words, we are left with Plato's "noble natures," with the few of whom it may be true that none "does evil voluntarily." Yet the implied and dangerous conclusion "Everybody wants to do good" is not true even in their case. (The sad truth of the matter is that most evil is done by people who never made up their minds to be either good or bad or to do either good or evil.) Socrates, who thought about all subjects and talked with everybody, cannot have believed, like Plato, that only the few are capable of thought and that only certain objects of thought, visible to the eyes of the well-trained mind but ineffable in discourse, bestow dignity and relevance on the thinking activity. If there is anything in thinking which can prevent men from doing evil, it must be some property inherent in the activity itself, regardless of its objects.

Socrates, that lover of perplexities, made very few positive statements. Among them are two propositions, closely connected, that deal with this matter. Both occur in the "Gorgias," which is the dialogue about rhetoric, the art of addressing and convincing the many. The "Gorgias" does not belong among the early Socratic dialogues; it was written shortly before Plato became the head of the Academy. Moreover, its very subject matter is an art or a form of discourse which would seemingly lose all sense if it were aporetic. And yet this dialogue is aporetic, except that Plato concludes it with one of his myths of a hereafter of rewards and punishments which apparently—that is, ironically—resolve all difficulties. The seriousness of these myths of his is purely political; it consists in their being addressed to the multitude. Still, the myths, certainly non-Socratic, of the "Gorgias" are of importance, be-

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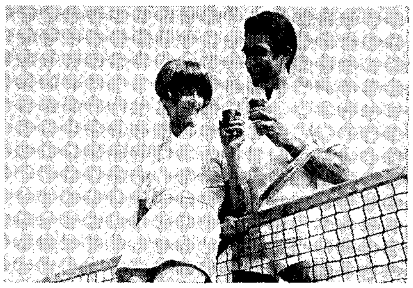

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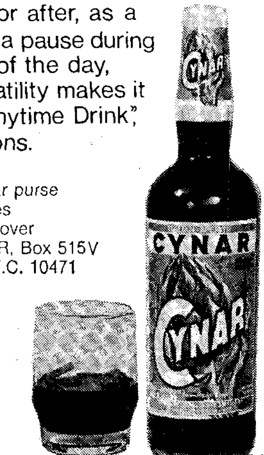

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cause they contain, albeit in a nonphilosophical form, Plato's admission that men can and will do evil voluntarily, and the further, implied admission that he did not know—any more than Socrates—what to do philosophically with that disturbing fact. We may not know whether Socrates believed that ignorance causes evil and that virtue can be taught; but we do know that Plato thought it wiser to rely on threats.

The two positive Socratic propositions read as follows. The first: "It is better to be wronged than to do wrong"—to which Callicles, the interlocutor in the dialogue, replies, as all Greece would have replied, "To suffer wrong is not the part of a man at all but that of a slave, for whom it is better to be dead than alive, as it is for anyone who is unable to come either to his own assistance when he is wronged or to that of anyone he cares about." The second: "It would be better for me that my lyre or a chorus I directed should be out of tune and loud with discord, and that multitudes of men should disagree with me, than that I, *being one*, should be out of harmony with myself and contradict me"—which causes Callicles to tell Socrates that he is "going mad with eloquence," and that it would be better for him and everybody else if he would leave philosophy alone.

And there Callicles has a point. It was indeed philosophy—or, rather, the experience of thinking—that led Socrates to make these statements, although, of course, he did not start his enterprise in order to arrive at them, any more than other thinkers embarked upon theirs in order to be "happy." (It would be a serious mistake, I believe, to understand these statements as the results of some cogitation about morality; they are insights, to be sure, but insights of experience, and as far as the thinking process itself is concerned they are at best by-products of it.)

We have difficulty realizing how paradoxical the first statement must have sounded when it was made, for after thousands of years of use and misuse it reads like cheap moralizing. And the best demonstration of how difficult it is for modern readers to understand the thrust of the second is the fact that its key words, "*being one*" (preceding the assertion that it would be worse for him to be at odds with himself than in disagreement with multitudes of men), are frequently left out in translation. As to the first, it is a subjective statement. It means: It is better *for me* to

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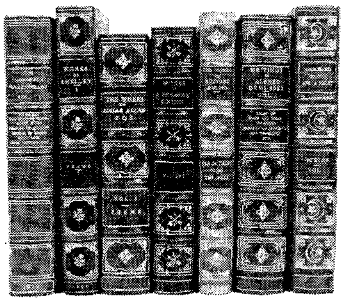

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suffer wrong than to do wrong. And in the dialogue in which it occurs it is simply countered by the opposite, equally subjective statement, which in fact sounds much more plausible. What becomes apparent is that Callicles and Socrates are talking about a different "I," and that what is good for one is bad for the other.

If, on the other hand, we look at the proposition from the point of view of the world, as distinguished from those of the two speakers, we would have to say: What counts is that a wrong has been done. And for this it is irrelevant who is better off, the wrongdoer or the wrong-sufferer. As citizens, we must prevent wrongdoing, because the world in which we all live, wrongdoer, wrong-sufferer, and spectator, is at stake: the City has been wronged. (Our law codes, with their distinction between crimes for which indictment is mandatory and transgressions that pertain only to the private affairs of individuals who may or may not want to sue, take this into account. We could almost define a crime as that transgression of the law which demands punishment regardless of who it is who has been wronged. The wronged one may feel like forgiving and forgetting, and there may be no danger for others if it can be assumed that the wrongdoer is altogether unlikely to do wrong again. Still, the law of the land permits no option, because it is the community as a whole that has been violated.)

In other words, Socrates is not talking here in the person of the citizen, who is supposed to be more concerned with the world than with his private self; he is talking in the person of the man devoted chiefly to thinking. It is as though he said to Callicles: If you were, like me, in love with wisdom and in need of thinking about everything and examining everything, you would know that if the world were as you depict it, divided into the strong and the weak, where "the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must" (Thucydides), so that no alternative exists but to either do or suffer wrong, then it is better to suffer than to do. But the presupposition is, of course: *if you are in love with wisdom and philosophizing*—if you know what it means to examine.

To my knowledge, there is only one other passage in Greek literature that says what Socrates said—and, as it happens, in almost the same words. "More unfortunate [*kakodaimonesteros*] than the wronged one is the wrongdoer," reads one of the fragments of Democritus, who was Parmenides' great adver-

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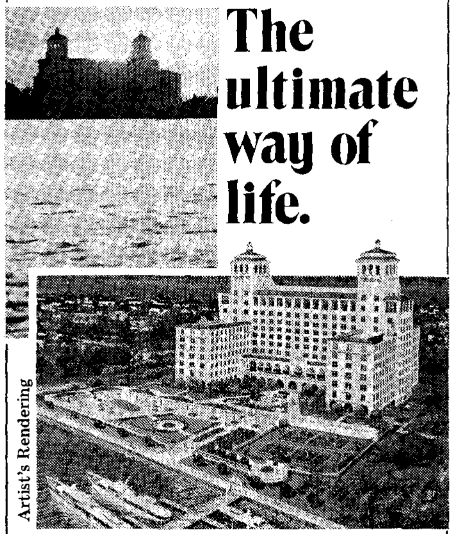

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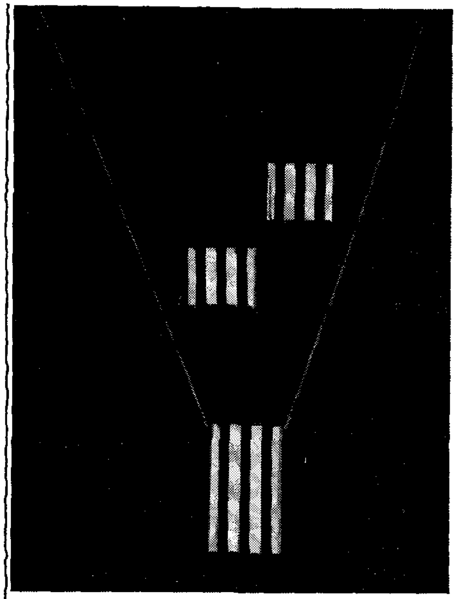
sary and, probably for this reason, is never mentioned by Plato. The coincidence seems noteworthy because Democritus, as distinguished from Socrates, was not particularly interested in human affairs, but he does appear to have been quite interested in the experience of thinking. It looks as though what we are tempted to understand as a purely moral proposition actually arose out of the thinking experience as such.

And this brings us to the second statement, which, in fact, is the prerequisite for the first one. It, too, is highly paradoxical. Socrates talks of being one and *therefore* not being able to risk getting out of harmony with himself. But nothing that is identical with itself, truly and absolutely *one*, as A is A, can be either in or out of harmony with itself; you always need at least two tones to produce a harmonious sound. Certainly when I appear and am seen by others I am one; otherwise I would be unrecognizable. And as long as I am together with others, barely conscious of myself, I am as I appear to others. Implicit in what we call *consciousness* (literally, as we have seen, "to know with myself") is the curious fact that in a sense I also am for myself, though I hardly appear to me—which indicates that the Socratic "being one" is not so unproblematic as it seems. I am not only for others but for myself, and in the latter case I clearly am not just one. A difference is inserted into my oneness.

We know of this difference in other respects. Everything that exists among a plurality of things is not simply what it is, in its identity—it is also different from others. This being different belongs to its very nature. When we try to get hold of it in thought, wanting to define it, we must take this otherness (*altereitas*), or difference, into account. When we say what a thing is, we must say what it is *not*, or we would speak in tautologies. Every determination is negation, as Spinoza has it. Touching on this matter, the problem of identity and difference, there is a curious passage in Plato's "Sophist" which Heidegger has pointed to. The Stranger in the dialogue states that of two things—for instance, rest and motion—"each one is different [from the other], but itself *for itself* the same" ("*hekaston heauto tauton*"). In interpreting the sentence, Heidegger puts the emphasis on the dative, "*heauto*," for Plato does not say, as we would expect, "*hekaston auto tauton*"—"each one itself [taken out of context] is the same"—in the sense of the tautological



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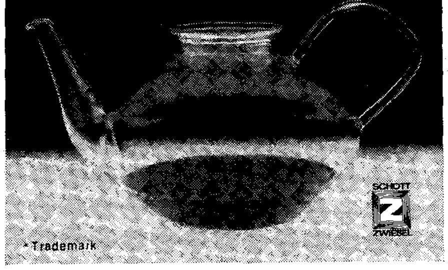

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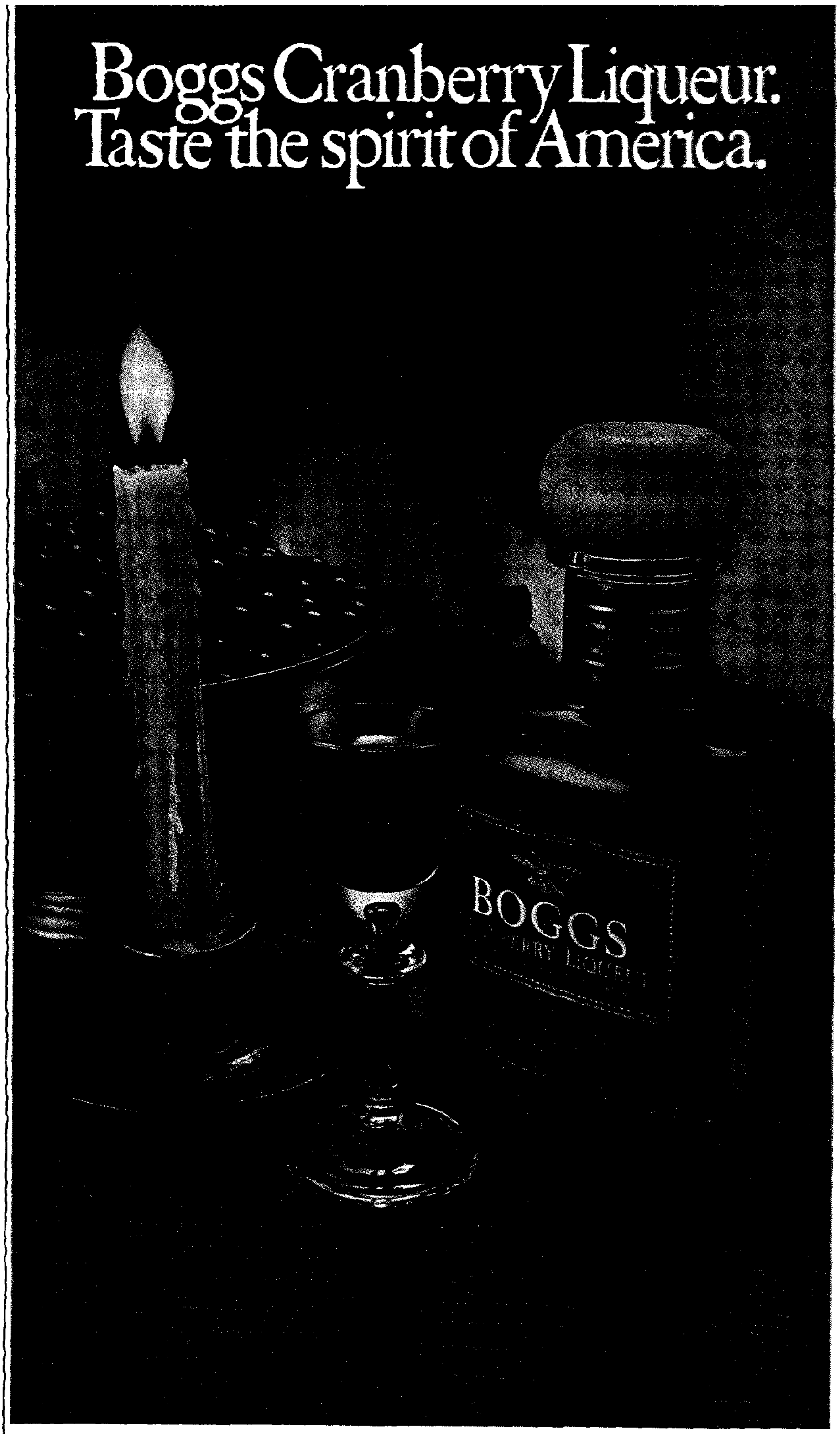
A is A, where difference arises out of the plurality of things. According to Heidegger, this dative means "Each thing itself is returned to itself, each itself is the same for itself [because it is] with itself. . . . Sameness implies the relation of 'with,' that is, a mediation, a connection, a synthesis: the unification into a unity."

The passage that Heidegger is examining occurs in the final section of the "Sophist," about the *koinonia*, the "community"—the fitting and blending together—of the Ideas, and especially about the possible community of Difference and Identity, which seem to be contraries. "What is different is always so called with reference to other things [*pros alla*]," but their opposite, things "that are what they are in themselves [*kath' hauta*]," partakes in the Idea of difference insofar as these things "refer back to themselves": they are the same with or for themselves, so that each *eidos* is different from the rest "not by virtue of its own nature but because it partakes of the character of Difference;" that is, not because it has a relation to something else from which it is different ("*pros ti*") but because it exists among a plurality of Ideas, and "every entity qua entity harbors the possibility of being looked upon as different from something." In our terms, wherever there is a plurality—of living beings, of things, of Ideas—there is difference, and this difference does not arise from the outside but is inherent in every entity in the form of duality, from which comes unity as unification.

This construction—Plato's implication as well as Heidegger's interpretation—seems to me erroneous. To take a mere thing out of its context with other things and to look on it only in its "relation" to itself ("*kath' hauto*")—that is, in its identity—reveals no difference, no otherness; along with losing its relation to something that it is not, it loses its reality, and acquires a curious kind of eeriness. In that way, it often appears in works of art, especially in Kafka's early prose pieces or in some paintings of van Gogh where a single object—a chair, a pair of shoes—is represented. But these art works are thought-things, and what gives them their meaning—as though they were not just themselves but *for* themselves—is precisely the transformation they have undergone when thinking took possession of them.

In other words, what is being transferred here is the experience of the thinking ego to things themselves. For nothing can be itself and at the same



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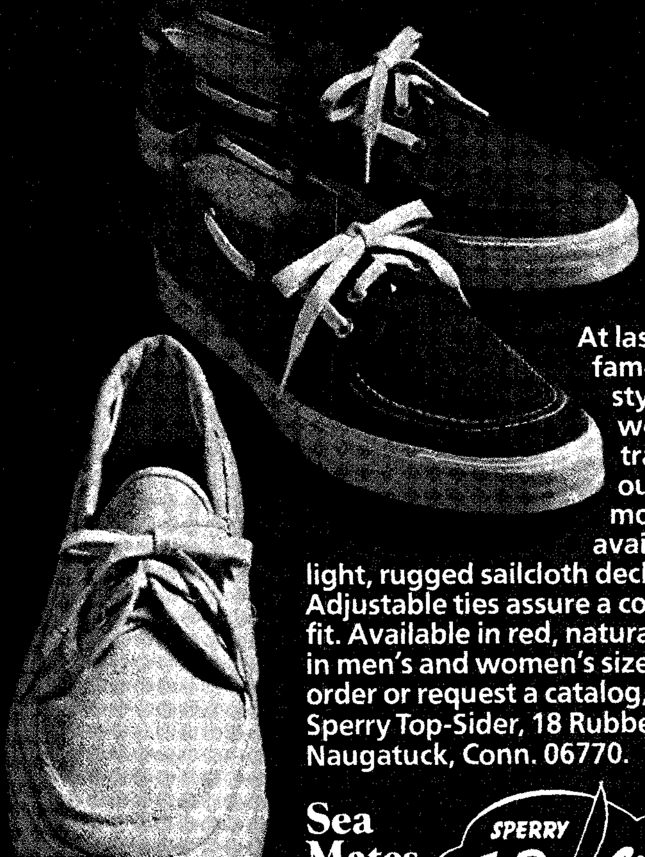

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time for itself but the two-in-one that Socrates discovered as the essence of thought and Plato translated into conceptual language as the soundless dialogue "*eme emauto*"—between me and myself. But, again, it is not the thinking activity that constitutes the unity, unifies the two-in-one; on the contrary, the two-in-one become one again when the outside world intrudes upon the thinker and cuts short the thinking process. Then, when he is called by his name back into the world of appearances, where he is always one, it is as though the two into which the thinking process had split him clapped together again. Thinking, existentially speaking, is a solitary but not a lonely business. Solitude is that human situation in which I keep myself company. Loneliness comes about when I am alone without being able to split up into the two-in-one, without being able to keep myself company; when, as Jaspers used to say, "I am in default of myself" ("*Ich bleibe mir aus*")—or, to put it differently, when I am one and without company.

Nothing, perhaps, indicates more strongly that man exists *essentially* in the plural than that his solitude actualizes his merely being conscious of himself—which we probably share with the higher animals—into a duality during the thinking activity. It is this *duality* of myself with myself which makes thinking a true activity, in which I am both the one who asks and the one who answers. Thinking can become dialectical and critical because it goes through this questioning-and-answering process, through the dialogue of *dialegesthai*, which actually is a "travelling through words," a "*poreuesthai dia ton logon*" (Plato), whereby we constantly raise the basic Socratic question "*What do you mean when you say . . . ?*"—except that this *legein*, saying, is soundless and therefore so swift that its dialogical structure is somewhat difficult to detect.

The criterion of the mental dialogue is no longer truth, which would compel answers to the questions I raise with myself, either in the mode of intuition, which compels with the force of sense evidence, or as necessary conclusions of reckoning with consequences in mathematical or logical reasoning, either of which relies on the structure of the human brain and compels with its natural power. The only criterion of Socratic thinking is agreement—to be consistent with oneself (*homologein autos heauto*). Its opposite, to be in contradiction with oneself (*enantia legein autos heauto*), actually means becoming one's own adversary.

Hence Aristotle, in his earliest formulation of the famous axiom of non-contradiction, says explicitly that this is axiomatic: "We must necessarily believe it because . . . it is addressed not to the outward word [*exo logos;* that is, to the spoken word addressed to someone else, an interlocutor who may be either friend or adversary] but to the discourse *within the soul*, and though we can always raise objections to the outward word, to the *inward discourse* we cannot . . . object"—because here the partner is oneself, and I cannot possibly want to become my own adversary. (In this instance, we can watch how such an insight, won from the factual experience of the thinking ego, gets lost when it is generalized into a philosophical doctrine—"A cannot be both B and A under the same conditions and at the same time"—since we find the transformation being achieved by Aristotle himself when he discusses the same matter in his "Metaphysics.")

A close reading of the "Organon"—the "Instrument," as the collection of Aristotle's early logical treatises has been called since the sixth century—clearly shows that what we now call "logic" was by no means originally meant as an "instrument of thought," of the inward discourse carried on "within the soul," but was designed as the science of correct talking and arguing when we are trying to convince others or account for what we state, always starting, as Socrates did, with premises most likely to be agreed on by most men or by most of those generally believed to be the wisest. In the early treatises, the axiom of non-contradiction, decisive only for the inward dialogue of thinking, had not yet been established as the most basic rule for discourse in general. Only after this special case had become the guiding example for all thought could Kant, who in his "Anthropology" had defined thinking as "talking with oneself . . . hence also inwardly listening," count the injunction "Always think consistently, in agreement with yourself" ("*Jederzeit mit sich selbst einstimmig denken*") among the maxims that must be regarded as "unchangeable commandments for the class of thinkers."

In brief, the specifically human actualization of consciousness in the thinking dialogue between me and myself suggests that difference and otherness, which are such outstanding characteristics of the world of appearances as it is given to man for his habitat among a plurality of things, are the very con-

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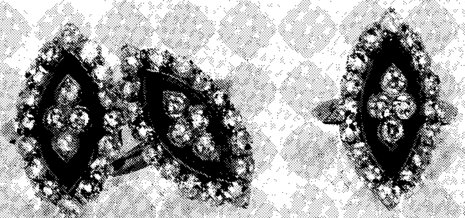

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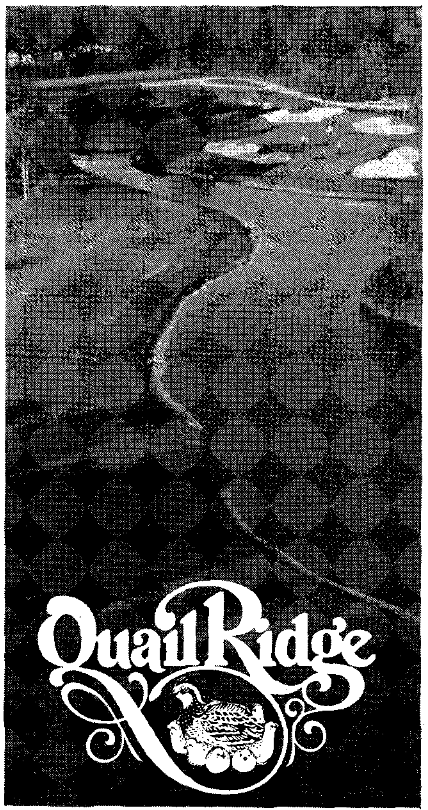

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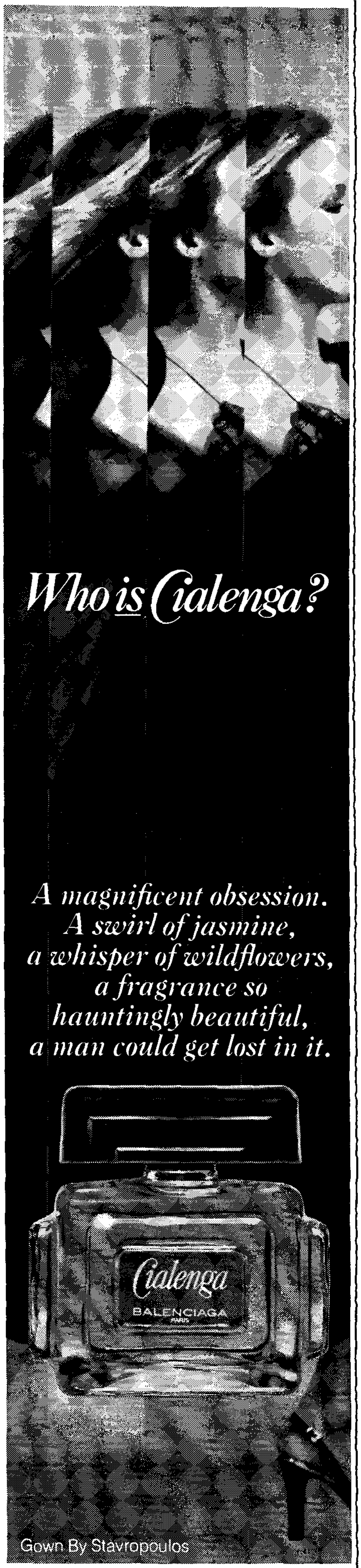

ditions for the existence of man's mental ego as well, since this ego actually exists only in duality. And this ego—the I-am-I—experiences difference in identity precisely when it is not related to the things that appear but, rather, related only to itself. (This original duality, incidentally, explains the futility of the fashionable search for identity. Our modern identity crisis could be resolved only by our never being alone and never trying to think.) Without that original split, Socrates' statement about harmony in a being that to all appearances is one would be meaningless.

Consciousness is not the same as thinking: acts of consciousness have in common with sense experience the fact that they are "intentional," and therefore *cognitive*, acts, whereas the thinking ego does not think something but thinks *about* something, and this act is dialectical; it proceeds in the form of a silent dialogue. Without consciousness in the sense of self-awareness, thinking would not be possible. What thinking actualizes in its unending process is difference, given in experience as a mere raw fact (*factum brutum*); only in this humanized form does consciousness then become the outstanding characteristic of somebody who is a man, and neither a god nor an animal. As the metaphor bridges the gap between the world of appearances and the mental activities going on within it, so the Socratic two-in-one heals the solitariness of thought: its inherent duality points to the infinite plurality which is the law of the earth.

To Socrates, the duality of the two-in-one meant no more than that if you want to think, you must see to it that the two who carry on the dialogue be in good shape, that the partners be *friends*. The partner who comes to life when you are alert and alone is the only one from whom you can never get away—except by ceasing to think. The reason that it is better for you to suffer wrong than to do wrong is that you can remain the friend of the sufferer. Who would want to be the friend of and have to live together with a murderer? Not even another murderer. In the end, it is to this rather simple consideration of the importance of agreement between you and yourself that Kant's Categorical Imperative appeals. Underlying the imperative "Act only on that maxim through which you can at the same time *will* that it should become a universal law" is the command "Do not contradict yourself." A murderer or a thief cannot will that "Thou shalt kill" and "Thou shalt steal" be general laws, since he naturally fears for his own life and property. If you make yourself an exception, you have contradicted yourself.

In one of the contested dialogues, the "Hippias Major," which, even if it is not by Plato, may still give authentic testimony about Socrates, Socrates describes the situation simply and accurately. It is the end of the dialogue, the moment of going home. He tells Hippias, who has shown himself to be an especially thickheaded partner, how "blissfully fortunate" he is in comparison with poor Socrates, who is awaited at home by an obnoxious fellow who always cross-examines him. "He is a close relative," Socrates adds, "and lives in the same house." When this fellow hears Socrates give utterance to Hippias' opinions, he will ask "whether he is not ashamed of talking about a beautiful way of life, when questioning makes it evident that he does not even know the meaning of the word 'beauty.' " When Hippias goes home, he remains one, for, though he lives alone, he does not seek to keep himself company. He certainly does not lose consciousness; he only is not in the habit of actualizing it. When Socrates goes home, he is not alone; he is *by* himself. Clearly, with this fellow who awaits him Socrates has to come to some kind of agreement, because they live under the same roof. Better to be at odds with the whole world than to be at odds with the only one you are forced to live together with when you have left company behind.

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What Socrates discovered was that we can have intercourse with ourselves as well as with others, and that the two kinds of intercourse are somehow interrelated. Aristotle, speaking about friendship, remarked, "The friend is another self"—meaning, You can carry on the dialogue of thought with him just as well as with yourself. This is still in the Socratic tradition, except that Socrates would have said, The self, too, is a kind of friend. The guiding experience in these matters is, of course, friendship, and not selfhood; I talk with others before I talk with myself, examining whatever the joint talk may have been about, and then discover that I can conduct a dialogue not only with others but with myself as well. The common point, however, is that the dialogue of thought can be carried on only among friends, and its basic criterion, its supreme law, as it were, says, Don't contradict yourself.

It is characteristic of "base people" to be "at variance with themselves" ("*diapherontai heautois*"), and of wicked men to avoid their own company; their soul is in rebellion against itself (*stasiazei*). What kind of dialogue can you conduct with yourself when your soul is not in harmony but at war with itself? Precisely the dialogue we overhear when Shakespeare's Richard III is alone:

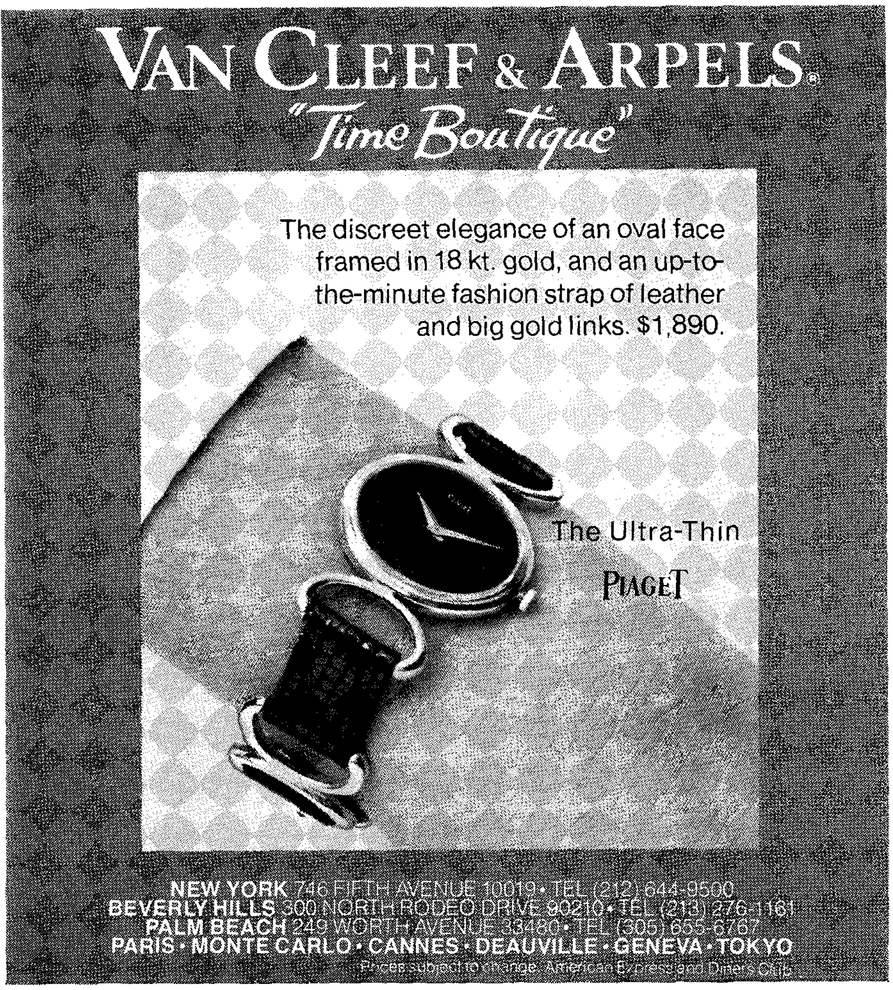
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly: what! from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What! myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O! no: alas! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.

Yet all this looks very different when midnight is past and Richard has escaped his own company to join that of his peers. Then:

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Even Socrates, so much in love with the marketplace, has to go home, where he will be alone, in solitude, in order to meet the other fellow.

I have drawn attention to the passage in "Hippias Major," in its stark simplicity, because it provides a metaphor that can help simplify—at the risk of oversimplification—matters that are difficult and therefore always in danger of overcomplication. Later times have bestowed on the fellow who awaits Socrates in his home the name of "conscience." Before its tribunal—to adopt Kantian language—we have to appear and give account of ourselves. And I chose the passage in "Richard III" because Shakespeare, though he uses the word "conscience," does not use it here in the accustomed way. It took language a long time to separate the word "consciousness" from the word "conscience," and in some languages—for instance, in French—such a separation has never been made. Conscience as we understand it in moral or legal matters is supposedly always present within us, just like conscious-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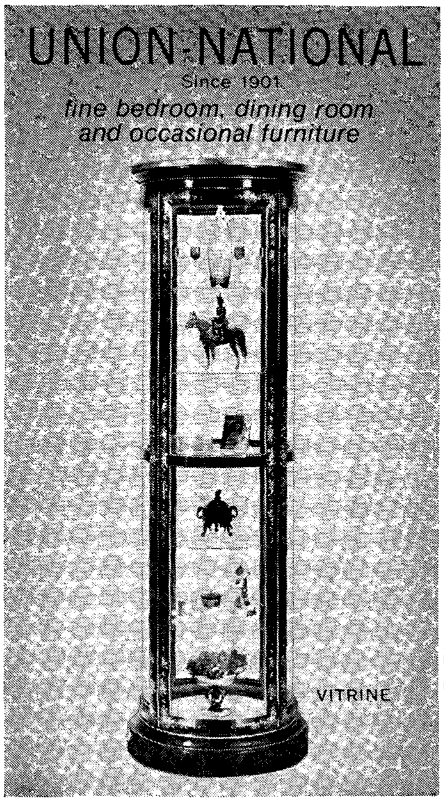

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ness. And this conscience is also supposed to tell us what to do and what to repent; before it became the *lumen naturale*, or Kant's practical reason, it was the voice of God.

Unlike this ever-present conscience, the fellow that Socrates is talking about has been left at home; Socrates fears him, as the murderers in "Richard III" fear conscience—as something that is absent. "Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me," says the Second Murderer. Here conscience appears as an afterthought, roused either by a crime, as in Richard's own case, or by unexamined opinions, as in the case of Socrates. Or it may be just the anticipated fear of such afterthoughts, as with the pair of murderers Richard has hired. "The urging of that word 'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me," declares the Second Murderer, before the crime has yet been committed. This conscience, unlike the voice of God within us or the *lumen naturale*, gives no positive prescriptions (even the Socratic *daimon*, his divine voice, tells him only what *not* to do); in Shakespeare's words, it fills one "full of obstacles." What causes a man to fear it is the anticipation of the presence of a witness who awaits him only if and when he goes home. " 'Tis a blushing shamefast spirit," the Shakespearean murderer explains. "Every man that means to live well endeavors . . . to live without it," and success in that comes easy, because all he has to do is never start the soundless solitary dialogue we call thinking—never go home and examine things. This is not a matter of wickedness or goodness, as it is not a matter of intelligence or stupidity. A person who does not know this silent intercourse (in which we examine what we say and what we do) will not mind contradicting himself, and that means he will never be either able or willing to account for what he says or does; nor will he mind committing any crime, since he can count on its being forgotten the next moment. Bad people—Aristotle to the contrary notwithstanding—are *not* "full of regrets."

Thinking in its non-cognitive, non-specialized sense as a natural need of human life, as actualization of the difference given in consciousness, is not a prerogative of the few but an ever-present faculty in everybody; by the same token, inability to think is not a failing of the many who lack brain power but an ever-present possibility for everybody—scientists, scholars, and other specialists in mental enterprises not excluded. Everybody may come

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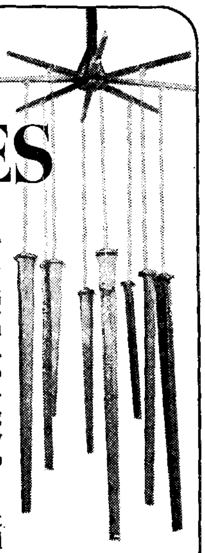

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to shun that intercourse with oneself whose feasibility and importance Socrates first discovered. Thinking accompanies life and is itself the de-materialized quintessence of being alive; and since life is a process, its quintessence can lie only in the actual thinking process, and not in any solid results or specific thoughts. A life without thinking is quite possible; such a life fails to develop its own essence—not merely is it meaningless but it is not fully alive. Unthinking men are like sleepwalkers.

For the thinking ego and its experience, conscience that "fills a man full of obstacles" is a side effect. No matter what thought-trains the thinking ego thinks through, the self that we all are must take care not to do anything that would make it impossible for the two-in-one to be friends and live in harmony. This is what Spinoza meant by the term "acquiescence in one's self" ("*acquiescentia in seipso*"): "It can spring out of reason [reasoning], and this contentment is the greatest joy possible." Its criterion for action will not be the usual rules, recognized by multitudes and agreed upon by society, but whether I shall be able to live with myself in peace when the time has come to think about my deeds and words. Conscience is the anticipation of the fellow who awaits you if and when you go home.

For the thinker himself, this moral side effect is a marginal affair. And thinking as such does society little good—much less than the thirst for knowledge, which uses thinking as an instrument for other purposes. Thinking as such does not create values; it will not find out, once and for all, what "the good" is; it does not confirm but, rather, dissolves accepted rules of conduct. And it has no public political relevance unless special emergencies arise. That while I am alive "I must be able to live with myself" is a consideration that does not come up politically except in "boundary situations."

This term was coined by Jaspers for the general, unchanging human condition—"that I cannot live without struggling and suffering; that I cannot avoid guilt; that I must die"—to indicate an experience of "something immanent which already points to transcendence" and which, if we respond to it, will result in our "becoming the *Existenz* we potentially are." In Jaspers, the term gets its suggestive plausibility less from specific experiences than from the simple fact that life itself, limited by birth and death, is a boundary affair in that my worldly existence al-

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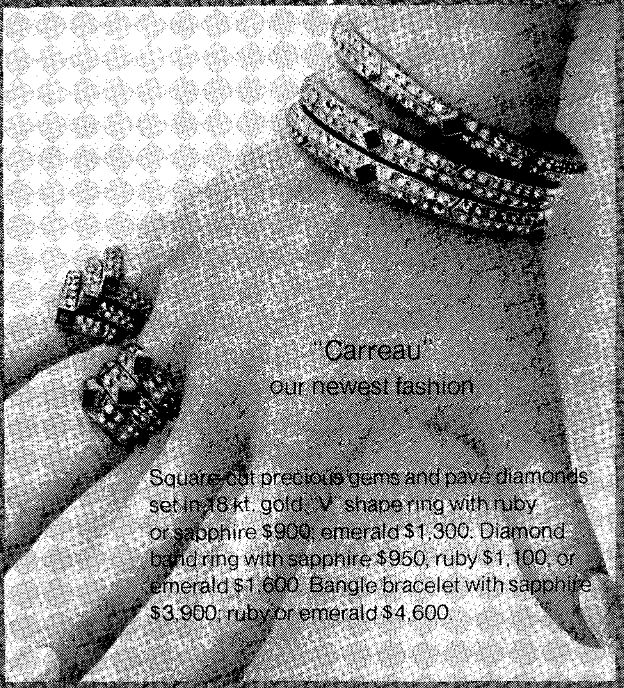

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ways forces me to take account of a past when I was not yet and a future when I shall be no more. Here the point is that whenever I transcend the limits of my own life span and begin to reflect on this past, judging it, and this future, forming projects of the will, thinking ceases to be a politically marginal activity. And such reflections will inevitably arise in political emergencies.

When everybody is swept away unthinkingly by what everybody else does and believes in, those who think are drawn out of hiding because their refusal to join in is conspicuous and thereby becomes a kind of action. In such emergencies, it turns out that the purging component of thinking (Socrates' midwifery, which brings out the implications of unexamined opinions—values, doctrines, theories, and even convictions—and thereby destroys them) is political by implication. For this destruction has a liberating effect on another human faculty, the faculty of judgment, which one may call with some reason the most political of man's mental abilities. It is the faculty that judges *particulars* without subsuming them under general rules—rules that can be taught and learned until they grow into habits, which can be replaced by other habits and rules.

The faculty of judging particulars (as it was brought to light by Kant)—the ability to say "This is wrong," "This is beautiful," and so on—is not the same as the faculty of thinking. Thinking deals with invisibles, with representations of things that are absent; judging always concerns particulars and things close at hand. But the two are interrelated, as are consciousness and conscience. If thinking—the two-in-one of the soundless dialogue—actualizes the difference within our identity as it is given in consciousness, and thereby results in conscience as its by-product, then judging, the by-product of the liberating effect of thinking, realizes thinking, makes it manifest in the world of appearances, where I am never alone and am always too busy to be able to think. The manifestation of the wind of thought is not knowledge; it is the ability to tell right from wrong, beautiful from ugly. And this, at the rare moments when the stakes are on the table, may indeed prevent catastrophes, at least for the self.

AS I approach the end of these considerations, I hope that no reader expects a conclusive summary from me. To attempt such a thing would stand as a flagrant contradiction of what has been described here. If thinking is an

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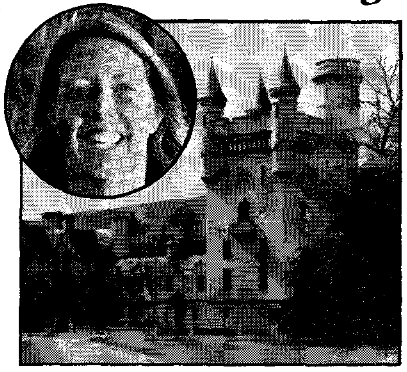

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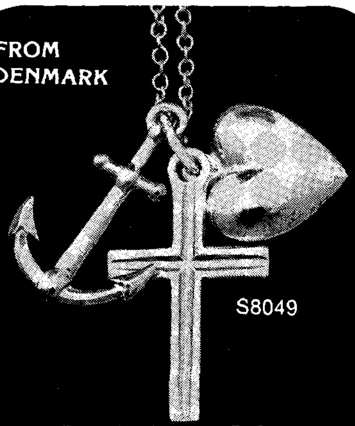

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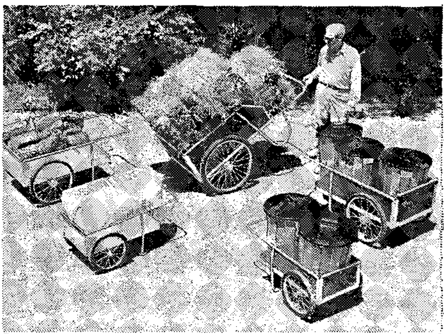

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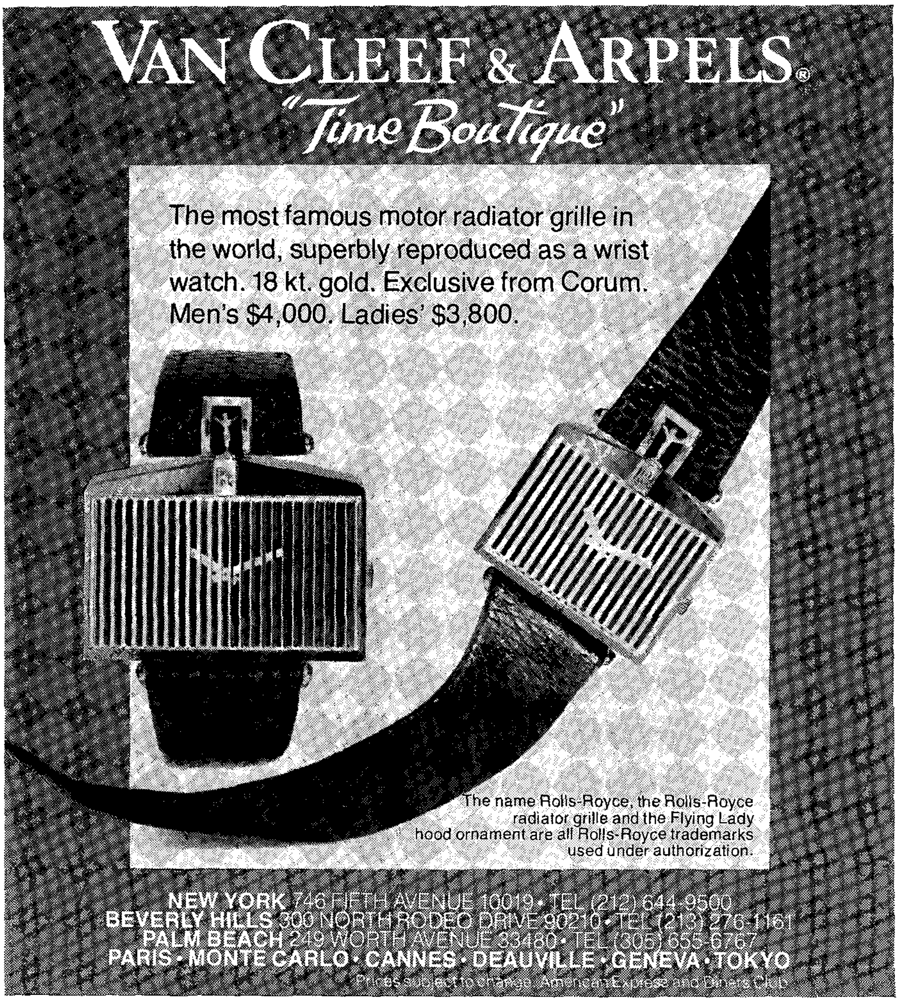
activity that is its own end, and if the only adequate metaphor for it, drawn from our ordinary sense experience, is the sensation of being alive, then it follows that all questions concerning the aim or purpose of thinking are as unanswerable as questions about the aim or purpose of life. And I am putting a new question—"Where are we when we think?"—at the end of our examination, not because the answer could supply any conclusion but simply because the question itself and the considerations it raises can make sense only in the context of this whole approach. Since what is to follow rests so heavily on my previous reflections, I shall briefly summarize them in what must appear to be (but are not meant as) dogmatic propositions:

First, thinking is always out of order—interrupts all ordinary activities and is interrupted by them. The best illustration of this may still be the old story of Socrates' habit of suddenly "turning his mind to himself"—breaking off all conversation and taking up his position wherever he happened to be, "deaf to all entreaties" to continue with whatever he had been doing before. Once, we are told by Xenophon, he remained in complete immobility for twenty-four hours in a military camp—deep in thought, as we would say.

Second, the manifestations of the thinking ego's authentic experiences are manifold. Among them are the metaphysical fallacies, such as the two-world theory, and, what is more interesting, the non-theoretical descriptions of thinking as a kind of dying, or, conversely, the notion that while thinking we are members of another, noumenal, world—present to us by intimation even in the darkness of the actual here and now and evoked in Aristotle's definition of the *bios theoretikos* as a *bios xenikos*, the life of a stranger. The same experiences are reflected in the Cartesian doubt of the reality of the world; in Valéry's "At times I think, and at times I am" (as though to be real and to think were opposites); in Merleau-Ponty's "We are truly alone only on the condition that we do not know we are; it is this very ignorance which is our [the philosopher's] solitude." And it is true that the thinking ego, whatever it may achieve, will never be able to reach reality qua reality or convince itself that anything actually exists or that life—human life—is more than a dream.

This suspicion that life is but a dream is, of course, among the most characteristic traits of Asian philosophy; examples from Indian philosophy are nu-



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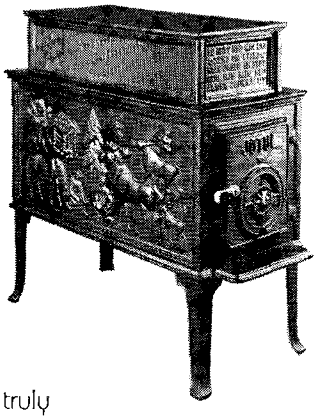

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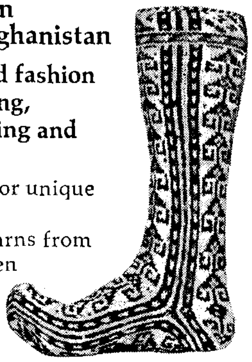

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merous. I shall give a Chinese example, which is very telling because of its brevity. It reports a story told about the Taoist (i.e., anti-Confucian) philosopher Chuang-tzu. He "once dreamt he was a butterfly flitting and fluttering around, happy with himself and doing as he pleased. He didn't know he was Chuang-tzu. Suddenly he woke up and there he was, solid and unmistakable Chuang-tzu. But he didn't know if he was Chuang-tzu who had dreamt he was a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming it was Chuang-tzu. Between Chuang-tzu and a butterfly there must be *some* distinction!"

The intensity of the thinking experience also manifests itself in the ease with which the opposition of thought and reality can be reversed, so that only thought seems to be real, whereas all that merely is seems to be so transitory that it is as though it were not. In the words of Hegel, "What is being *thought*, is; and what *is*, *is* only insofar as it is thought" ("*Was* gedacht *ist*, *ist; und was* ist, ist *nur*, *insofern es Gedanke ist*"). The decisive point here, however, is that all such doubts disappear as soon as the thinker's solitude is broken in upon and the call of the world and our fellow-men changes the inner duality of the two-in-one into a one again. Hence the notion that everything that is might be a mere dream is either the nightmare that rises out of the thinking experience or the consoling thought to be summoned up not when I have withdrawn from the world but when the world has withdrawn from me and become unreal.

Third, these oddities of the thinking activity arise from the fact of withdrawal, inherent in all mental activities; thinking always deals with absences, and removes itself from what is present and close at hand. This, of course, does *not* prove the existence of a world other than the one we are part of in ordinary life. What it proves is that reality and existence, which we can conceive only in terms of time and space, can be temporarily suspended—lose their weight and, together with this weight, their meaning for the thinking ego. What now, during the thinking activity, become meaningful are distillations, products of a de-sensing operation, and such distillations are not mere abstract concepts. They were once called "essences."

Essences cannot be localized. Human thought that gets hold of them leaves the world of the particular and goes out in search of something generally *meaningful*, though not necessarily universally valid. Thinking al-

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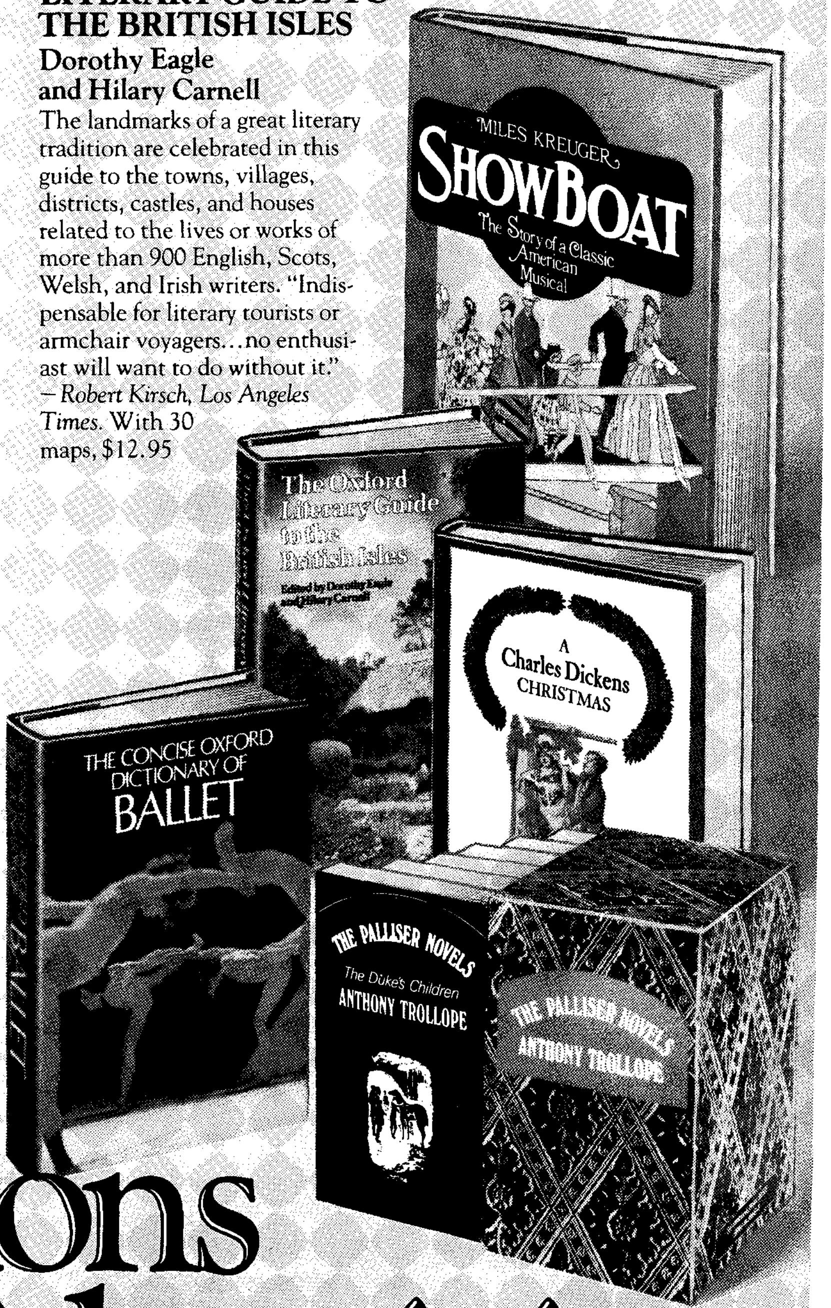
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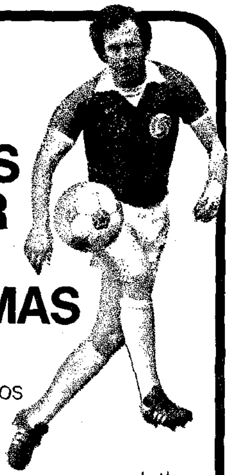

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ways "generalizes," squeezes out of many particulars—which, thanks to the de-sensing process, it can pack together for swift manipulation—whatever meaning may inhere. Generalization is inherent in every thought, even though that thought is insisting on the universal primacy of the particular. In other words, the "essential" is what is applicable everywhere, and this "everywhere" that bestows on thought its specific weight is spatially a "nowhere." The thinking ego, moving among universals, among invisible essences, is, strictly speaking, nowhere; it is homeless in an emphatic sense—which may explain the early rise of a cosmopolitan spirit among the philosophers.

The only great thinker I know of who was explicitly aware of this condition of homelessness as being natural to the thinking activity was Aristotle—perhaps because he knew so well and spelled out so clearly the difference between acting and thinking, the decisive distinction between the political and the philosophical way of life, and, drawing the logical conclusion from the distinction, refused to "share the fate" of Socrates, and let the Athenians "sin twice against philosophy." When a charge of impiety was brought against him, he left Athens and "withdrew to Chalcis, a stronghold of Macedonian influence" (W. D. Ross). In the "Protreptikos," one of his early works, which was well known in antiquity but has come down to us only in fragments, he had counted homelessness among the great advantages of the philosopher's way of life. There he praised the *bios theoretikos*, because it needed "neither implements nor special places for [its] trade; wherever on earth somebody devotes himself to thinking, he will attain the truth everywhere as though it were present." Philosophers love this "nowhere" as though it were a country (*philochorein*), and they desire to let all other activities go for the sake of *scholazein* (doing nothing, as we would say) because of the sweetness inherent in thinking or philosophizing itself. The reason for this blessed independence is that philosophy (the cognition *kata logon*) is concerned not with particulars, with things given to the senses, but with universals (*kath' holou*), things that cannot be localized. It would be a great mistake to look for such universals in matters of practical politics, which always concern particulars; in this field, "general" statements, equally applicable everywhere, immediately degenerate into empty generalities. Action deals with particulars, and only particular

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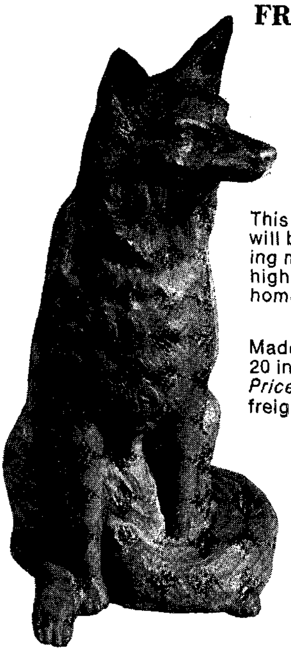

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statements can be valid in the field of ethics or politics.

In other words, it may well be that we were posing a wrong, inappropriate question when we asked for the location of the thinking ego. Looked at from the perspective of the everyday world of appearances, the everywhere of the thinking ego—summoning into its presence whatever it pleases, from any distance in time or space, which thought traverses with a velocity greater than light's—is a *nowhere*. And since this nowhere is by no means identical with the twofold nowhere from which we suddenly appear at birth and into which we almost as suddenly disappear in death, it might be conceived only as the Void. And the absolute void can be a limiting boundary concept; though not inconceivable, it is unthinkable. Obviously, if there is absolutely nothing, there can be nothing to think about. That we are in possession of these limiting boundary concepts, enclosing our thought within insurmountable walls—and the notion of an absolute beginning or an absolute end is among them—does not tell us more than that we are indeed *finite* beings. To assume that these limitations could serve to map out a place where the thinking ego could be localized would be just another variation of the two-world theory. Man's finitude, irrevocably given by virtue of his own short span set in an infinity of time stretching into both past and future, constitutes the infrastructure, as it were, of all mental activities: it manifests itself as the only reality of which thinking qua thinking is aware—when the thinking ego has withdrawn from the world of appearances and lost the sense of realness inherent in the *sensus communis* by which we orient ourselves in this world.

In short, Valéry's remark—when we think, we *are* not—would be right if our sense of realness were determined entirely by our spatial existence. The everywhere of thought is indeed a region of nowhere. But we are not only in space, we are also in time, remembering, collecting and recollecting out of "the belly of memory" (Augustine) what is no longer present, anticipating and planning in the mode of willing what is not yet. Perhaps our question "Where are we when we think?" was wrong, because by asking for the *topos* of this activity we were exclusively spatially oriented—as though we had forgotten Kant's famous insight that "time is nothing but the form of inner sense, that is, of the intuition of ourselves and of our inner state." For Kant, that meant that time had nothing

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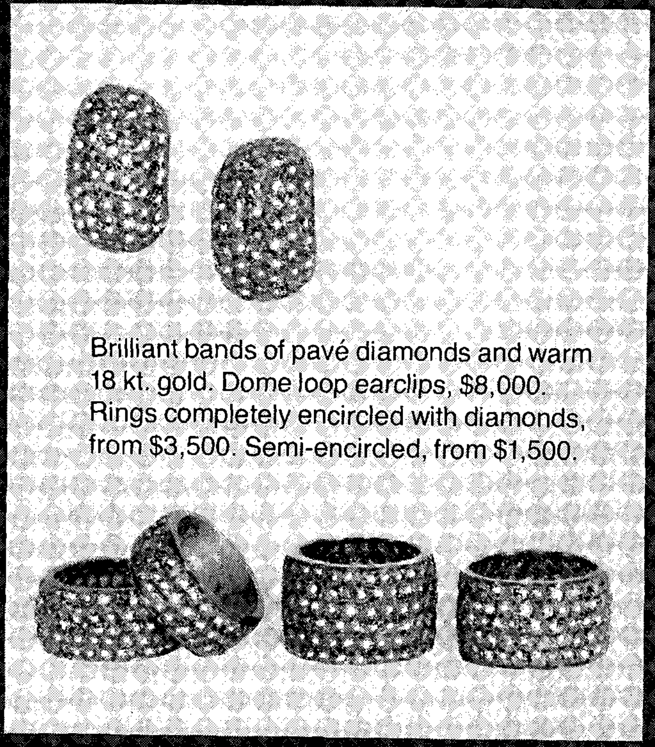

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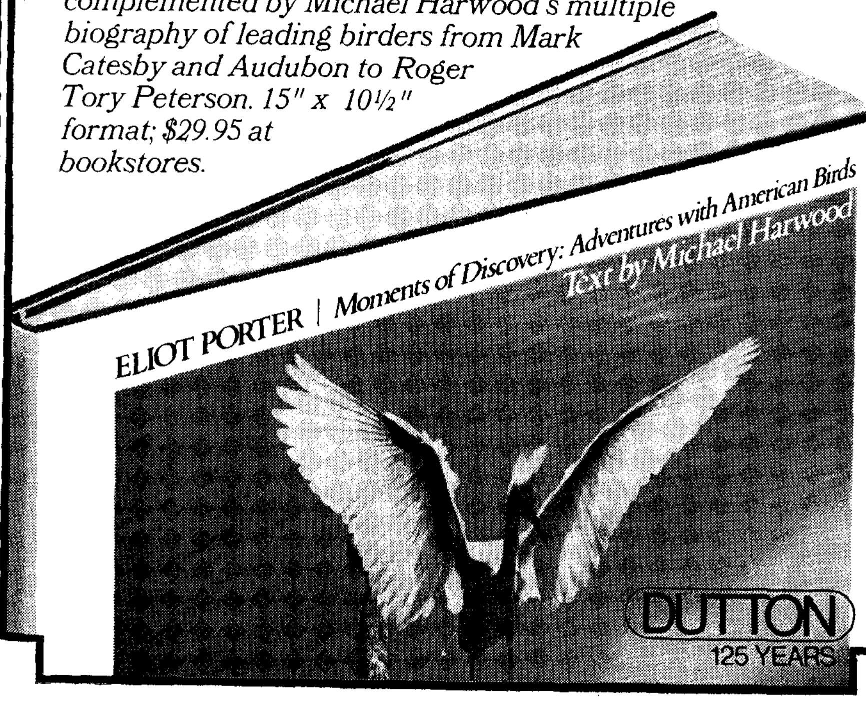
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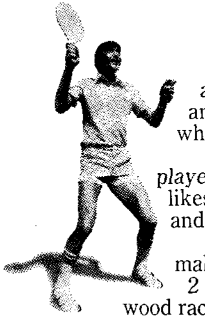

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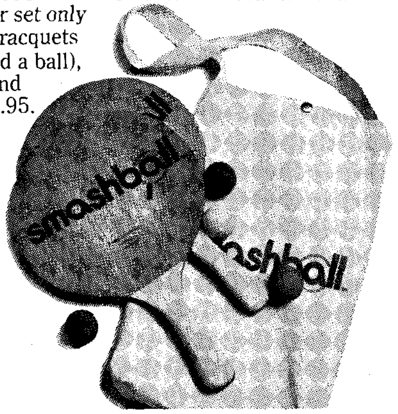

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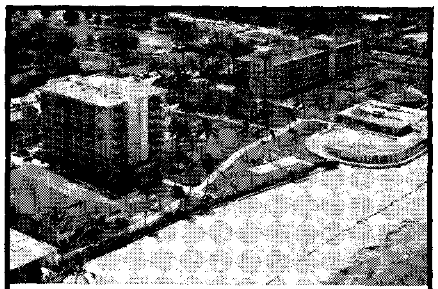
to do with appearances as such—"neither with shape nor with position" as given to our senses—but had to do only with appearances as affecting our "inner state," in which time determines "the relation of representations." And these representations—by which we make present what is phenomenally absent—are, of course, thought-things; that is, experiences or notions that have gone through the de-materializing operation by which the mind prepares its own objects and, by "generalizing," deprives them of their spatial properties as well.

The way these representations are related to each other is determined by time, which forces them into the order of a sequence. These sequences are what we usually call thought-trains. All thinking is discursive, and insofar as it follows a train of thought it could by analogy be presented as "a line progressing to infinity," corresponding to the way we usually represent to ourselves the sequential nature of time. But in order to create such a line of thought we must transform the *juxtaposition* in which experiences are given to us into a *succession* of soundless words—the only medium in which we can think—and this means that we not only de-sense but de-spatialize the original experience.

IN the hope of finding out where the thinking ego is located in time and whether its relentless activity can be *temporally* determined, I shall turn to one of Kafka's parables, which, in my opinion, deals precisely with this matter. The parable is part of a collection of aphorisms entitled "HE."

> He has two antagonists; the first presses him from behind, from his origin. The second blocks the road in front of him. He gives battle to both. Actually, the first supports him in his fight with the second, for he wants to push him forward, and in the same way the second supports him in his fight with the first, since he drives him back. But it is only theoretically so. For it is not only the two antagonists who are there, but he himself as well, and who really knows his intentions? His dream, though, is that some time in an unguarded moment—and this, it must be admitted, would require a night darker than any *night has ever been yet—he will jump* out of the fighting line and be promoted, on account of his experience in fighting, to the position of umpire over his antagonists in their fight with each other.

For me, this parable describes the time sensation of the thinking ego. It analyzes poetically our "inner state" in regard to time, of which we are aware when we have withdrawn from ap-



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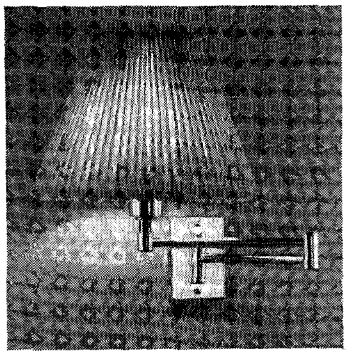

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pearances and find our mental activities characteristically recoiling upon themselves—*cogito me cogitare, volo me velle*, and so on. The inner time sensation arises when we are not entirely absorbed by the absent nonvisibles we are thinking about but begin to direct our attention to the activity itself. In this situation, past and future are equally present, precisely because they are equally absent from our sense; thus the no-longer of the past is transformed by virtue of the spatial metaphor into something lying *behind* us and the not-yet of the future into something that *approaches* us from ahead. (The German *Zukunft*, like the French *avenir*, means, literally, "what comes toward.") In Kafka, this scene is a battleground where the forces of past and future clash. Between them we find the man whom Kafka calls "he," who, if he wants to stand his ground at all, must give battle to both forces. The forces are "his" antagonists; they are not just opposites, and would hardly fight with each other without "him" standing between them and making a stand against them; and even if such an antagonism were somehow inherent in the two and they could fight each other without "him," they would have long ago neutralized and destroyed each other, since, clearly, as forces they are equally powerful.

In other words, the time continuum, everlasting change, is broken up into the tenses past, present, future, whereby past and future are antagonistic to each other as the no-longer and the not-yet only because of the presence of man, who himself has an origin, his birth, and an end, his death, and therefore stands at any given moment between them; this in-between is called the present. It is the insertion of man, with his limited life span, that transforms the continuously flowing stream of sheer change (which we can conceive of cyclically as well as in the form of rectilinear motion without ever being able to conceive of an absolute beginning or an absolute end) into time as we know it.

This parable in which two of time's tenses, the past and the future, are understood as antagonistic forces that crash into the present sounds strange to our ears, whichever time concept we may happen to hold. The extreme parsimony of Kafka's language, in which for the sake of realism every reality that could have engendered the thought-world is eliminated, may cause it to sound even stranger than the thought itself requires. I shall therefore use a curiously related story of Nietz-

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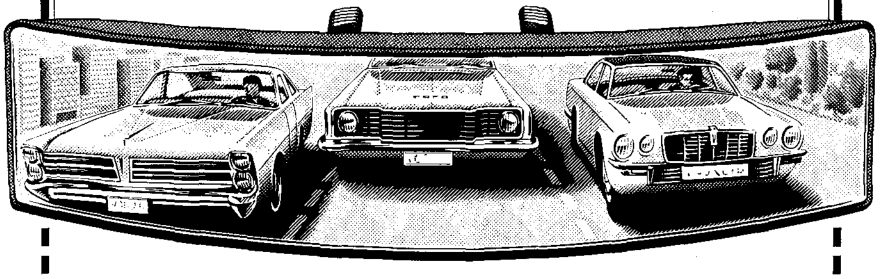

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Heidegger, who interprets the passage in his "Nietzsche," observes that this view is not the view of the beholder but only that of the man who stands in the gateway; for the onlooker, time passes in the way we are used to thinking of it, in a succession of Nows, where one thing always succeeds another. There is no meeting place; there are not two lanes or roads—there is only one. "The clash is produced only for the one who *himself is* the Now. . . . Whoever stands in the Now is turning in both directions: for him Past and Future run against *each other.*" And, summing up in the context of Nietzsche's doctrine of Eternal Recurrence, Heidegger says, "This is *the authentic* content of the doctrine of Eternal Recurrence, that Eternity *is* in the Now, that the Moment is not the futile Now which it is only for the onlooker, but the clash of Past and Future." (You have the same thought in Blake: "Hold infinity in the palm of your hand / And eternity in an hour.")

Returning to Kafka, we should remember that all these instances are dealing not with doctrines or theories but with thoughts related to the experiences of the thinking ego. Seen from the viewpoint of a continuously flowing, everlasting stream, the insertion of man, fighting in both directions, produces a rupture that, by being defended in both directions, is extended to a gap—the present seen as the fighter's battleground. This battleground is for Kafka the metaphor for man's home on earth. Seen from the viewpoint of man, at each single moment inserted and caught in the middle between *his* past and *his* future, both aimed at the one who is creating his present, the battleground is an in-be-

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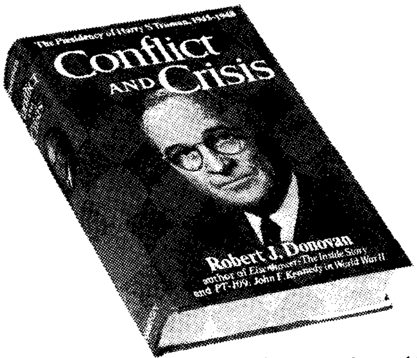
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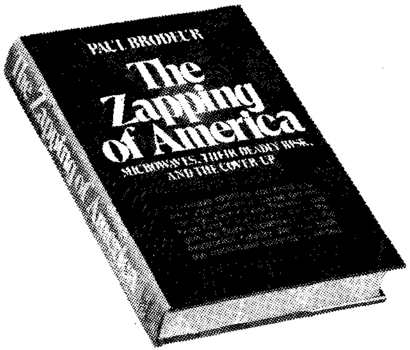
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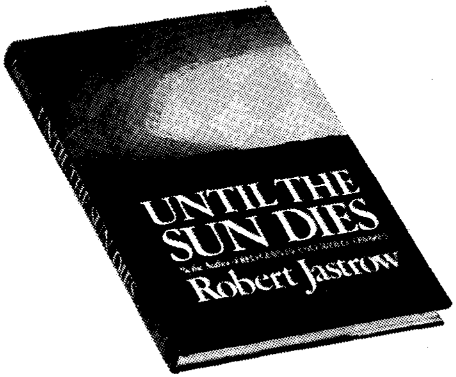
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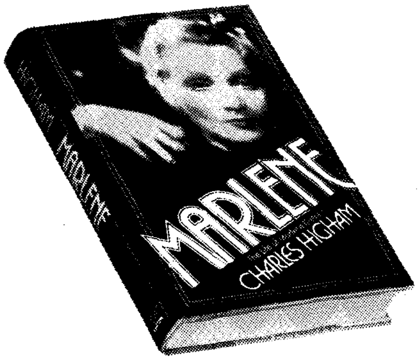
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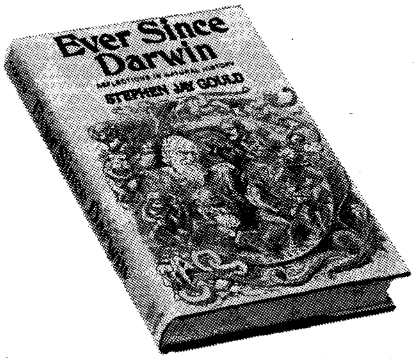
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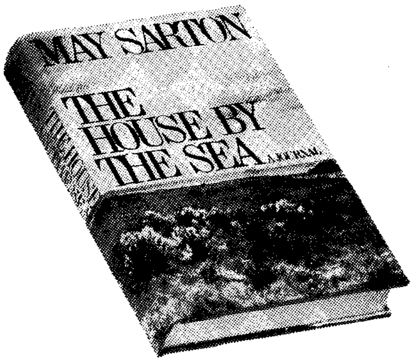
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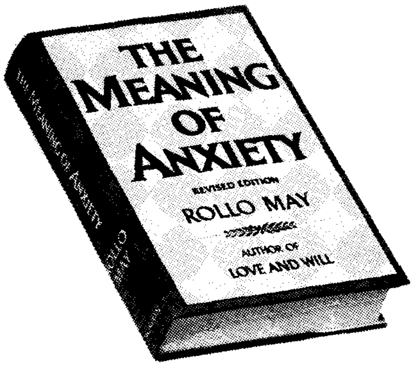
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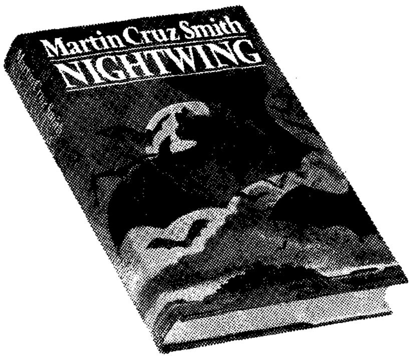
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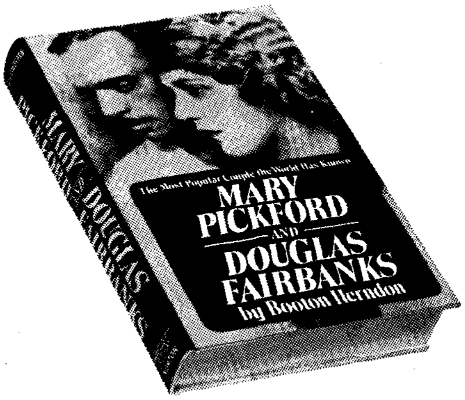
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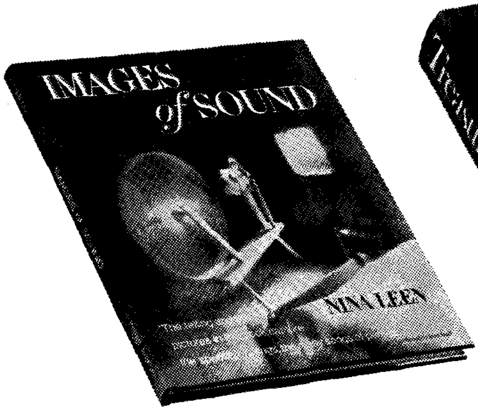
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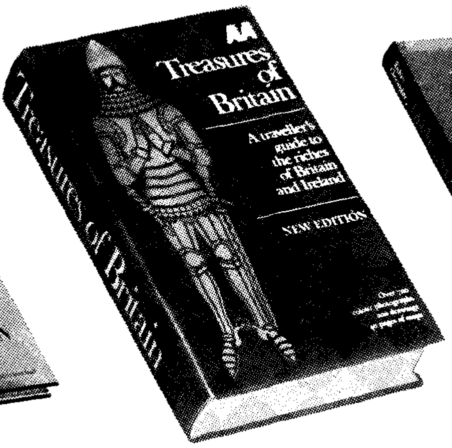
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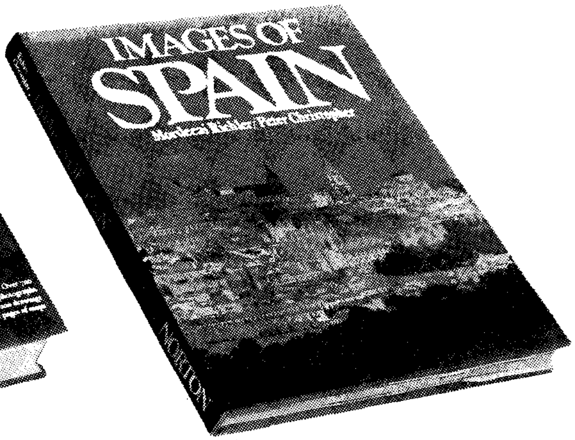
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tween, an extended Now on which he spends his life. The present, in ordinary life the most futile and slippery of the tenses (when I say "now" and point to it, it is already gone), is merely the clash of a past, which is no more, with a future, which is approaching and not yet here. Man lives in this in-between, and what he calls the present is a lifelong fight against the weight of the past, driving him forward with hope, and the fear of a future (whose only certainty is death), driving him backward toward "the quiet of the past" with nostalgia for and remembrance of the only reality he can be sure of.

It should not unduly alarm us that this time construct is totally different from the time sequence of ordinary life, in which the three tenses run along in succession smoothly and time itself can be understood in analogy to numerical sequences, fixed by the calendar, according to which the present is today, the past begins with yesterday, and the future begins with tomorrow. Here, too, the present is surrounded by past and future inasmuch as it remains the fixed point from which we take our bearings, looking back or looking forward. That we can shape the everlasting stream of sheer change into a time continuum we owe not to time itself but to the continuity of our business and our activities in the world: in the world *we continue* what we started yesterday and hope to finish tomorrow. In other words, the time continuum depends on the continuity of our everyday life, and the business of everyday life, in contrast to the activity of the thinking ego—always independent of the spatial circumstances surrounding it—is always spatially determined and conditioned. It is due to this thoroughgoing spatiality of our ordinary life that we can speak plausibly of time in spatial categories: the past can appear to us as something lying "behind" us and the future as lying "ahead."

Kafka's time parable applies not to man in his everyday occupations but only to the thinking ego, to the extent that it has withdrawn from the business of everyday life. The gap between past and future opens only in reflection, whose subject matter is what is absent—either what has already disappeared or what has not yet appeared. Reflection draws these absent "regions" into the mind's presence; from that perspective the activity of thinking can be understood as a fight against time itself. It is only because "he" thinks, and therefore is no longer carried along by the continuity of everyday life in a world of appearances, that past and

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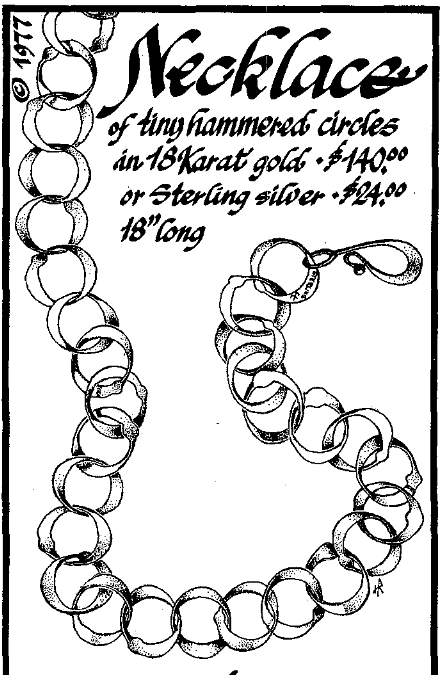

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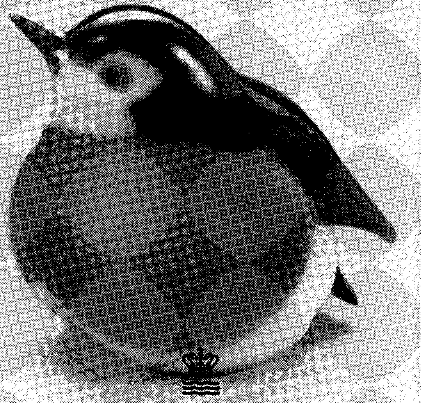

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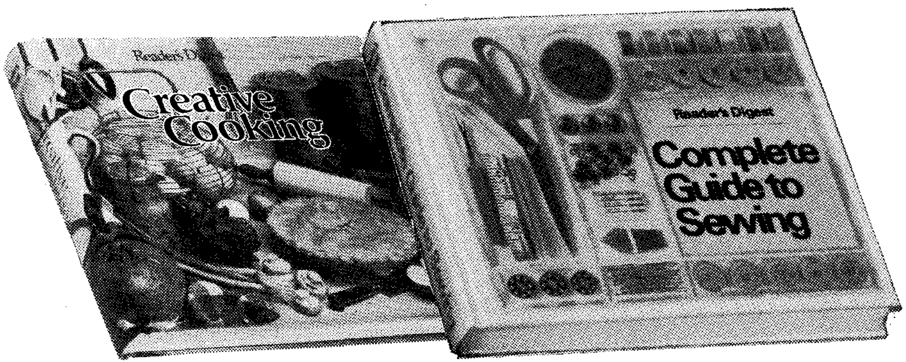
future manifest themselves as pure entities, so that "he" can become aware of a no-longer that pushes him forward and a not-yet that drives him back.

Kafka's tale is, of course, couched in metaphorical language, and its images, drawn from everyday life, are meant as analogies, without which, as has already been indicated, mental phenomena cannot be described at all. And that always presents difficulties of interpretation. The specific difficulty here is that the reader must be aware that the thinking ego is not the self as it appears and moves in the world, remembering its own biographical past—as though "he" were *à la recherche du temps perdu* or planning his future. It is because the thinking ego is ageless and nowhere that past and future can become manifest to it as such—emptied, as it were, of their concrete content and liberated from all spatial categories. What the thinking ego senses as "his" dual antagonists is time itself, with the constant change it implies, the relentless motion that transforms all Being into Becoming, instead of letting it *be*, and thus incessantly destroys its being *present*. As such, time is the thinking ego's greatest enemy, because—by virtue of the mind's incarnation in a body whose motions can never be immobilized—time inexorably and regularly interrupts the immobile quiet in which the mind is active without doing anything.

This final meaning of the parable comes to the fore in the concluding sentence, when "he," situated in the time gap, which is an immovable present, a *nunc stans*, dreams of the unguarded moment when time will have exhausted its force; then quiet will settle down on the world—not an eternal quiet but a quiet lasting just long enough to give "him" the chance of jumping out of the fighting line to be promoted to the position of umpire, the spectator and judge outside the game of life, to whom the meaning of this time span between birth and death can be referred because "he" is not involved in it.

What are this dream and this region but the old dream that Western metaphysics has dreamt from Parmenides to Hegel: of a timeless region, an eternal presence in complete quiet, lying beyond human clocks and calendars altogether—the region, precisely, of thought? And what is the "position of umpire," the desire for which prompts the dream, but the seat of Pythagoras' spectators, who are "the best" because they do not participate in the struggle for fame and gain, are disinterested, uncommitted, undisturbed, intent only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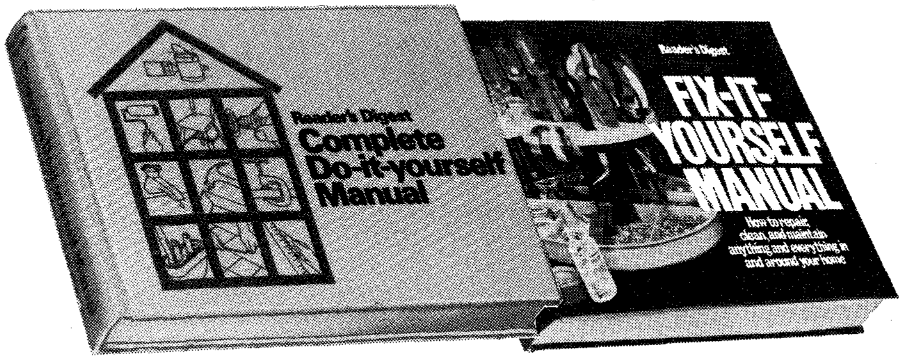
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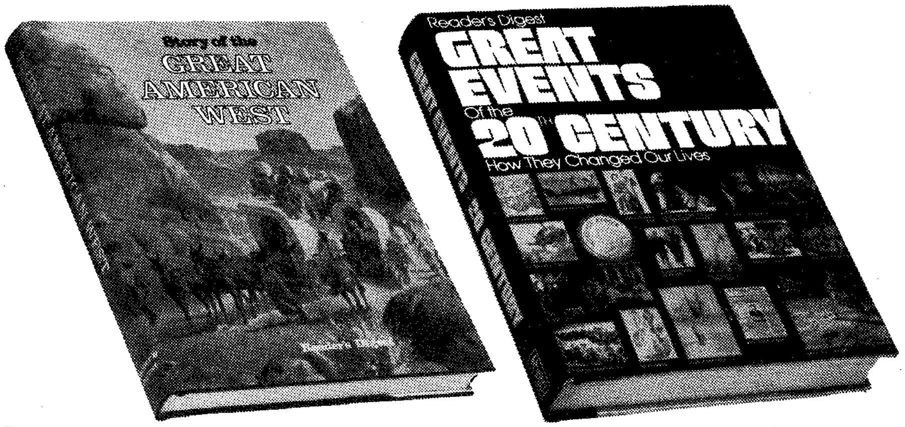
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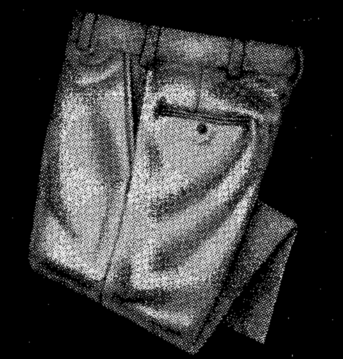

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on the spectacle itself? It is they who can find out its meaning and judge the performance.

Without doing too much violence to Kafka's magnificent story, one may perhaps go a step further. The trouble with Kafka's metaphor is that by jumping out of the fighting line "he" jumps out of this world altogether and judges from outside, though not necessarily from above. Moreover, if it is the insertion of man that breaks up the indifferent flow of everlasting change by giving it an aim—namely, himself, the being who fights it—and if through that insertion the indifferent time stream is articulated into what is behind him, the past, what is ahead of him, the future, and himself, the fighting present, then it follows that man's presence causes the stream of time to deflect from whatever its original direction or (assuming a cyclical movement) ultimate non-direction may have been. The deflection seems inevitable, because it is not just a passive object that is inserted in the stream, to be tossed about by waves that go sweeping over his head, but a fighter who defends his own presence and thus defines as his antagonists what otherwise might be indifferent to him: the past, which he can fight with the help of the future; the future, which he fights supported by the past.

Without "him" there would be no difference between past and future—only everlasting change. Or else those forces would clash head-on and annihilate each other. But thanks to the insertion of a fighting presence they meet at an angle, and the correct image would then have to be what the physicists call a parallelogram of forces. The advantage of this image is that the region of thought would no longer have to be situated beyond and above the world and human time; the fighter would no longer have to jump out of the fighting line in order to find the quiet and the stillness necessary for thinking. "He" would recognize that his fighting has not been in vain, since the battleground itself supplies the region where he can rest when he is exhausted. In other words, the location of the thinking ego in time would be the in-between of past and future—the present, this mysterious and slippery now, a mere gap in time, toward which the more solid tenses of past and future are nevertheless directed insofar as they stand for that which *is* no more and that which *is* not yet. That they *are* at all, they obviously owe to man, who has inserted himself between them and established his pres-

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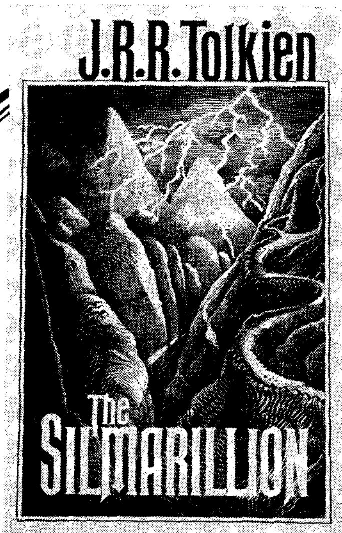

When a new book by JRR Tolkien is published, that calls for a celebration.

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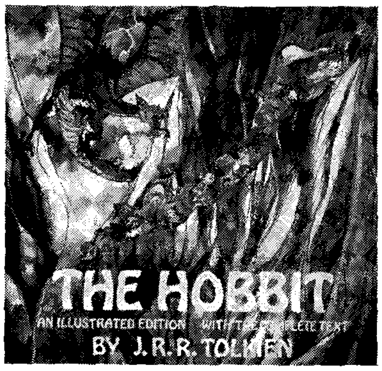
When JRR Tolkien died, he left behind millions of devoted fans. He also left behind a final work, The Silmarillion, which was edited by his son, Christopher, and has now been published by Houghton Mifflin ($10.95).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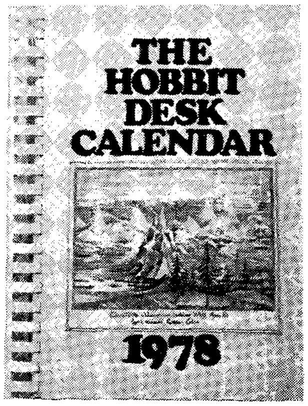

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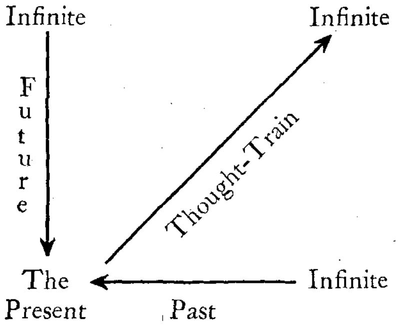
ence there. Let me briefly follow the implications of the corrected image.



Ideally, the action of the two forces that form our parallelogram should result in a third force—the resultant diagonal, whose origin would be the point at which the forces meet and upon which they act. The diagonal would remain on the same plane, and not jump out of the dimension of the forces of time, but it would in one important respect differ from the forces whose result it is. The two antagonistic forces of past and future are both indefinite as to their origin; seen from the viewpoint of the present in the middle, the one comes from an infinite past and the other from an infinite future. But, though they have no known beginning, they have a terminal ending, the point at which they meet and clash, which is the present. The diagonal force, on the contrary, has a definite origin, its starting point being the clash of the two other forces, but it would be infinite with respect to its ending, since it has resulted from the concerted action of two forces whose origin is infinity. This diagonal force, whose origin is known, whose direction is determined by past and future, but which exerts its force toward an undetermined end, as though it could reach out into infinity, seems to me a perfect metaphor for the activity of thought.

If Kafka's "he" were able to walk along this diagonal, in perfect equidistance from the pressing forces of past and future, he *would not*, as the parable demands, have to have jumped out of the fighting line to be above and beyond the melee. For this diagonal, though pointing to some infinity, is limited—enclosed, as it were, by the forces of past and future, and thus protected against the void. It remains bound to and is rooted in the present—an entirely human present, though it is fully actualized only in the thinking process and lasts no longer than this process lasts. It is the quiet of the Now in the time-pressed, time-tossed existence of man; it is somehow—to change

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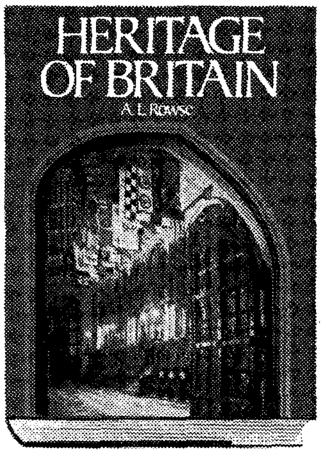
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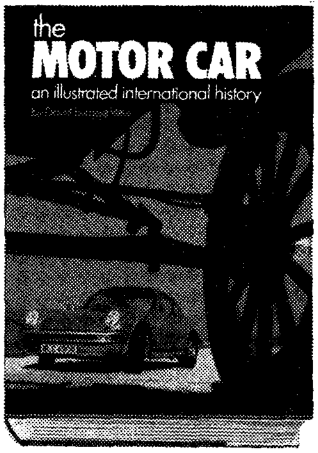
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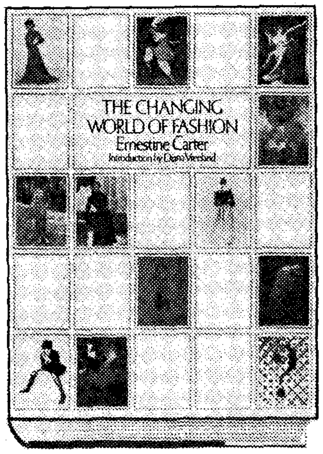
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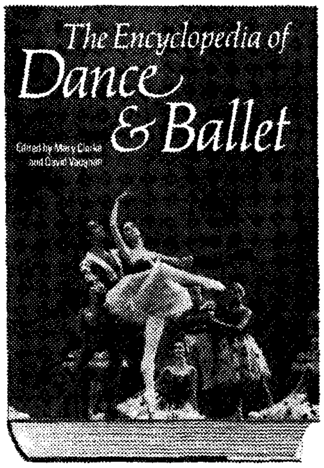
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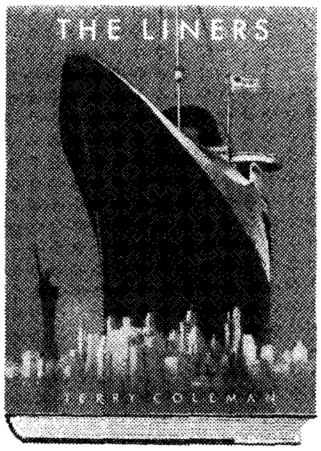
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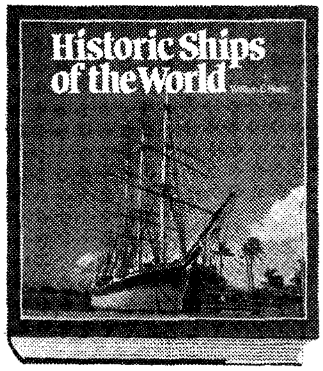
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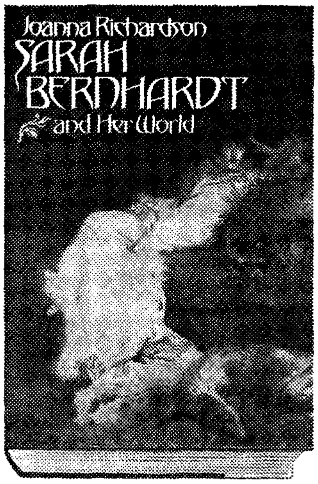
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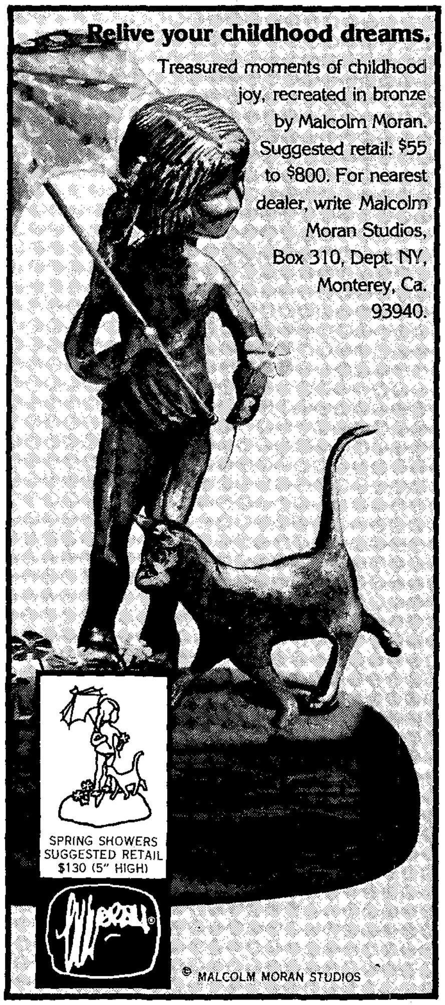

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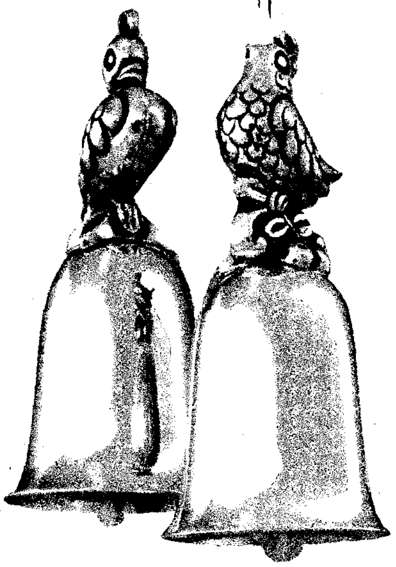

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the metaphor—the quiet in the center of a storm, which, though totally unlike the storm, still belongs to it. In this gap between past and future we find our place in time when we think; that is, when we are sufficiently removed from past and future to be relied on to find out their meaning, to assume the position of "umpire," of arbiter and judge over the manifold, unending affairs of human existence in the world, never arriving at a final solution to their riddles but ready with ever-new answers to the question of what it may be all about.

To avoid misunderstanding: The images I am using here to indicate, metaphorically and tentatively, the location of thought can be valid only within the realm of mental phenomena. Applied to historical or biographical time, these metaphors cannot make sense; gaps in time do not occur there. Only insofar as he thinks, and that is insofar as he is *not*, according to Valéry, does man—a "he," as Kafka so rightly calls him, and not a "somebody"—in the full actuality of his concrete being, live in this gap between past and future, in this present that is timeless.

The gap, though we hear about it first as *nunc stans*, the "standing now" in medieval philosophy, where it served, in the form of *nunc aeternitatis*, as model and metaphor for divine eternity, is not a historical datum; it seems to be coeval with the existence of man on earth. Using a different metaphor, we call it the region of the spirit, but perhaps it is, rather, the path paved by thinking—the small, inconspicuous track of non-time beaten by the activity of thought within the time-space given to natal and mortal men. Following that course, the thought-trains—remembrance and anticipation—save whatever they touch from the ruin of historical and biographical time. This small non-time space in the very heart of time, unlike the world and the culture into which we are born, cannot be inherited and handed down by tradition, although every great book of thought points to it somewhat cryptically—as we found Heraclitus saying of the notoriously cryptic and unreliable Delphic oracle, "*Oute legei, oute kryptei, alla semainei*" ("It does not say and it does not hide, it intimates").

Each new generation—indeed, every new human being, as he becomes conscious of being inserted between an infinite past and an infinite future—must discover and ploddingly pave anew the path of thought. And it is, after all, possible, and seems to me likely, that

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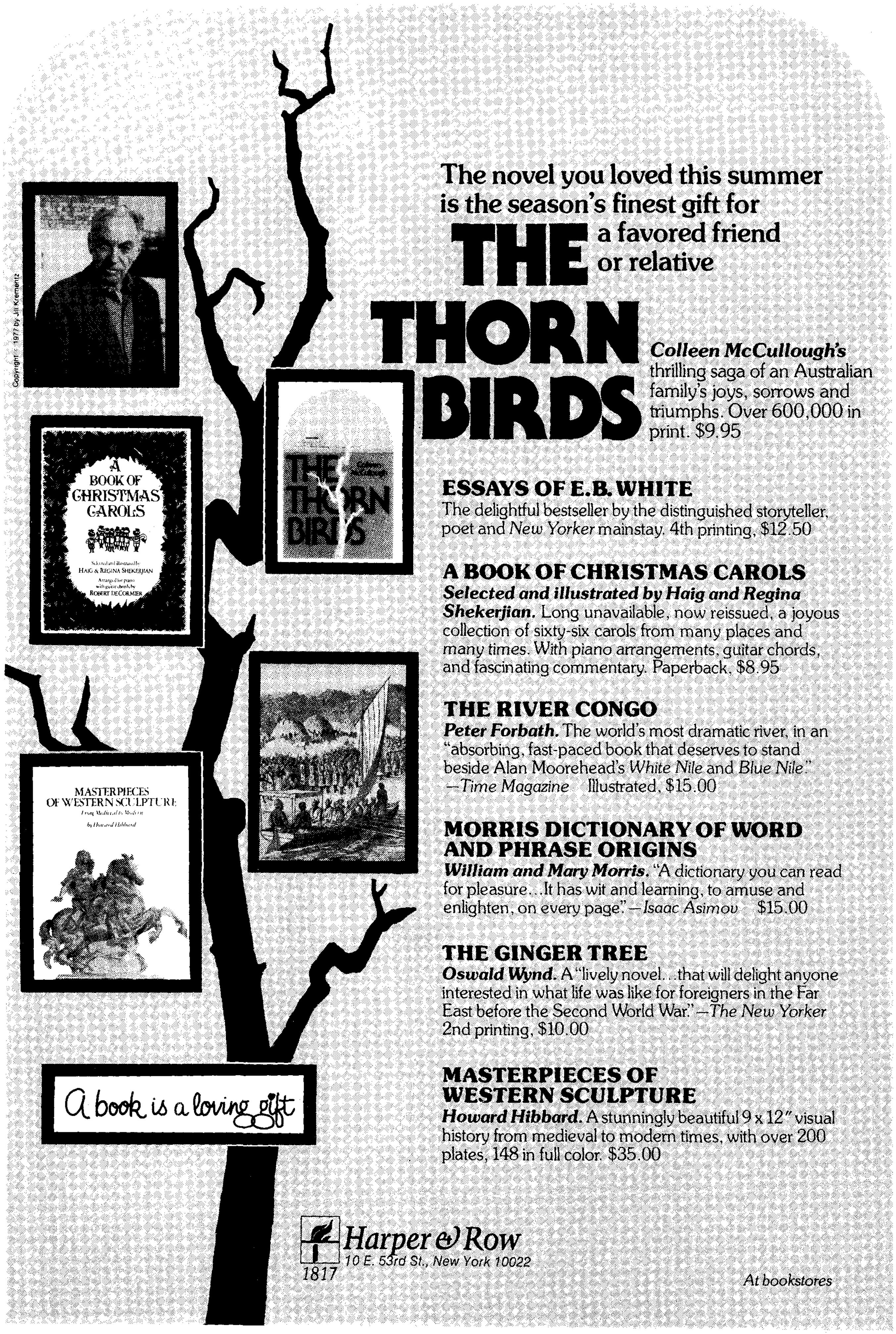
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the strange survival of great works, their relative permanence through thousands of years, is due to their having been born on the small, inconspicuous track of non-time which their authors' thought had beaten between an infinite past and an infinite future by accepting past and future as directed—aimed, so to speak—at themselves, as *their* predecessors and successors, *their* past and *their* future, thus establishing a present for themselves, a kind of timeless time in which men are able to create timeless works that transcend their own finiteness.

This timelessness, to be sure, is not eternity; it springs, as it were, from the clash of past and future, whereas eternity is the boundary concept that is unthinkable because it indicates the collapse of all temporal dimensions. The temporal dimension of the *nunc stans* experienced in the activity of thinking gathers the absent tenses, the not-yet and the no-more, together into its own presence. This is Kant's "land of pure intellect [*Land des reinen Verstandes*] . . . an island, enclosed by nature itself within unalterable limits [and] surrounded by a wide and stormy ocean," the sea of everyday life. And though I do not think that this is "the land of truth," it is certainly the only domain where the whole of one's life and its meaning, which remains ungraspable for mortal men (*Nemo ante mortem beatus esse dici potest*), since their existence, in distinction from all other things, which begin to *be* in the emphatic sense when they are completed, terminates when it *is* no more—where this ungraspable whole can manifest itself as the sheer continuity of the I-am, an enduring presence in the midst of the world's transitoriness. It is because of this experience of the thinking ego that the primacy of the present, the most transitory of the tenses in the world of appearances, became an almost dogmatic tenet of philosophical speculation.

Let me now, at the end of these long reflections, draw attention not to my "method," not to my "criteria," or, worse, my "values"—all of which in such an enterprise are mercifully hidden from its author, though they may be, or, rather, *seem* to be, quite manifest to the reader—but to what in my opinion is the basic assumption of this investigation. I have spoken of the metaphysical "fallacies," which, as we found, do contain important hints of what this curious, out-of-order activity called thinking may be all about. In other words, I have clearly joined the ranks of those who for some time

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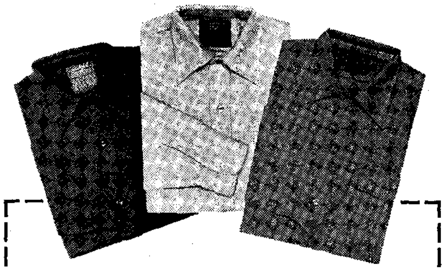

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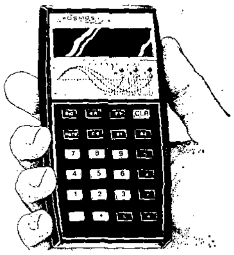

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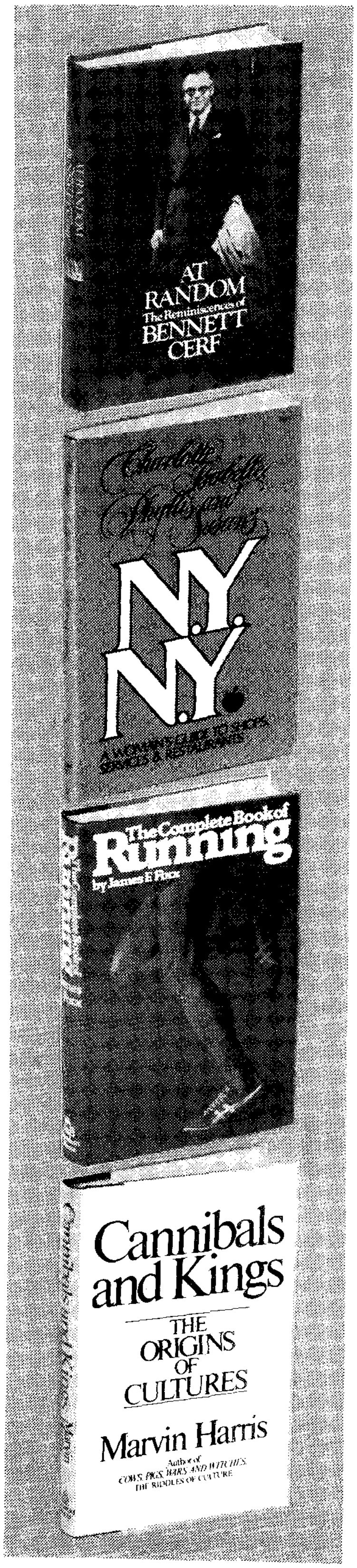
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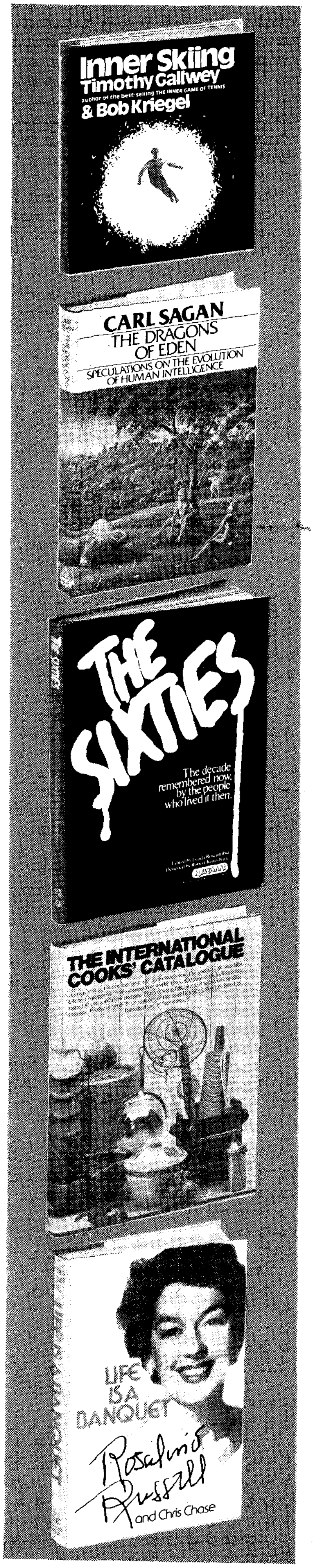
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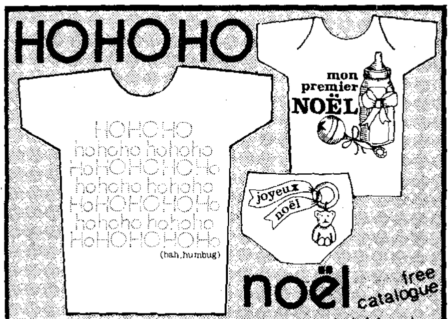

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now have been attempting to dismantle metaphysics, and philosophy with all its categories, as we have known these from their beginning in Greece until today. Such dismantling is possible only on the assumption that the thread of tradition is broken and that we shall not be able to renew it. Historically speaking, what has actually gone to pieces is the Roman trinity that for thousands of years united religion, authority, and tradition. As I see it, the loss of this trinity should not destroy the past; it only confirms our separation from all that preceded us—a separation that is a fact and, as such, is no longer a part of the "history of ideas" but, rather, a part of our political history, the history of our world.

What has been lost is the continuity of the past as it seemed to be handed down from generation to generation, developing in the process its own consistency. The dismantling process has its own technique, and I did not go into that here except peripherally. What you are left with, then, is still the past, but a *fragmented* past, which has lost its certainty of evaluation. About this, for brevity's sake, I shall quote a few lines that say it better and more densely than I could:

> Full fathom five thy father lies;
> Of his bones are coral made:
> Those are pearls that were his eyes:
> Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.
> —"*The Tempest,*" *Act I, Scene 2.*

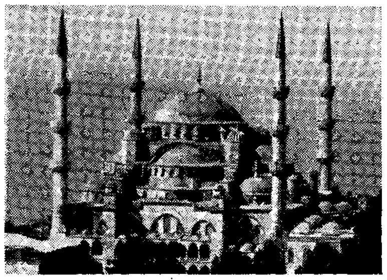
It is with such fragments from the past, after their sea-change, that I have dealt here. That they could be used at all we owe to the timeless track that thinking beats into the world of space and time. If some of my readers should be tempted to try their luck at the technique of dismantling, let them be careful not to destroy the "rich and strange," the "coral" and the "pearls," which can probably be saved only as fragments.

> O plunge your hands in water,
> Plunge them in up to the wrist;
> Stare, stare in the basin
> And wonder what you've missed.
>
> The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
> The desert sighs in the bed.
> And the crack in the tea-cup opens
> A lane to the land of the dead.
> —*W. H. Auden.*

Or, to put the same in Auden's prose: "Some books are undeservedly forgotten; none are undeservedly remembered."

—Hannah Arendt (1906-1975)

(*This is the final part of a three-part article.*)



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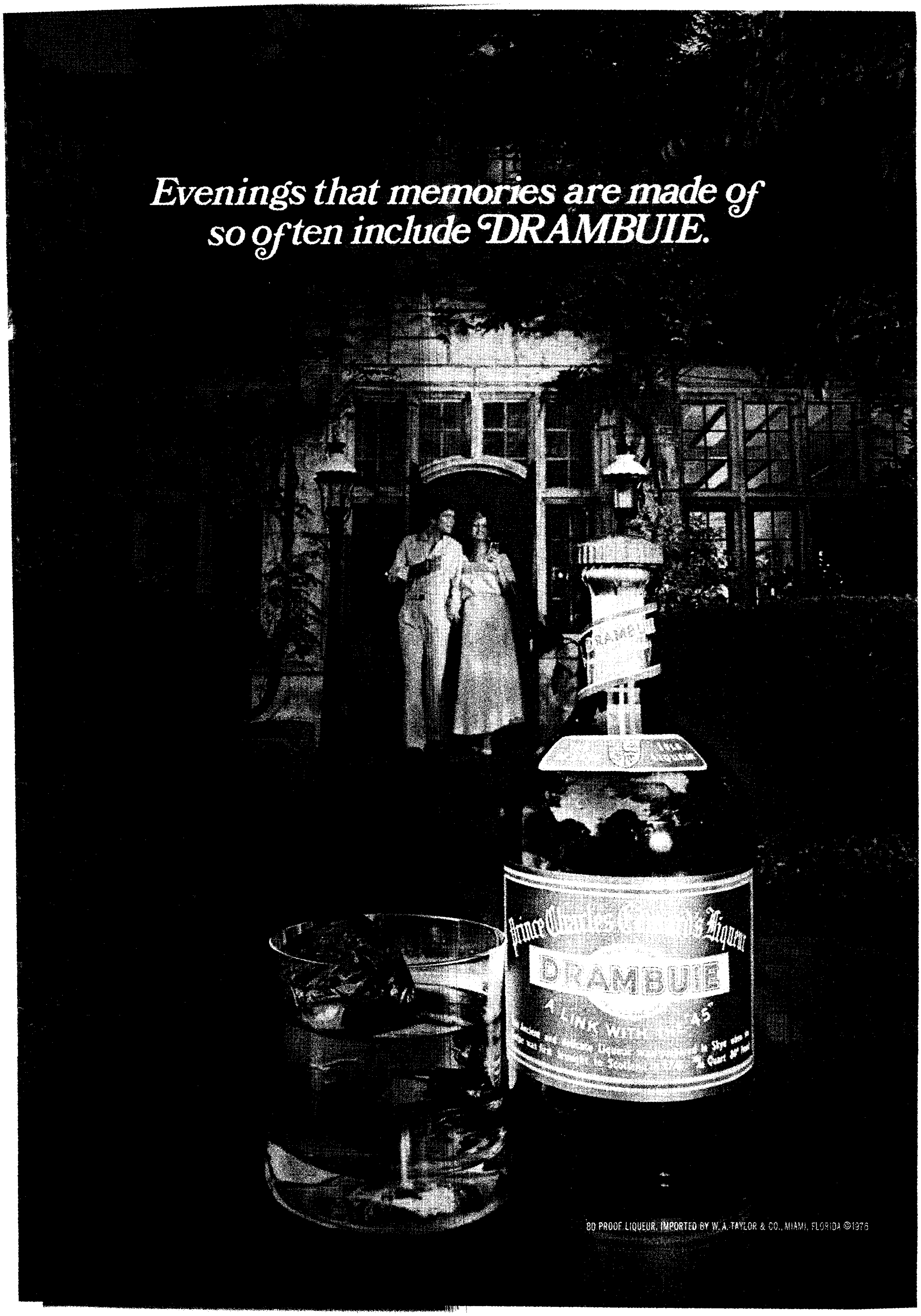
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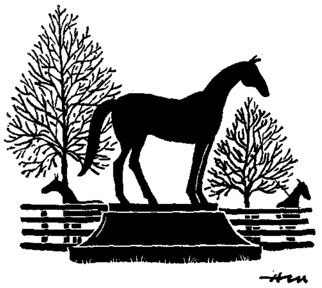
THE RACE TRACK

Johnny D.'s Classic

WATCHING Johnny D. win Aqueduct's $200,000 Turf Classic stakes a couple of Saturdays ago was the sort of treat that one seldom gets so late in the season. At the end of the mile and a half, Dana S. Bray, Jr.'s, rangy three-year-old bay gelding, ridden by Cauthen, beat Majestic Light by three and three-quarters lengths. Crow, who does not like starting gates, was third, three-quarters of a length away. Johnny D.'s was a performance worthy of an Eclipse Award: when he won the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel a fortnight earlier—after slogging through the heavy going to beat Majestic Light, Exceller, and five others by lengths—I thought that another twelve furlongs would be too much for him, but he bounced back, as sharp as ever. Exceller was quickest away in the Turf Classic, but Johnny D. was right behind him, and for the first five furlongs the two went stride for stride. Coming to the mile pole, however, Exceller cracked. (He finished seventh.) Then came the big moment. Majestic Light, perfectly placed early, began his run on the turn for home, and with two furlongs to go he went head and head with Johnny D. for more than a dozen strides. That was as far as he got, though. It takes more than an ordinary runner first to dispose of one of the leading horses in France and England, which Exceller has been, and then to turn back a challenge from Majestic Light, whom many critics rate the best runner on grass in this country this season. After the race, Cauthen, whom I have never seen ride with greater skill or assurance, said that Johnny D. was always relaxed, even when another horse came up beside him. First money in the new Turf Classic was $130,000, bringing Johnny D.'s earnings this season to $371,256. Mike Kay, who has kept him in faultless condition, is now taking him to Santa Anita, where he will do his stuff on that picturesque turf course El Camino Real.



I was surprised that a crowd of no more than 25,324 came out to see the Turf Classic, the Demoiselle Stakes, and the seven other races, for the weather was pleasant. In fact, the sun was out. It was expected by the talent, who made her odds-on, that Lakeville Miss would roll home in the Demoiselle, for two-year-old fillies, at nine furlongs. Instead, Sally M. Gibson's Caesar's Wish jumped off in front at the start and won by six and three-quarters lengths. Lakeville Miss saved the place by about three lengths from Island Kiss, a long shot.

Only 18,565 horseplayers came out on Thanksgiving Day. As usual, the first race went off at 11 A.M., so that people would be able to cash their tickets after the ninth and still get home in time for dinner. The main event on the card was the Queens County Handicap, at a mile and three-sixteenths, and it was won by Cox's Ridge, the even-money favorite. The Loblolly Stables colt, like Johnny D., has developed notably since midsummer—he has won eight of eleven starts since then, and he was in the money in the other three. Although he does not like running on a muddy track, he came from well back in the last quarter to beat Father Hogan by half a length.

The stunner of last week occurred on Saturday, when the Hickory Tree Stable's Believe It beat Calumet Farm's Alydar in the Remsen Stakes, at a mile and a furlong—the last important race of the season for two-year-olds. Alydar is not the quickest horse out of the gate, but in his races with Affirmed he finished well. This time, apparently giving everything he had, he couldn't close the gap in the stretch, and Believe It won by two lengths. Quadratic was third. The time was 1:47⅗. Maple, who rode Believe It, was all smiles after the race. He had good reason to be. He had ridden Alydar in most of the colt's early races, but John Veitch, who trains Alydar, had given the mount to Velasquez for the Remsen. Furthermore, Woody Stephens, who trains Believe It and Quadratic, had given Maple his choice of the two in the Remsen. He picked the right one.

IT isn't often that a horse which has bowed a tendon wins a steeplechase. Such an injury frequently puts a horse out of racing commission. Still, small

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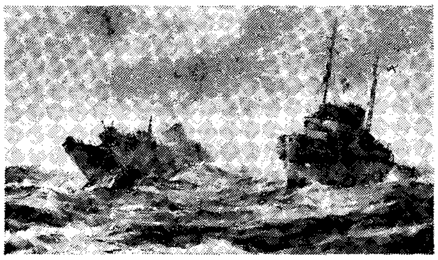

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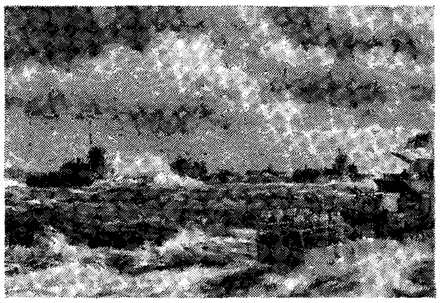

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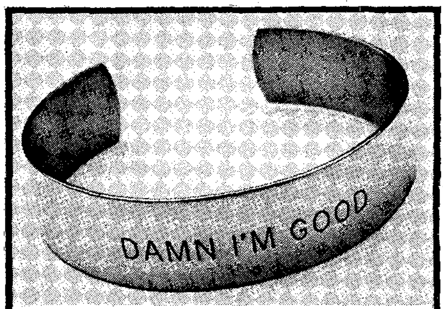

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by Dionne Cole

miracles do happen. George Strawbridge, Jr.'s, Cafe Prince has bowed in his left foreleg, and not once but twice, yet last Saturday he won the Colonial Cup International steeplechase, at two and three-quarters miles, over the seventeen fences of Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's Springdale course, at Camden, South Carolina, for the second time. A wandering observer reports that the steeplechasing party Mrs. Scott has been giving every year since 1970—which includes the Colonial Cup, a race with $100,000 in prize money that draws horses from abroad—was as good as ever this year. Twelve ran, and ten finished. The crowd enjoyed every minute of the afternoon, and especially the five minutes twenty-two and three-fifths seconds it took to run for the Cup. Cafe Prince, favored in the betting at the OTB shops in New York, was not in front at any time until the end. Jerry Fishback, who rode Cafe Prince, made his bid passing Bel Iman in the stretch. Leaping Frog was third. Cafe Prince is a seven-year-old gelding by Creme dela Creme out of Princess Blair, and it was his fourth victory in ten starts this year. Mr. Strawbridge, who has been around jumpers all his life, says that the credit for Cafe Prince's performances belongs to the skill of Jonathan Sheppard, who trains him.

CHRIS McCARRON, Maryland's favorite jockey, had a big afternoon at Laurel one day last week. After finishing fourth in the first race, he won with his next six mounts. Five of his winners were saddled by Bud Delp, a popular Maryland trainer, who has a big public stable. McCarron, as you may remember, was the riding sensation three years ago, when he won five hundred and forty-six races. Cauthen is upstaging him these days.

—AUDAX MINOR

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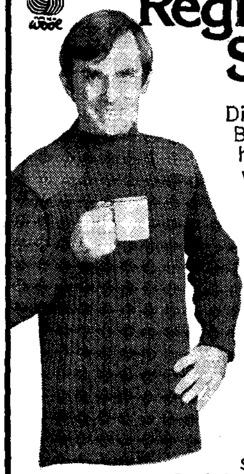

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Theater and film critic John Simon, a new member of The American Heritage Dictionary Usage Panel, does get *enthusiastic* occasionally, but never about the word *enthuse*. Neither do 76% of the other members. Among them is playwright Neil Simon, who can take *criticism,* but thinks *critique* as a verb should close out of town.

Edwin Newman, Chairman of the Usage Panel, seconds what our Simons say. Along with 140 other members, he is regularly polled on new developments in usage. Responses to the most recent ballot included Peter De Vries on *downplay:* "I would upget and outwalk." Annie Dillard on *affordables:* "Egad." John Kenneth Galbraith on *prioritize:* "Terrible. Also, cannot be spoken."

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EDWIN NEWMAN

Panelists' opinions are tabulated and eventually incorporated into Usage Notes. There are hundreds of such notes in The American Heritage Dictionary. Always clearly labeled as opinion, some help you make the precise choice between words such as *imply* and *infer, bring* and *take, anxious* and *eager.* Others warn of contemporary pitfalls. The note on *gift* says that 94% of the Usage Panel objects to its use in the sentence: *"He gifted each of his nephews."* Red Smith said: "If you want me to direction you, I say NO!"

NEIL SIMON

JOHN SIMON

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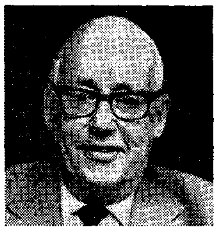
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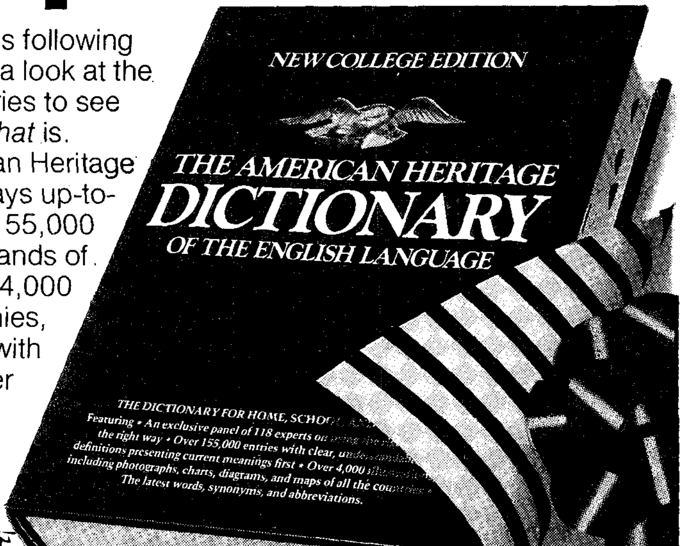
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DANCING

Concentration

“Spiral,” by Laura Dean, commissioned by the Brooklyn Academy of Music, was given its première last month in the Opera House of the Academy. Miss Dean’s concerts of dancing are always interesting—not for their development, which is incremental, but for their unity: their variation on fundamental unchanging textures and patterns. If they could be hung side by side, like paintings in a gallery, we would see that they are all basically the same monochromatic dance, made out of the same irreducible materials. For years—since 1968, in fact (as, for years, the program notes have been telling us)—Laura Dean “has been working with spinning, steady pulse, repetitive movement, and geometric patterning.” “Spiral” is the latest of the group works to be done since “Drumming,” in 1975, when the largest development in her work took place—the addition of music in the form of a full-scale concert-hall score. “Drumming” was set to Steve Reich’s score of the same title, and although the music and the choreography shared a basic premise, Reich’s inventions overpowered the dancing. Since “Song” (1976), Laura Dean has composed her own music—sparse and simple music with vocal sections that can be sung by the dancers themselves as they perform the sparse and simple steps. Her work has grown ever more tightly unified. And, like any work that is austerely planned to keep out idiosyncrasy, it has a high degree of personality. There is now a Laura Dean style of choreography, even a Laura Dean school. And Dean is recognizably part of the New York school of dancers and musicians who appear to be trying to invent folk art.

“Spiral,” in its play of irregular versus symmetrical rhythm, goes a little farther than “Song”—at times it seems to be trying to invent “Les Noces.” (An intervening work, “Dance,” has not yet been seen in New York.) What keeps “Spiral” from growing more complex is the amateurishness of most of the dancing. It is amateurish on purpose; at least, it seems to be part of the methodology of contrived primitivism to solve problems by mental concentration rather than by physical dexterity. The audience has to concentrate as much as the dancers on, say, a port-de-bras cycle, so as not to get lost in the swim. Because of all the repeats, we have plenty of time to get a grip on the action. Once we get it, we see how, ultimately, the possibility of concentrating in this way leads to the possibility of communing—the dancers with each other, the audience with the dancers. The audience can be turned into a congregation. If Laura Dean were really to force the connection between shared meditation and universal trancedom, she’d be as manipulative as Maurice Béjart. But her tone is light, even frolicsome; she doesn’t require unconditional surrender.

However, what you see at a Dean concert you have to be willing to see. Folk art is for the folk—for participants, not spectators. It is concerned with process, not with effect, and unless we let ourselves be drawn into process we aren’t going to gain much from effect. (After about the fortieth repeat, a dance step has no effect.) “Spiral” is arranged for eight dancers and four musicians (two pianos, cello, voice). Although, like all the Dean works I’ve seen, it takes its tribal-rite form from mixed origins (East Indian, Russian, Early American, tap, discothèque), it is also the least monolithic of those works, and the most watchable. Still, for the most efficient watching one had to get into the sport of it. Counting wasn’t necessary; empathy was. For me, blockages occurred, as always, during those extended whirling-dervish spins that Dean dancers love to do. Spinning is their way, during a public ritual, of going on retreat. It gives the viewer nothing to think about and nothing to see. But Dean isn’t unaware of her audience’s perceptions. Toward the end of the piece, there was a sudden break in the baby-step sequence as the dancers plunged into a unison sauté combination, and as suddenly plunged out of it. This was almost too much to take in. One lost the process and grabbed onto effect. For a few delightful seconds, “Spiral” seemed to be going in reverse.

Andy de Groat started spinning not long after Laura Dean, and, like Dean, he uses relatively untrained dancers. But whereas Dean’s group compositions have a quasi-mystical intensity, de Groat’s look like practical organized fun, as if they could be taught to factory workers at lunchtime. De Groat’s dancers galumph around; the pretty salon-type piano music (by Alan Lloyd) that he uses for “Angie’s Waltz and Other Dances” is as virtuous as floral chintz. Seen at Westbeth this fall, “Angie’s Waltz” was a sprawling dance suite that really did consist of waltzes, polkas, marches, and other classical

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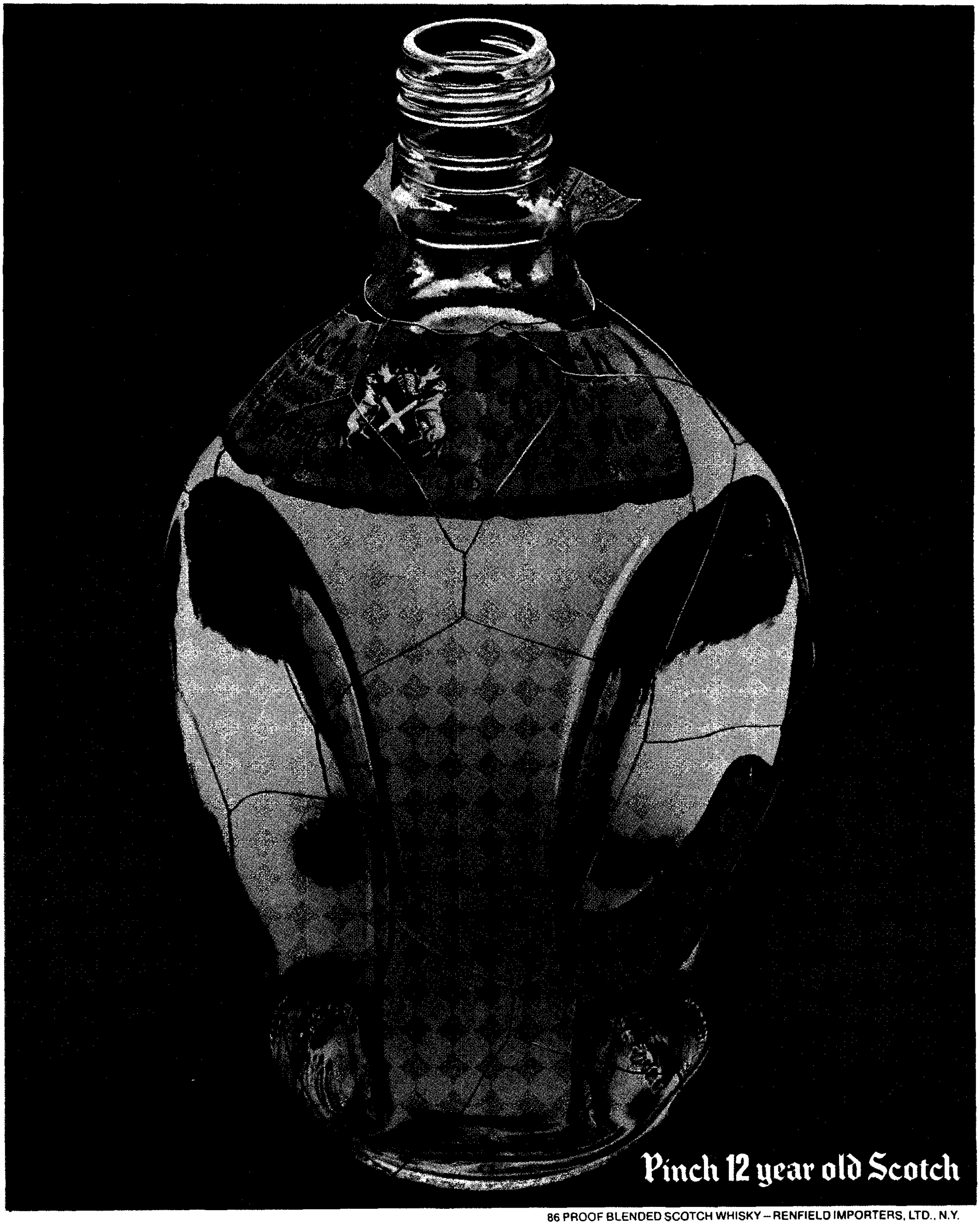
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forms. Their use didn't betray de Groat into self-consciousness or aggression. The elementary dance steps and the shambling democratic dance manners combined at times to make "Angie's Waltz" look like a rougher, downtown version of Paul Taylor's "Esplanade." But, despite his links to other choreographers, de Groat has an interesting dance mind of his own, and an even more interesting music-and-dance mind.

TO its "Bournonville Divertissements," new last winter, the New York City Ballet has now added a grand finale: the Tarantella from "Napoli," Act III. This brings back the dancers of the first divertissement (the Ballabile from "Napoli," Act I), recostumed and shaking tambourines; Nichol Hlinka and Daniel Duell return as the lead couple, and Jean-Pierre Frohlich is there to spark the dancing, just as he does in the Ballabile. The big, companionable Tarantella, rounding off the suite of old dances in brilliant style, takes some of the shine off the Pas de Sept (from "A Folk Tale"), which immediately precedes it; and because the Pas de Sept is being danced with less flair than formerly it probably won't be missed if it is deleted. Better than deleting the whole piece! "Bournonville" offers some of the best dancing to be seen in current repertory, but audiences haven't taken to it, and it was scheduled for only three performances this season—all before "The Nutcracker."

Meanwhile, Saint-Léon's Pas de Six from "La Vivandière" is badly revived by the Joffrey Ballet and audience reception is enthusiastic. Given a string of a half-dozen Saint-Léon excerpts, maybe even the sanguine Joffrey audience would rebel. That time, though, will never come. Except, it is said, for the Paris edition of "Coppélia," Arthur Saint-Léon's dances weren't preserved in continuous performance, like August Bournonville's. The Pas de Six is a fragment of an 1848 ballet, and it survives because it was published by Saint-Léon as an example of his method of dance notation. Ann Hutchinson Guest reconstructed the steps from Saint-Léon's script and translated them into a modern dance script, Labanotation. The dance, which is for a couple backed by four girls, was first staged, from Labanotation, last year for the Joffrey junior company by Mrs. Guest, and Maria Grandy, co-director of Joffrey II, staged it for the senior company. Of the two casts I saw, only Francesca Corkle had the elasticity and airiness needed for her role, which

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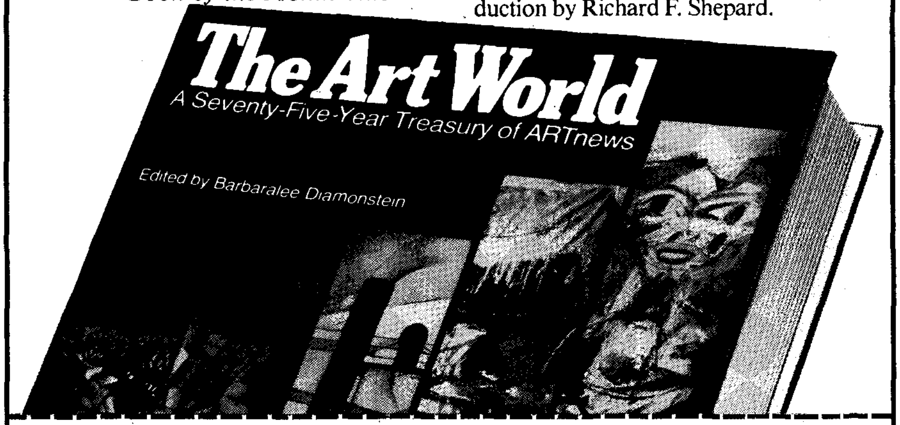
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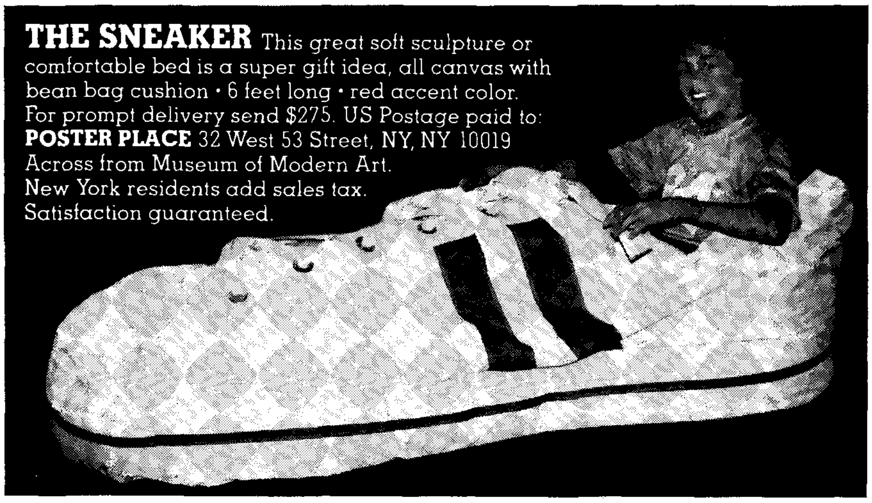

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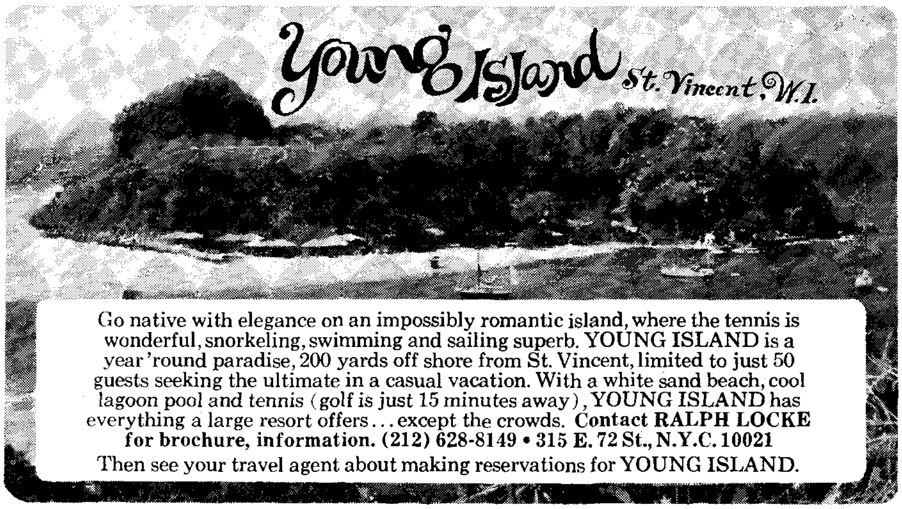

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once belonged to Fanny Cerrito. Everyone else, and sometimes even Miss Corkle, used an attack that was too broad, even, and hard, with no subtlety in plié. The ramrod stiffness this gave to the line of the choreography did indeed suggest pages of notation—*it certainly didn't suggest dancing.* It was surprising, too, that there was not more nuance in the pointwork—not even as much as there is in the Bournonville excerpts at N.Y.C.B., where mid-nineteenth-century practice has been modernized. Women of those days did not dance extensively on point; to raise every possible half toe to full toe is to falsify the period. The "La Vivandière" production illustrates the danger of reviving dances from the past without some means of insuring their safe conduct from the library to the theatre. Whether the Joffrey needed a Stanley Williams (who staged the Bournonville pieces for N.Y.C.B.) or just simply better dancers, I can't say. But notation, of whatever era, doesn't seem to have been enough.

THE New York City Ballet opened its season with an attempt at a gala performance, beginning with the Pas d'Action from Act III of "Don Quixote," with Suzanne Farrell, and continuing with two recent pièces d'occasion ("Pavane" and "Étude for Piano") and previews of two new works: Peter Martins' "Calcium Light Night," to selections from Charles Ives, and Balanchine's "Ballo della Regina," to music of Verdi. The "Don Quixote" excerpted poorly; its mood seemed impenetrable, and its earsore of a score, by Nicolas Nabokov, sounded worse than it does when we get the full treatment. The pièces d'occasion, both starring Patricia McBride, were not for this occasion; neither showed McBride's range in a fair light. Ending the evening with a solid repertory item—"Stravinsky Violin Concerto"—was a sensible idea, but the performance looked underrehearsed.

The company was itself only in the two new ballets. Martins has provided an Eve (Heather Watts) for the Adam (Daniel Duell) he created a year ago in the first version of "Calcium Light Night," and has sealed the bond with an ingenious duet. Some of the choreography looks like Balanchine, but a surprising lot of it doesn't, and the pas de deux may be Martins' birth as a choreographer. As for Balanchine, it is obvious that he has been inspired as much by Merrill Ashley, his newest principal dancer, as by Giuseppe Verdi. Looking back at this single performance, I'm tempted to characterize the whole ballet

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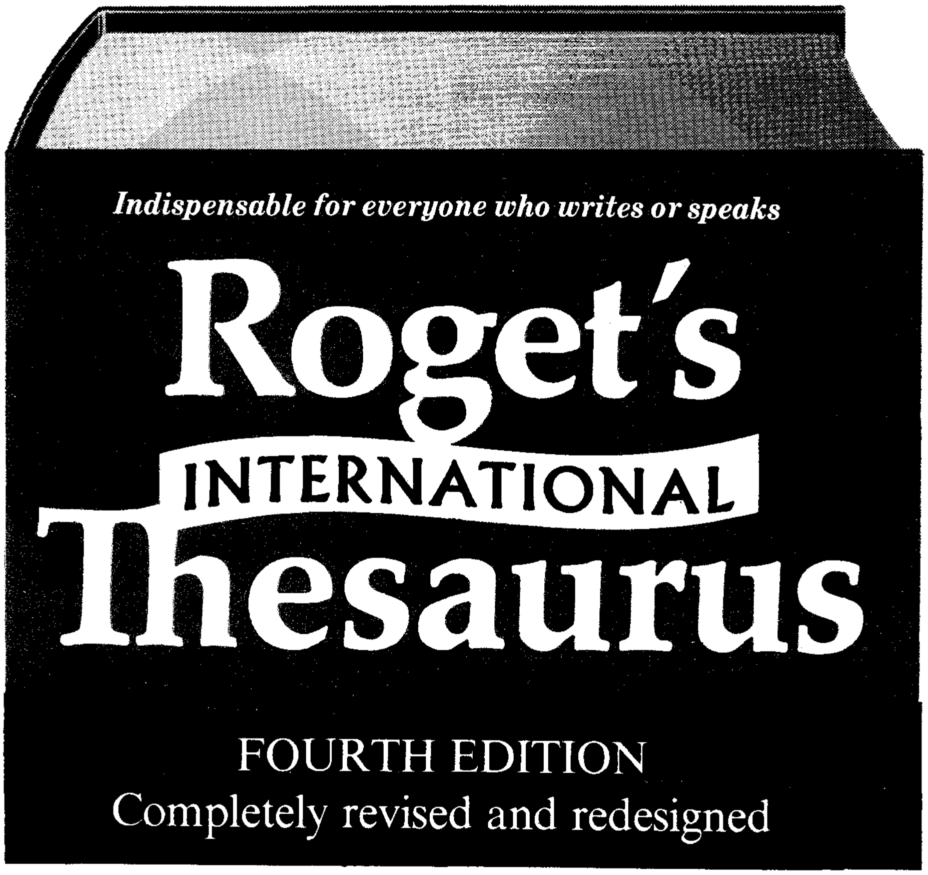

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by the fresh and captivating allegro forms he has devised for Ashley and the other girls in the cast. But there's more to it than that. I'll write about "Ballo della Regina"—and about "Calcium Light Night," too—when both are seen, complete, at their premières.
—ARLENE CROCE

•

THE DEAD

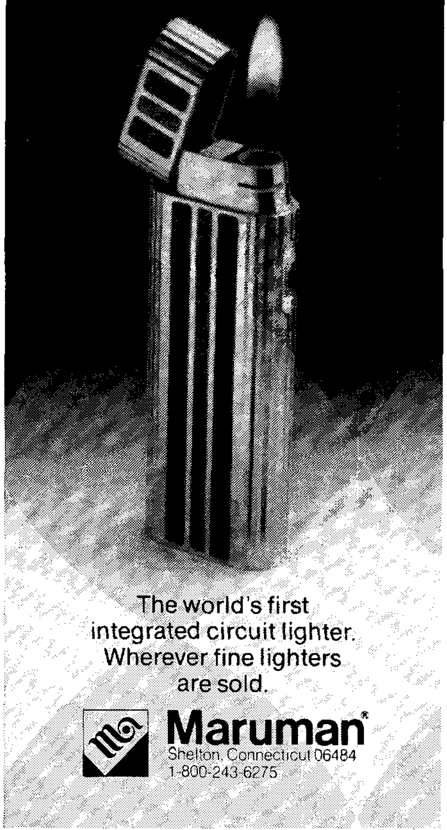
The dead are everywhere
impersonating the living
the other day
for instance
a dark-faced man
with a smell of the grave on him
refused to let me return
a broken vacuum cleaner
he just walked off
into the chandeliers
or beyond
into the snow tires
and left me
juggling my breath.

The dead are everywhere
directing streams of traffic
into colossal accidents
bidding us go to the polls
to vote for their own kind
leading us down the rows
in church
to snooze beside old women
counting their breaths
the hours pass
the sermon has been terrible
all about the high price
of the dead
the walk back home
through snowflake blisters
of cold
the chairs in our own houses
cold from where they have
just left them.

The dead are everywhere.

My father writes
"It's late, too late to write."
My mother says into the phone
"Hush, hush you will wake me, honey."
My children scurry the house
like roaches
black marks on their foreheads
the ring of doom
in every door they slam
and I
and I
I go to the river and cross it

swimming hard
I mount the far bank
the wind rises
I look around for a few sticks
with which to build a fire
it is going to be another terrible night.
—GREG KUZMA



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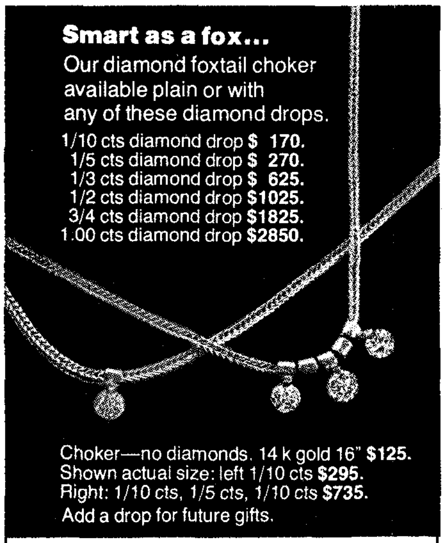

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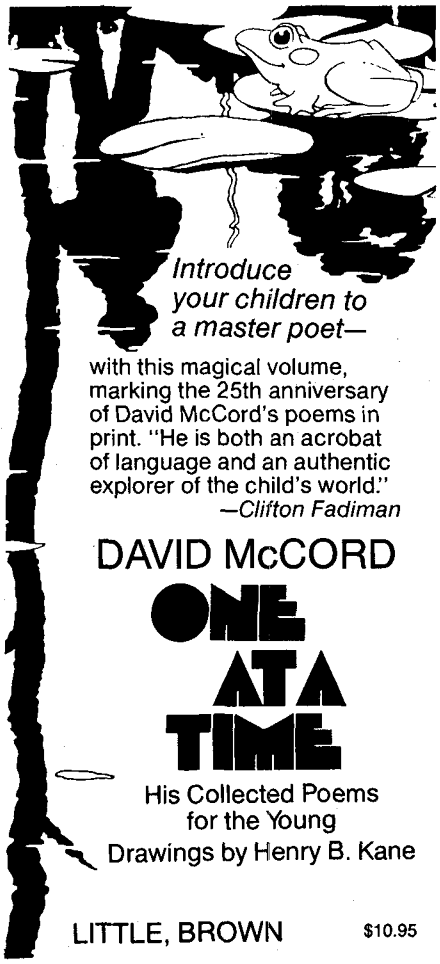

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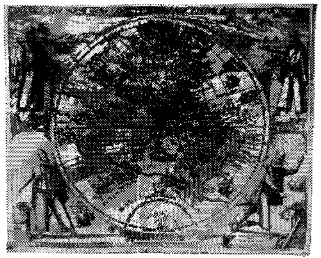

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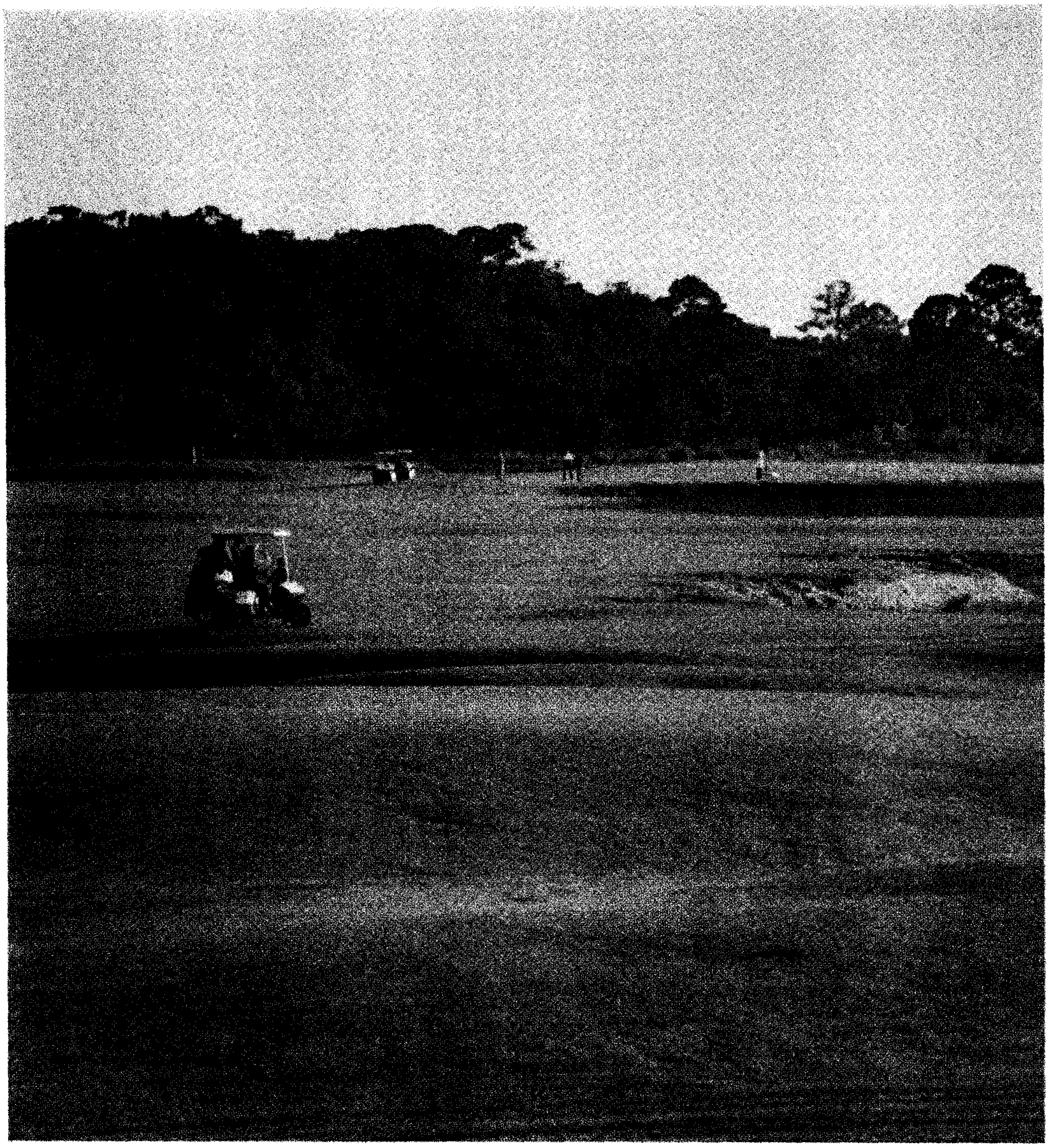

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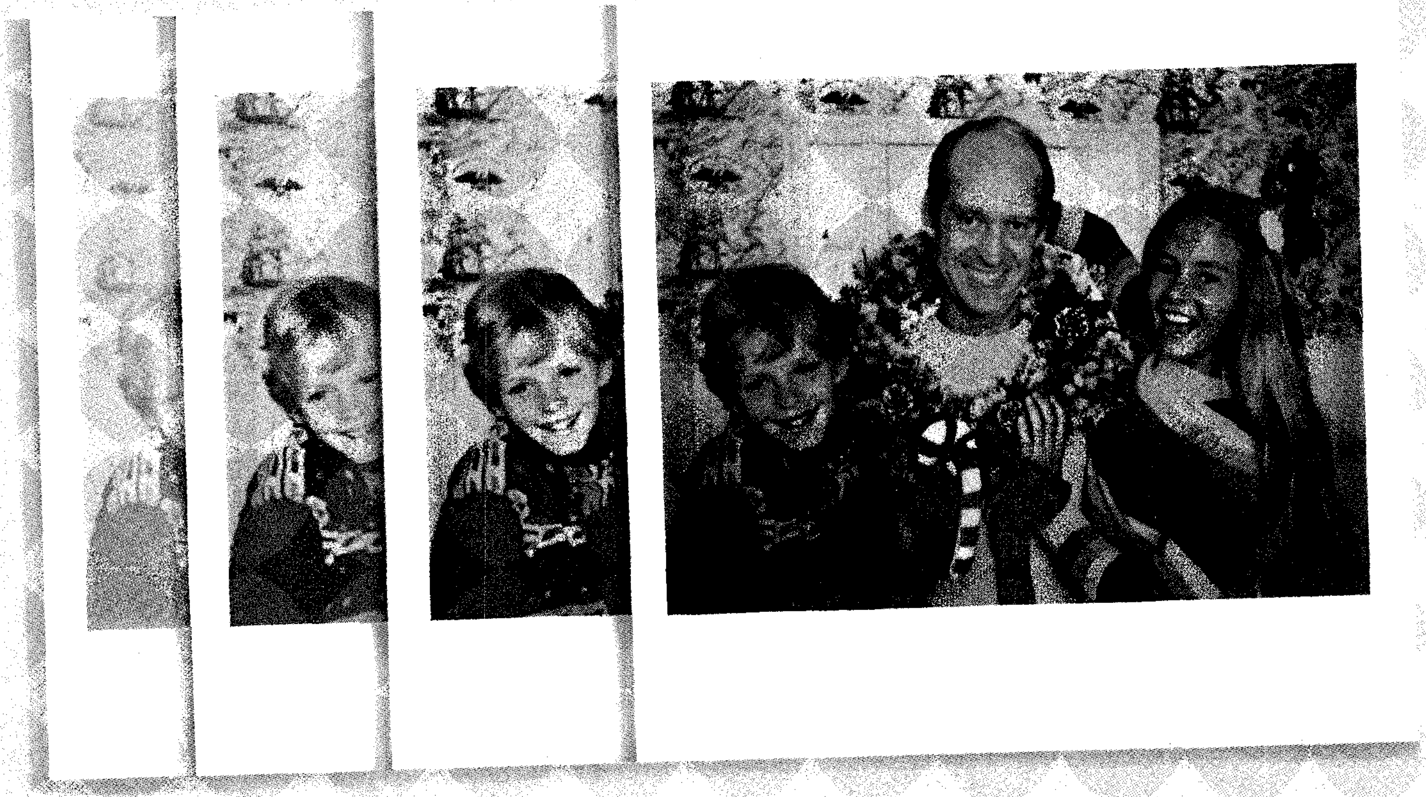

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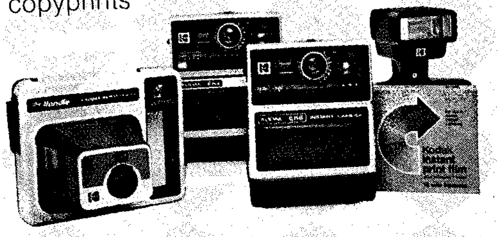

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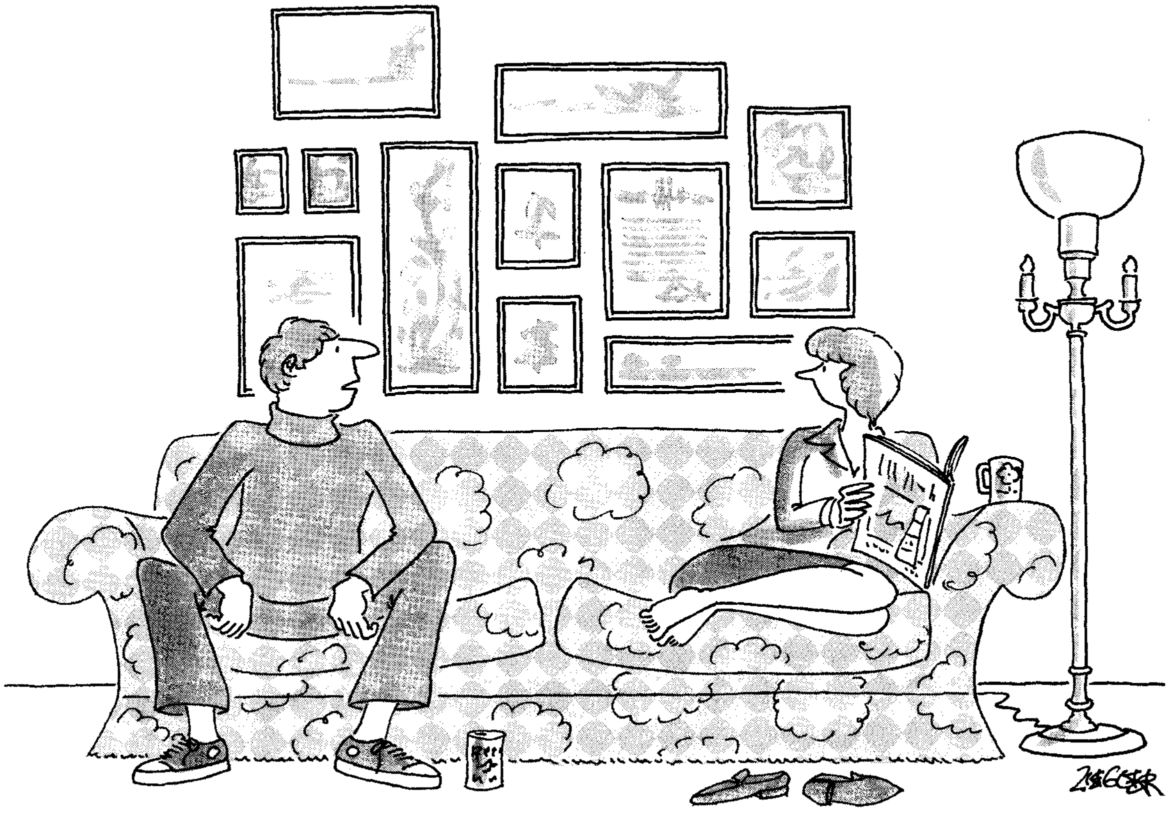
IN an interview she gave to *The Paris Review* in 1956, Karen Christence Dinesen, the Baroness Blixen-Finecke, explained how she came to her, in this century, anomalous mastery of the art of tale-telling: "I really began writing before I went to Africa, but I never once wanted to be a writer. I published a few short stories in literary reviews in Denmark, when I was twenty years old, and the reviews encouraged me but I didn't go on—I don't know, I think I had an intuitive fear of being trapped. . . . Later, when I knew in my heart I should have to sell the farm and go back to Denmark, I did begin to write. To put my mind to other things I began to write tales. Two of the 'Gothic Tales' were written there. But earlier, I learned how to tell tales. For, you see, I had the perfect audience. White people can no longer listen to a tale recited. They fidget or become drowsy. But the natives have an ear still. I told stories constantly to them, all kinds." The tales of Isak Dinesen, of course, depend for their quality upon more than the suspenseful momentum of oral recitation. The silver thread of their plots winds through phrases of perfect aptness and unique slant; landscapes evoked with a painterly eye and a majestic breadth; characterizations of a peculiar aloof lovingness; and a philosophical wit that owes something to her fellow-Dane Kierkegaard's mordacity but something more to the eighteenth century, its feline playfulness and illusionless psychology held within an ultimate love of calm, of balance. Her imagination could visit, it seemed, any corner of European history and find there a tale tinged with the lustre and vivid shadowing of medieval allegory. She bestowed an unimpeachable intellectual power and dignity of workmanship upon materials that in other hands would have appeared mere costume dramas—far-fetched, phantasmal, moony. At a time when literary practitioners were turning anywhere but to the nineteenth century for exemplary ways to "make it new," she took up the tattered gothic, romantic conventions and showed they still fit our naked human plight; she found gold in those old pockets and made it circulate ringingly in the highest circles of twentieth-century literary accomplishment. A Danish woman who wrote in English under a man's name, she stood a little to one side, rakishly, and was regarded with some suspicion by at least the Swedish Academy, whose curious failure to award her the Nobel Prize (though she lived to a good age and had the tacit advantage of being Scandinavian) was mentioned by Hemingway in his own acceptance speech.

The full range of Isak Dinesen's career is represented in "Carnival: Entertainments and Posthumous Tales," which binds together unpublished or at least uncollected work from 1909 to 1961. The book has been commendably produced by the University of Chicago Press: the mauve jacket is pretty, the blue cover is handsome, the volume sits holdably in the hand, and the print sits readably on the page. One would not mention such elementary decencies of manufacture if there were not so much mannered and inconsiderate book design on the market, and a dinosaurian trend toward volumes so big they can only be wrestled open in bed, where their pages reveal type so tiny a floodlight has to be called in from the lawn. My only technical complaint about "Carnival" is that the bibliographical information is scattered carefreely between the jacket flaps and the front matter. The flaps state that some of the stories were translated from the Danish; a lonely little notice opposite the title page tells us which ones: "The de Cats Family," "Uncle Théodore," and "The Bear and the Kiss." The earliest story in the collection is "The de Cats Family," published in 1909, by which time, the jacket says, the author had "discovered her talent and her themes, but not her voice." For this reader, the voice was perfectly there, and this fable of a prosperous Amsterdam family that needs one black sheep alive at all times to keep the others virtuous shows in the twenty-four-year-old Karen Dinesen—as she then was—many of the mature writer's strengths: her high comedy, her nose for the supernatural, the metallic purity of her beautifully paced plots, the secure social sense that enables her to locate and limn



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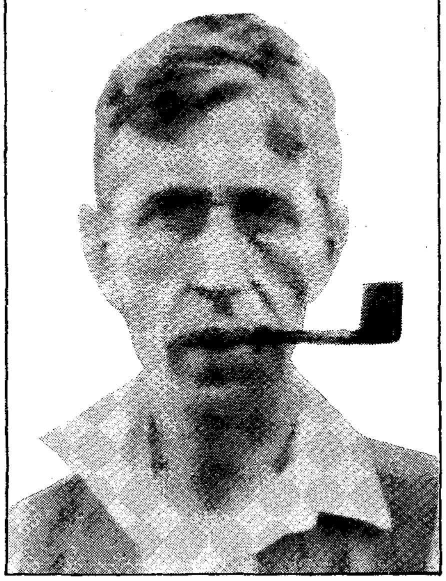

so justly this bourgeois family in a city not her own. The romance in "The de Cats Family" is animated with her usual delicacy, the set speeches have her rhetorical firmness, and she brings to the Dutch scene the slightly fantastic elegance of her landscapes:

> It was a December afternoon, one of the first snowy days, and a thin scurf of snow lay on the streets and the roofs of the houses, on the decks of the boats and the barges; in the leafless trees along the canals black crows sat quite still and thoughtful and the sky was a brownish gray, like peat smoke. Far in the west there was already a broad strip of sky colored like a lemon or very old ivory.

This is translated from the Danish; when, toward the end of her seventeen years in the British colony of Kenya, she began to write in new earnest, her adopted English lacked for no nuance of evocation:

> On a full-moon night of 1863 a dhow was on its way from Lamu to Zanzibar, following the coast about a mile out.... This still night was bewildering in its deep silence and peace, as if something had happened to the world; as if the soul of it had been, by some magic, turned upside down. The free monsoon came from far places, and the sea wandered on under its sway, on her long journey, in the face of the dim luminous moon.

Thus opens "The Dreamers" in "Seven Gothic Tales;" but in the lesser tales of "Carnival" there are plenty of magical passages, conjuring up places where Karen Blixen had been but rarely, if ever:

> The ancient city of Bergamo stands upon a rock fifteen hundred feet high and three thousand feet wide. From there, like a hawk with a mouse, it keeps an eye on the Città Bassa, the newer town of trade and crafts which, low on the green plain, runs peacefully along the roads to the outside world.
>
> High up in the Città Alta's maze of broken lanes the dark Middle Ages of Italy are still alive.... A famous traveller has said of the Bergamasque aristocracy that they were all half mad with malice and lust. They were an insular race, their minds fossilized like lava, their blood thick and hot.

A manuscript page that Isak Dinesen permitted *The Paris Review* to reproduce shows an eccentric large hand flowing from one edge of the page to the other without apparent hesitation and with only one crossing-out. As her health failed, she often dictated. A visionary fluency, aloof as a sibyl's drone, is one mark of her style; another is its distinct *taste*. She said of reading Huxley's "Crome Yellow," "It was like biting into an unknown and refreshing fruit," and Dorothy Canfield, introducing the unknown, presumably masculine author of "Seven Gothic Tales" to an American audience, began, "The person who has set his teeth into a kind of fruit new to him, is usually as eager as he is unable to tell you how it tastes." The adjective "delicious" rises to the mind as it savors her rich, dense, satiny, yet unforced paragraphs; the intimacy that Isak Dinesen establishes is one between the eater and the eaten. Like the city of Bergamo, she sees like a hawk; what she sees is so distinct as to be succulent. Again like a hawk, she is looking for certain things, and repeatedly swoops to the same prey.

Of the eleven tales in "Carnival," three are climaxed by a kiss, and seven—all but the first and last two—celebrate the power of young females. This power is not bluntly sexual; indeed, most of these heroines are chaste. The fifteen-year-old heroine of "The Last Day," reading the Bible to a dying man, lets him kiss her, as his farewell to life. She knows what has happened:

> Her wide-open, light eyes, like a hawk's eyes, were severe, so that I might have believed that she was angry with me, and at the same time they were friendly, encouraging, confident. She knew everything, and laughed at danger.

The nine-year-old heroine of "The Fat Man" is not kissed but killed, and expresses her power by haunting the murderer: "It is her small light step that has followed close on his own all the time." In "The Proud Lady," a fifteen-year-old girl persuades, with a kiss, the executioner of Paris to show her aristocratic grandmother a courtesy on the scaffold befitting her rank; and in "Uncle Seneca" and "The Ghost Horses," little mystery tales first printed in American slick magazines, young women are privy to potent secrets. The heroine of "The Ghost Horses" is only six, and is described thus:

> As she stood up, in her small flannel nightgown, her face was on a level with his. What lovely eyes and delicately arched eyebrows, what rich hair. And what a sudden, strange power in the whole frail figure.

Isak Dinesen was herself frail, and dictated many of her later stories from a hospital bed—her illness traceable to a poorly treated case of venereal disease caught from her husband in the first year of her marriage. When, after a few unhappy years, they separated, she ran their six-thousand-acre Kenyan coffee farm by herself, until the drop in coffee prices in 1931 compelled her to return to Denmark, and to writing. On the farm, her memoir "Out of Africa" tells us, she made it a habit to visit with

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some Somali women living on her property, and to listen to stories they told: "It was a trait common to all these tales that the heroine, chaste or not, would get the better of the male characters and come out of the tale triumphant. . . . Within this enclosed women's world, so to say, behind the walls and fortifications of it, I felt the presence of a great ideal, without which the garrison would not have carried on so gallantly; the idea of a Millennium when women were to reign supreme in the world." And is not some such ideal behind the blindingly precious kisses and power-racked waifs of Isak Dinesen's fiction; indeed, is not this the lightning that flashes throughout the female-dominated realm of "gothic romance," whose summit is "Wuthering Heights"—the belief, that is, in a spiritual power, which, though belied by physical frailty, irradiates matter and ultimately shall triumph in the material world so heavily controlled by men? Within Isak Dinesen's garrison of females, the beauty and spiritual history of each are chronicled like the arms and battle honors of warriors:

> Her blackened eyelashes were so long that her clear brown eyes looked out at you as from behind an ambuscade, and at whatever place—throat, arm, waist, or knee—you cut her slim body through with a sharp knife, you would have got a perfectly circular transverse incision.

Such violent praise is rendered to one of the four heroines of the long title story, "Carnival." The tale is the conversation of a group of bright young things who escape a Copenhagen costume ball for an hour in 1925 and engage in mannered conversation and a frivolous wager. In the end, into this female province of color and glitter a young man dressed in black and painted black walks with the intention of robbery, but in fact he is subdued to a kind of service by the youngest of the women, called Arlecchino, who wears "that placid and slightly scoffing expression which one finds in the faces of Japanese dolls." For all its scintillations, "Carnival" seems in total effect arch and confusing and heartless; it was, the introduction states, "originally intended to be a puppet comedy," and the author never published it, though "through the years she borrowed many of its best ideas and themes for other stories of hers." In this posthumous gathering of work too slight or fragmentary for previous inclusion in her œuvre, "Carnival" seems the one distinct failure, the least real, though it takes place in our century and provides, through its brittle kaleidoscope of smart-set revelry, a tan-

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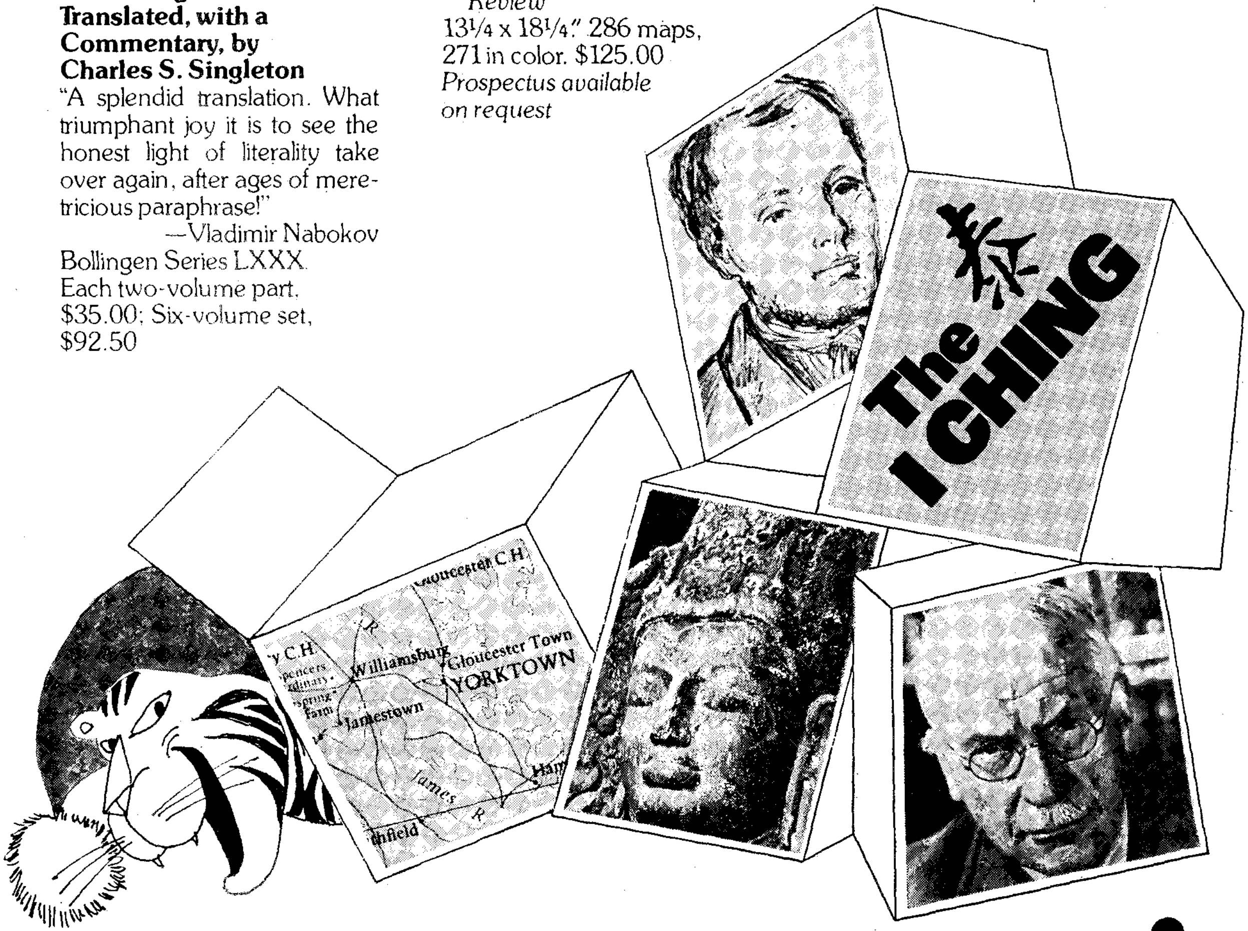

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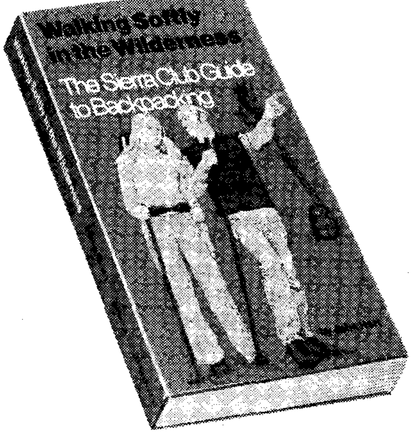

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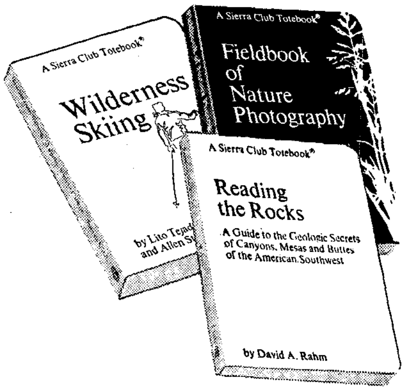

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talizing glimpse of how Karen Blixen lived. No more than Scott Fitzgerald in "Tender Is the Night" did she solve the odd literary problem of how to convey the convivial exhilaration of a fashionable party.

Quite fabulous, and utterly satisfactory, albeit unfinished, is the other long tale in this book, the novella "Anna." It takes place in Lombardy over a century ago, and its heroine is the child of a deaf-mute mother and a tightrope-walking father. She has grown, at the age of fifteen, into a stoic Amazon: "The peasant girl displayed a quality of her own, a calm, gentle equipoise, which made her lift up a burden as lightly as she laid it down. One might imagine her to be the very young child of a giant race, who would some day balance the Gattamelata Palazzo, with all that it contained, upon the palm of her hand." Her power is so patent it allows her to be gentle and passive; when the young master of the palazzo seduces her, only the adjective "cool" betrays where the securest strength lies: "The boy felt compelled by all forces around him and within him to press the girl's soft body to his own steely frame, and to bury his hot hard face in the cool petals of her cheeks and her lips." Having given him manhood, she reposes in it, all through a Dinesenian tangle of scheming matriarchs and sudden inheritances and corrupt transactions. "The line of her existence might pretend to turn and twist, she herself knew that it was perfectly straight, and that at the end of it lay the moment when she was to give herself back, body and soul, to the poor unhappy and misunderstood boy who needed her." The happy ending is so thoroughly adumbrated we accept it as accomplished, as the Baroness Blixen-Finecke walks away in the mist of fairy-tale warmth, unconcerned to gather up her threads and write *Finis*.

The image of a line that pretends to turn and twist yet in truth is perfectly straight serves as a metaphor for the storyteller's art. This art does not vanish, but it will not soon again be construed as it was by Isak Dinesen. Her upper-class birth in the coziest of European monarchies and then her African sojourn exposed her to vital forces that had become in much of the Western world archaic. The strangest story in "Carnival," called "The Bear and the Kiss," presents a heroine who shares with Anna and Arlecchino only their ancient power; she is tiny, the Finnish wife of a hermit giant. "Clad entirely in Lapp costume, with a leather jacket, a leather cap, and Lapp shoes, she was as erect as a cork in a bottle and seemed

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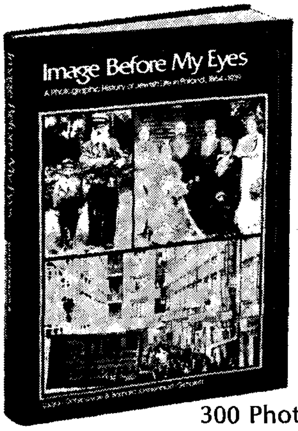

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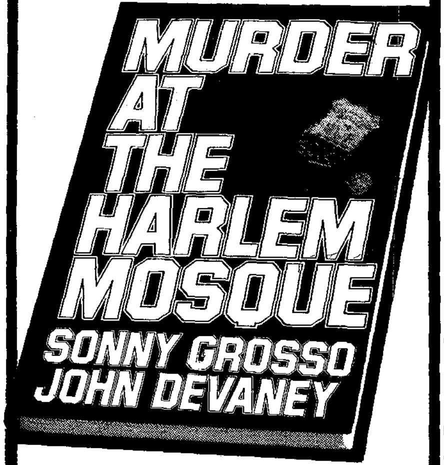
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to lack the midsection of the usual or accepted figure of a woman, so the captain's comparison with a thumb recurred to them. However . . . her shortness was a concentration; she was the thumb which cocks a shotgun." Three men have come ashore to hunt at her isolated home, which her husband has built and decorated with carvings. The couple feeds the interlopers coffee, and sends them into the hills, where there is a rumored bear. They return empty-handed at the end of the day, and the little thumblike creature gives one of the men a kiss. Written in Danish in the nineteen-fifties, the story does not yield a clear meaning even to its own characters, who discuss its events afterward. Perhaps it is less a story than an ideogram of the world as Isak Dinesen saw it: there is the bear on one hand and the kiss on the other, the futile hunt and the extravagant carvings, and between these enigmatic presences (violence, love, adventure, art) looms a central gulf, not spanned by the storyteller's tightrope in this instance but unadorned, unignorable, the void of nonmeaning. Water, the water of the sea, "the cold and voracious hereditary foe of humanity," as the splendid "Deluge at Norderney" expresses it, never failed to excite Isak Dinesen's pen—the green shadow surrounding a boat at anchor, the shifting forms of rocks glimpsed through dark water, the "noble straight line of the horizon: light within light" seen at sea are all noted in the stories of "Carnival." Our human life is felt as an island, as Denmark is a virtual island, and this pressure of the inchoate upon her inventions keeps them from being merely toys, however toylike. Their intricacy is yet simple, like that of crystals; the pressure of the darkness beyond the tribal fire is always felt at the storyteller's back. "Where the storyteller is loyal, eternally and unswervingly loyal to the story, there, in the end, silence will speak."

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

I HEARD MY SISTER SPEAK MY NAME, by Thomas Savage (Little, Brown; $8.95). There is a marked resemblance between Thomas Burton, the narrator of this fine novel, and its author. Both were born in 1915 in the Mountain West, grew up on ranches in Montana, went East to college, now live in Maine, are novelists married to novelists, have three children, are drinking men, have a taste for Chopin and

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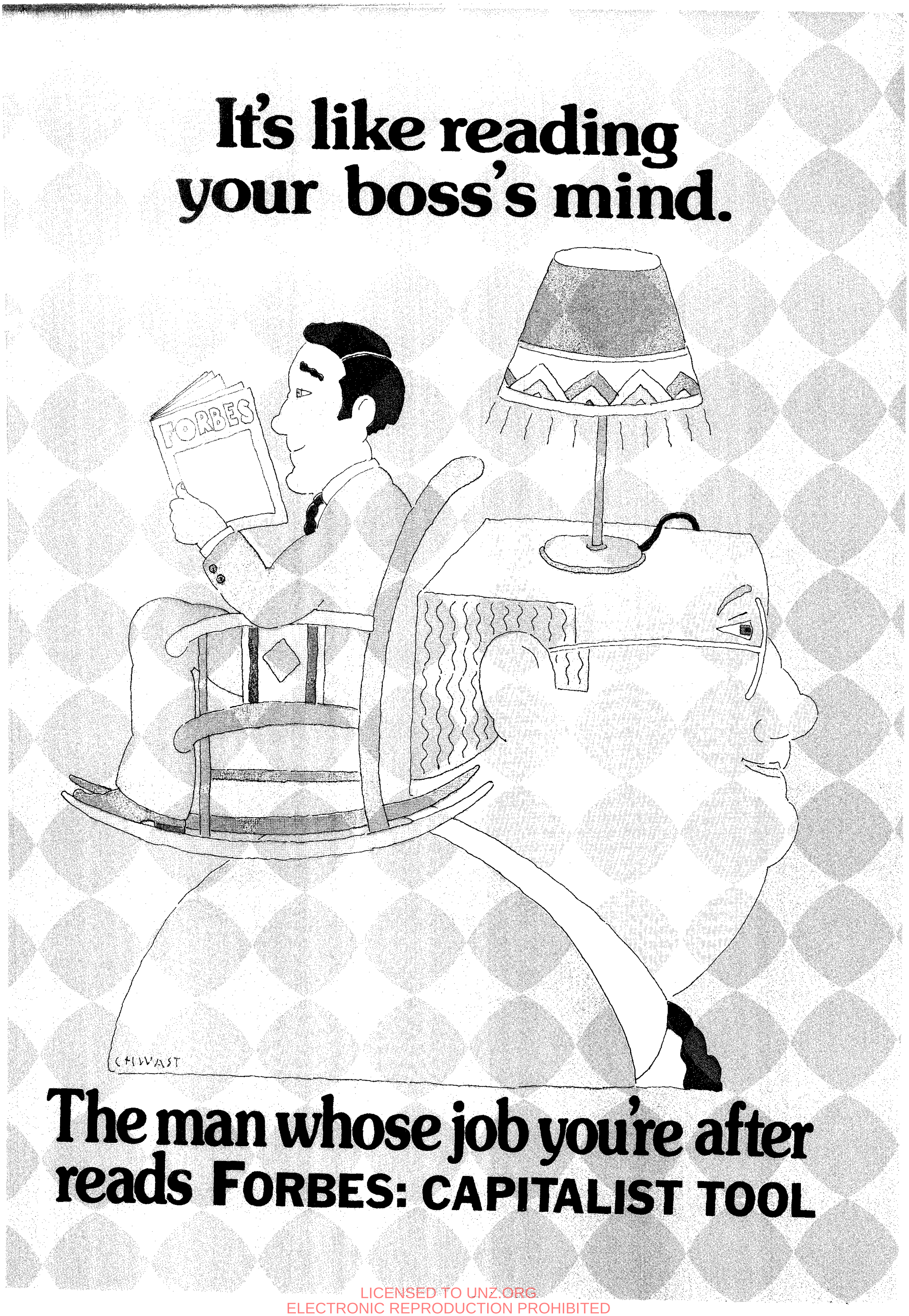
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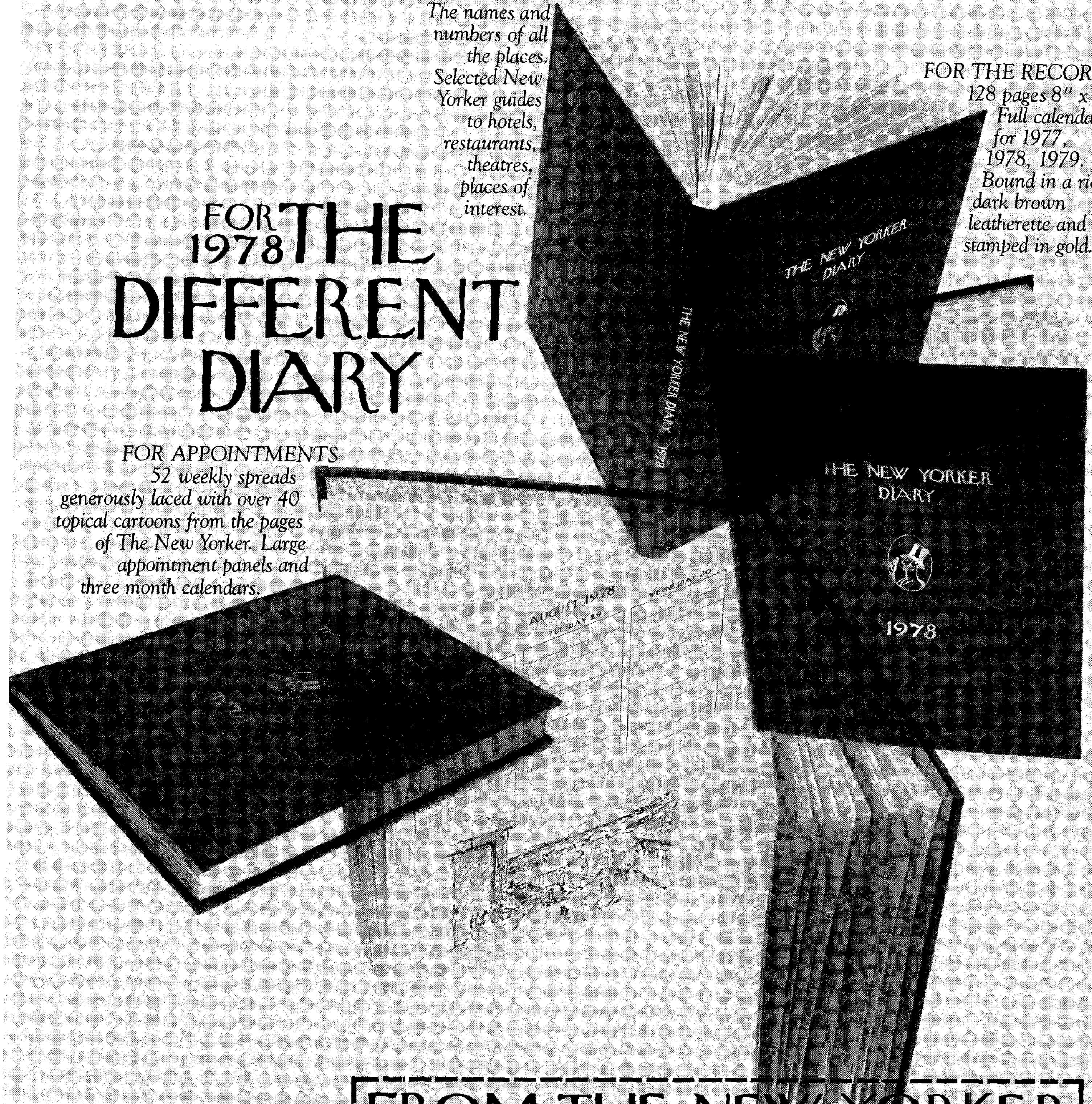
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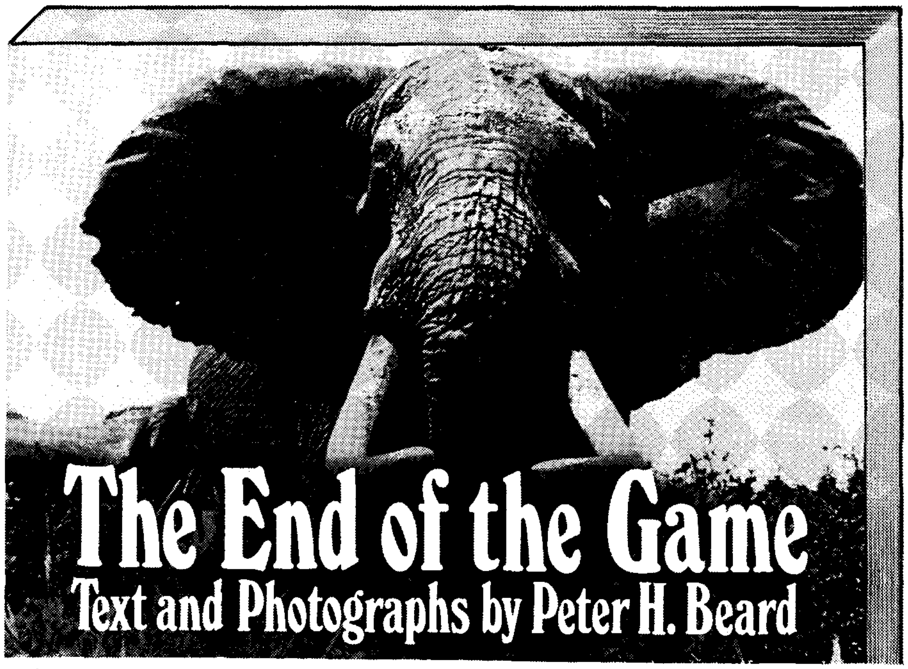
Schumann and Haydn's string quartets with their drinks, and are published by Little, Brown. Beyond these similarities is another—implicit rather than explicit, but stronger—which gives the book its considerable strength: a sense of family as anchor and root and self-definition. "I see now," Thomas Burton observes, "that my belief was not in God or church but in the family and the family's traditions; this belief I hope to pass on to my sons and my daughter because I don't know what there is to believe in except Family." Burton's family begins with his great-grandfather, who found gold and bought land; moves on to his grandmother, who became the Sheep Queen of Idaho; moves on to his mother, who gave up her infant daughter for adoption; and centers on his examination of those sources of his own character and person. Mr. Savage is a writer of the first order, and he possesses in abundance the novelist's highest art—the ability to illuminate and move. It might be added that this is Mr. Savage's tenth novel, and there are few American novelists now active who have produced a more distinguished body of work.

Kinfolks: The Wilgus Stories, by Gurney Norman (Gnomon; $6.50). Ten spare short stories, set in eastern Kentucky, which revolve around the relationships over two decades of a poor working-class hill family. All the stories stay on the surface of people's lives, but the surface is a telling, rich one of everyday speech and gestures. Most are at least in part about Wilgus Collier, whom we meet first as a young farm boy surrounded by argumentative relatives, and whom we follow into his twenties, when he visits home for a weekend after college (and is still surrounded by argumentative relatives). Mr. Norman is especially good at writing about the high currents of feeling that perpetually anger and annoy close members of a family, and though the stories are slight, and occasionally a bit coy, their warmth and humor more than compensate for these defects.

GENERAL

Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet, by James Atlas (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15). It was not a happy life. And, as if to rub it in, the poet, hailed forty years ago as the most promising voice of his generation, is best known

"The most thorough and authoritative book I know on East Africa and its wildlife," says Mary Hemingway; "Required reading." The late Isak Dinesen wrote the author, "Very few matters could move me as deeply as your epitaph, or monument over the old Africa." Richard Avedon calls this "a legendary and compassionate work." And Nobel Peace Laureate Dr. Norman E. Borlaug deems THE END OF THE GAME "the only wildlife book I know that tells the truth." With hundreds of photographs and drawings, and much original historical material, all distinctively reproduced in a 9⅝" or 10½" paperback format. A Dolphin Book, $9.95 at booksellers. DOUBLEDAY



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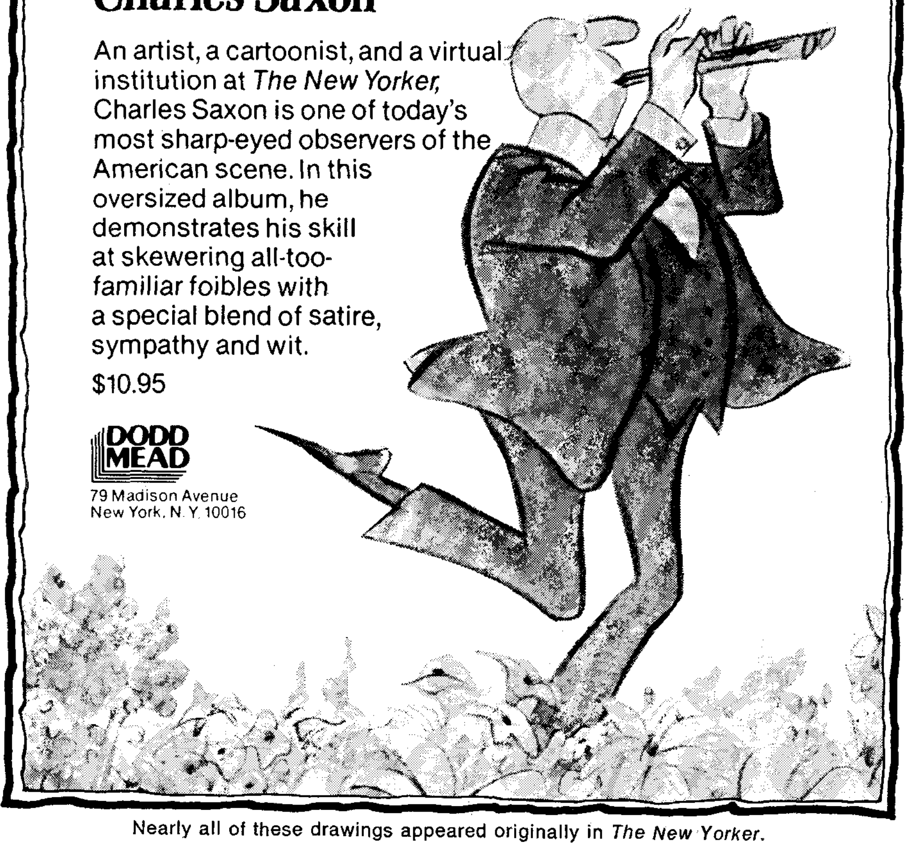

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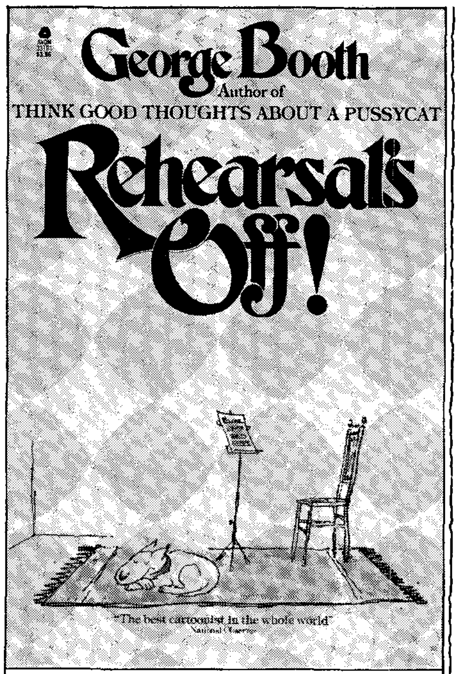
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now for a phrase he didn't write: "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," the title of his first book, was taken from Yeats. When "Dreams" appeared, in 1938, Allen Tate called it "the first real innovation that we've had since Eliot and Pound." Rolling together intellectual jargon and movie-palace clichés, Schwartz was master of a wordy innocence often put on by the educated children of Jewish immigrants—"language flattened into a prose of uneasiness, an anti-rhetoric," as Irving Howe put it. Schwartz's subject was invariably himself, but in his best work, such as "The Heavy Bear Who Goes with Me," we are embarrassed not for him but for ourselves. Determined to write masterpieces, fearing failure, he soon began to stumble under the burden of his reputation. His descent into drink, pills, and abusive madness, which occupies most of this intelligent and sensitive biography, never quite drove away the last of Schwartz's admirers, and his barroom wit ("Even we paranoids have enemies") was quoted long after his poetry, criticism, and teaching had fallen apart. At the end, shortly before his death, in 1966, he got off another good one, to a friend who had come to cheer him up in a mental hospital: "It's a free country. Who says everyone has to be happy?"

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TROTSKY, by Robert Payne (McGraw-Hill; $14.95). A full-scale biography, and an admirable piece of work. Lev Davidovich Bronstein, who took the name Trotsky on the spur of the moment during his first escape from Siberia, is seen here as one of the giants of our time, a man who changed the world. Of the three primary figures of the Russian Revolution—Trotsky, Lenin, and Stalin—Trotsky was the most complex and the most intellectual, and also the most interesting, because there was more to him. A Jew, gently born and reared, he was a brilliant, cosmopolitan, and cultivated man; except for some long-hidden, and ultimately serious, defects of character, he was mercurially attractive—handsome, brave, and vain. "Pride was his fatal flaw," Mr. Payne says. He ventures into every accessible corner of Trotsky's life and thought—through the frantic days of the Revolution and the Civil War; the long, murderous power struggle with Stalin; the years of bitter and contentious exile that ended with

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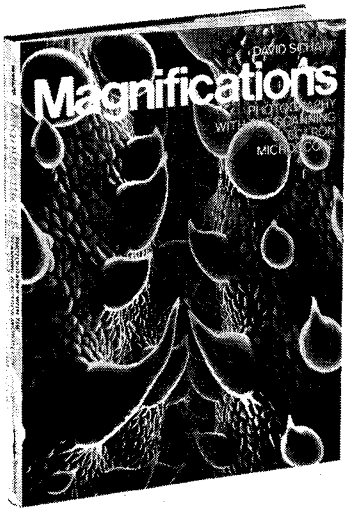

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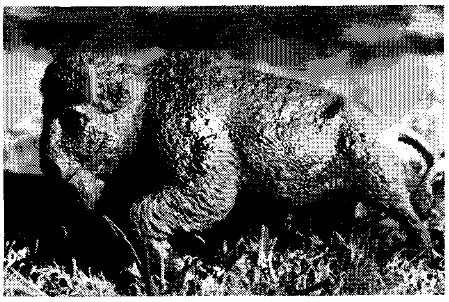

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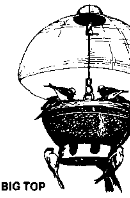

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the strokes of an assassin's ice axe in the Mexican fortress that was Trotsky's last home.

RAILS OF THE WORLD, by S. Dillon Ripley (Godine; $75). A stunning illustrated monograph of the Rallidae, a worldwide family of marsh birds—some chicken-like, some duck-like, some no bigger than sparrows—whose members include rails, crakes, coots, and gallinules. Mr. Ripley, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and a prominent zoologist, has given nearly forty years to an intensive study of rails (as the family is commonly known)—in the zoo, in the museum, and in the far-flung field—and he is perhaps *the* authority on this ornithological curiosity. With the exception of the coot (a slate-gray, white-billed sojourner among ducks), the rails are often elusive creatures and were largely unknown to naturalists until the eighteenth century. Mr. Ripley counts a total of a hundred and twenty-nine distinct species, and he opens his study with a general discussion of the family—distribution, physique, locomotion, nesting, voice, courtship, prospects for survival in the face of the destruction of wetlands. He then, in standard taxonomic fashion, takes up each species and deals with it comprehensively. The illustrations are the work of the ornithological portraitist J. Fenwick Lansdowne, and include forty-one extraordinarily fine color plates (embracing the entire family) of generous size (ten by fourteen inches). There are also numerous illustrative drawings, and seventeen maps. It should be pointed out that this is not, except in appearance, a "coffee-table book." It is a work of scientific exactitude and artistic splendor, unique of its kind.

NOTE: "Coming Into the Country," John McPhee's account of time spent in the bush and in the cities of Alaska, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($10.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . "One Man's Fancy," a collection of cartoons by Charles Saxon, most of which first appeared in these pages, has been published by Dodd, Mead ($10.95).

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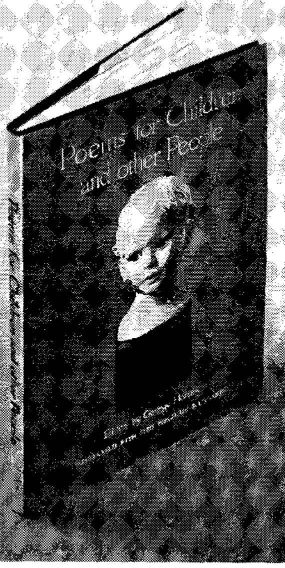
Described as "smart, unscrupulously honest and introverted" by a former associate, Conroy is a native of Norwich, N.Y.—*El Paso Times.*

What happened to that associate? He interests us.



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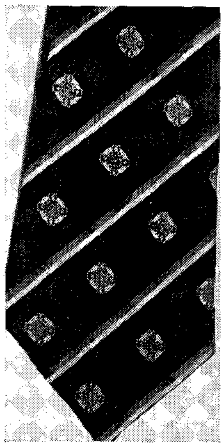

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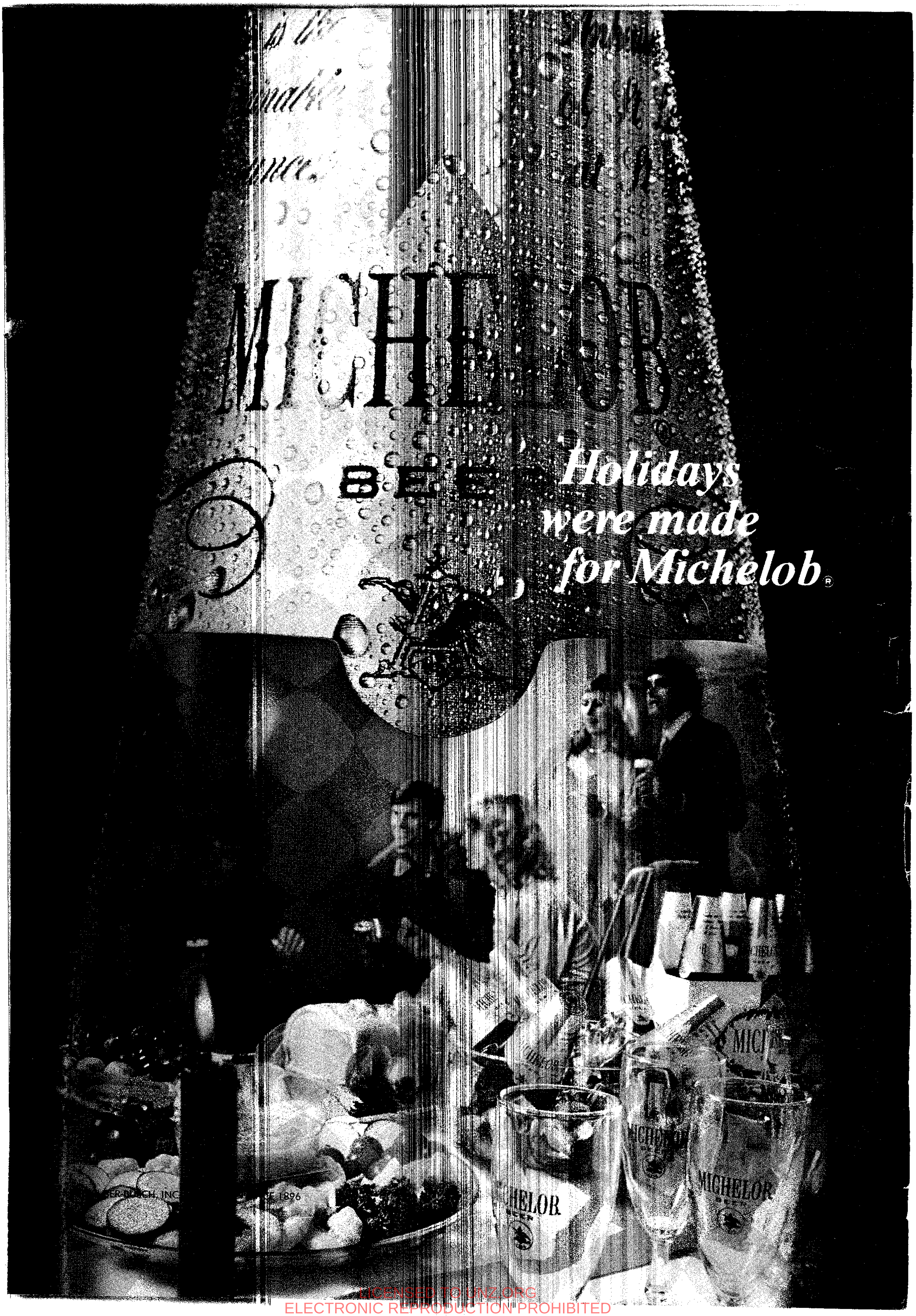
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